Collier's

AUGUST 16, 1941 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

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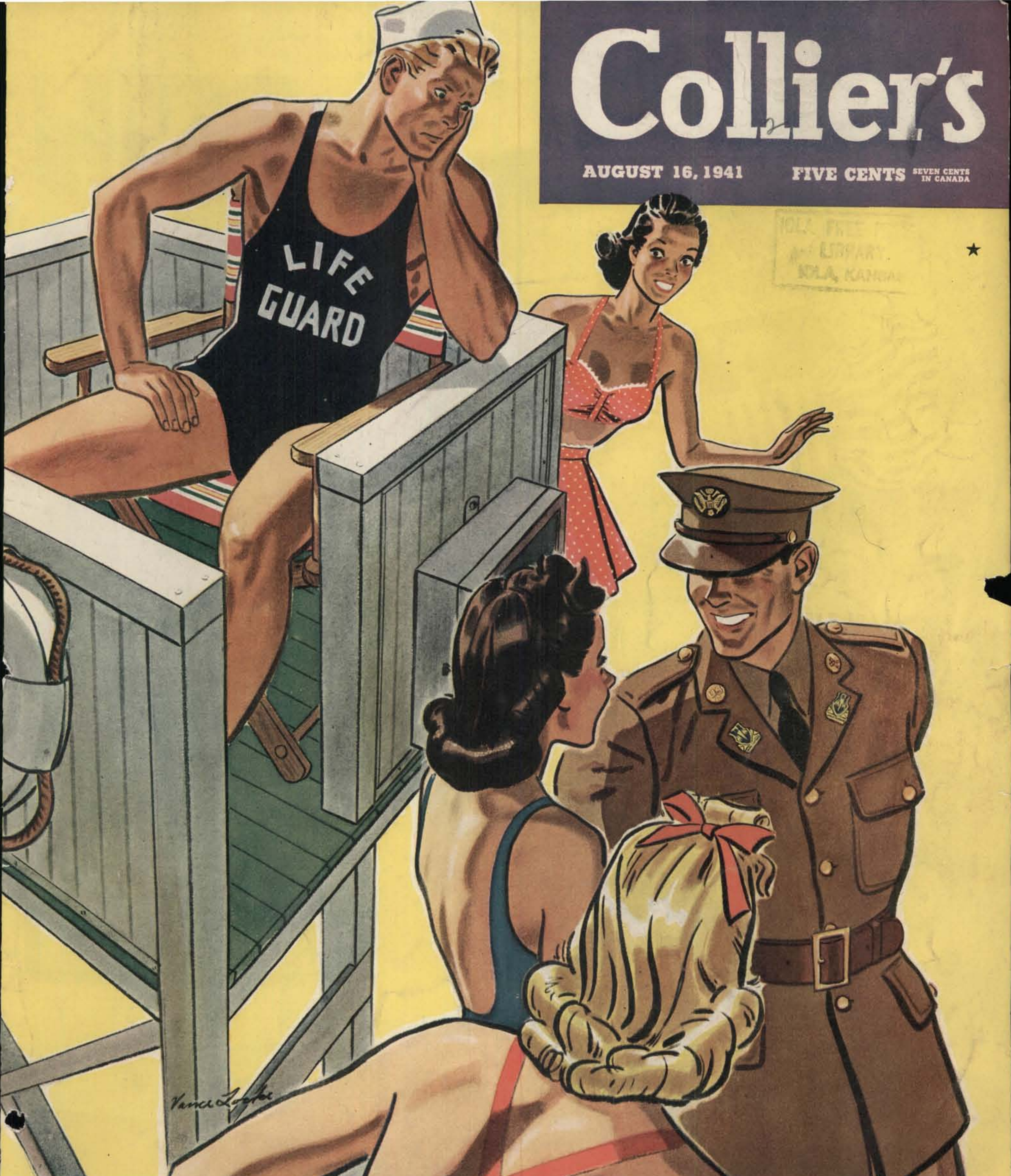

YANKEE WINGS IN BRITAIN
BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Aug 16, 1941

ug. 16, 1941

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Cold-mist Freshener
Happy Birthday

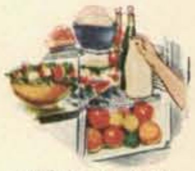
COPR. 1941, NASH-KELVINATOR CORP.

NEW! Kelvinator Moist-Master Guards Vitamins in Summer Foods—*Behind Glass*

Kelvinator Sales Highest in History as American Families Choose This Brilliant New Kind of Refrigeration

OPEN the crystal-clear glass doors of the Cold-mist Freshener—and feel that still, super-moist cold that keeps summer salads garden-crisp—keeps uncovered left-overs fresh for days longer—protects the precious vitamins in summer foods.

This is a brand new kind of refrigerator—the 1941 Kelvinator Moist-Master. Its crystal-clear glass shelves and wall-concealed cooling coils provide ideal temperature *and* humidity—throughout every cubic inch of storage space.

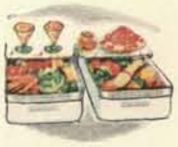


A Kelvinator "Extra" 5-Way Magic Shelf

MODEL M-6 (illustrated) ONLY $189^95*

And this is just *one* of eight big, new, 1941 Kelvinator values.

Look at the Beauty of these massive cabinets . . . not just 6, but a big 6¾ cu. ft. of space.

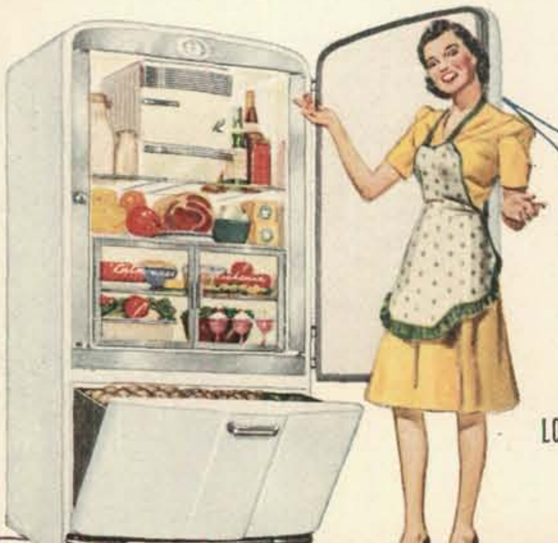


A Kelvinator "Extra" Glass-Covered Crisper

Look at their *Extras*—the beautiful Steel Cold-Ban—the exclusive, 5-Way Magic Shelf that makes extra room for tall bottles and bulky foods—the oversize trays for delicious frozen desserts—the big Vegetable Bins—the oversize glass-covered Crispers.

And Look at the Price—3 big 6¾ cu. ft. models priced under $150.*

Yes, why not stop in and Look—*today*.



Exclusive New Steel Cold-Ban—mark of the modern refrigerator—eliminates all dust-catching screwheads

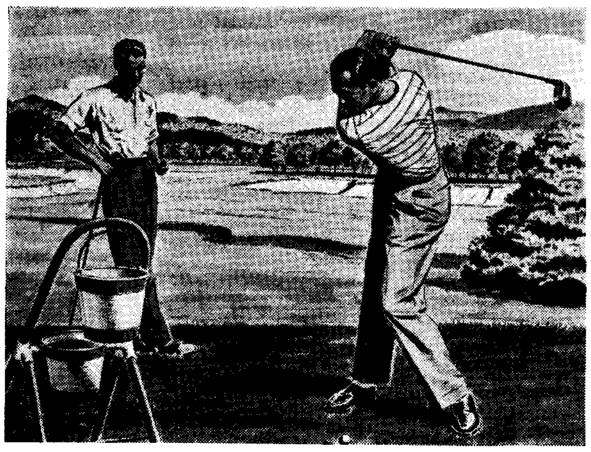
*Prices suggested are for delivery in your kitchen with 5-Year Protection Plan. State and local taxes extra. Prices are slightly higher west of the Rockies. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

Kelvinator Division
NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.

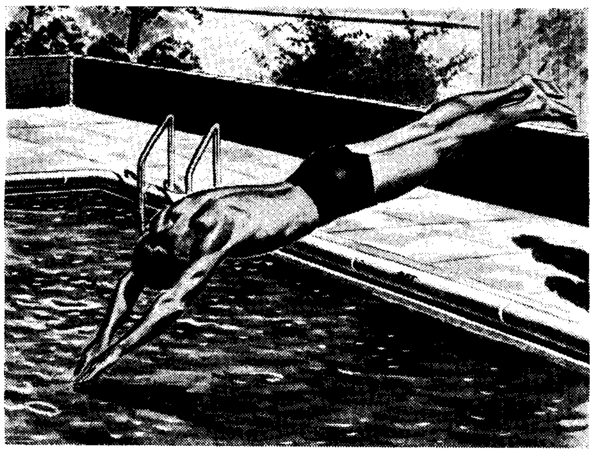
LOOK AT THE BEAUTY • LOOK AT THE EXTRAS • LOOK AT THE PRICE

3 Big Models less than $150	MODEL SS-6A	MODEL DA-6 EQUIPPED	MODEL S-6 PACKED WITH EXTRAS
	only $129^75*	*only* $139^95*	*only* $149^95*

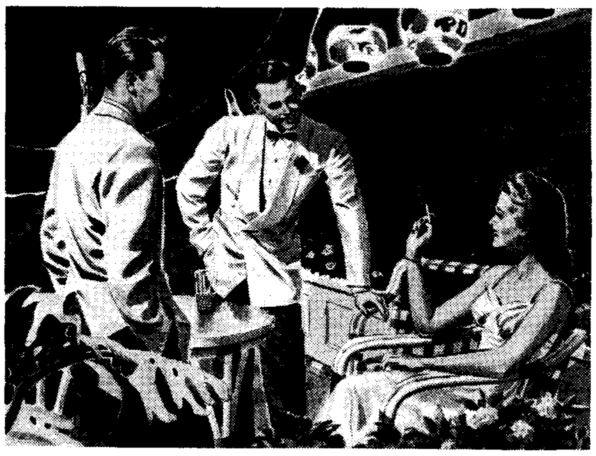
Get More—Get KELVINATOR



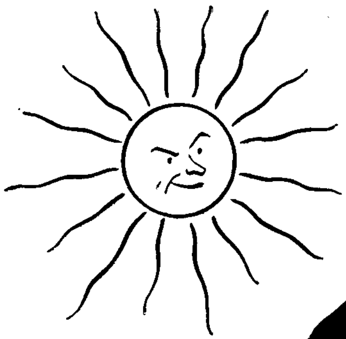
SUN—Clicking off pars under the hot, baking summer sun is a great way to build health and stamina. But that same summer sun bakes your scalp and hair. The natural oils needed for hair health and good grooming are dried out, leaving your hair dull and brittle.



WATER—Your quick plunge or your drenching shower completes the damage—washing away the last trace of natural oils—leaving your hair bleached out, dry and lifeless! Your hair is hard to manage and won't stay neatly in place when you comb it.



PROTECTION—This summer—get your fill of summer sports. Harden lazy muscles. Store up resistance for the cold months ahead. *But care for your hair with Vitalis.* Keep it healthy-looking and well-groomed, an asset in all your social and business affairs.



Keep your Hair Handsome, Well-groomed in spite of Summer Sun and Water

Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance.

2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—but no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

RUB VITALIS onto your scalp vigorously. That stimulating "tingle" means circulation is quickening in your tight, baked scalp. And the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis are supplementing natural oils, helping your hair to a natural, healthy-looking lustre.

Loose dandruff is routed and the brisk massage helps prevent excessive falling hair. Your hair combs neatly into place—and stays that way with no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look. Get Vitalis from your druggist today. End the summer with hair that's healthier-looking and handsomer.

Product of Bristol-Myers Company

WITH THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" VITALIS HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

Collier's

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THIS WEEK

AUGUST 16, 1941

SHORT STORIES

THOMAS WALSH
The Blond Nurse. A kidnaping that failed because a cop believed in a girl. Page 11

PAUL JONES
Ticket to Canada. Add dangers of heroism—it's contagious. Page 15

PAUL DERESCO AUGSBURG
Four Stars on His Flag. The Admiral keeps an appointment with destiny. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Ending, with Honor, by Will F. Jenkins. Page 21

SERIAL STORIES

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Dina Cashman. The ninth of thirteen parts. Page 17

JOHN AUGUST
Advance Agent. The seventh of nine parts. Page 20

ARTICLES

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Yankee Wings in Britain. Where good planes—the very best—go. Page 13

OUR NEW ARMY. Page 14

KYLE CRICHTON
Three Loves Has She. Your introduction to lovely Lucille Ball. Page 16

ALICE LEONE MOATS
Beware, Honorable Spy! Supersnooping, the new Japanese national pastime. Page 18

COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN
Kenai Guide. Get your guns and come up to Alaska. Page 19

JIM MARSHALL
Soldiers and Sin. What goes on around Army camps. Page 44

●

WING TALK. Page 6

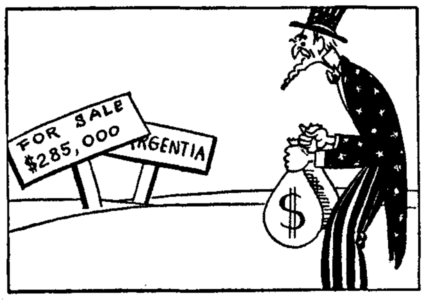
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 8

EDITORIALS
Subarctic Safety Belt.
Anticipating the Agony.
Good Luck, Mr. Lawes. Page 58

COVER VANCE LOCKE

ANY WEEK

BRUSHING aside a number of international problems, we hasten to give you a letter from a lady who is through with us. From time to time (oh, about twice a month) she has sent us poems. We have always returned them, read but unmarred, explaining with a patience which we think does us a great deal of credit that we don't publish verse. We've always taken care to add that hers is pretty elegant verse and that we reject it with a certain amount of pain. We now have a letter from the lady and it contains no poetry. "For some years," writes she, "I've been offering you first-class verses. I have done this generously, thinking less of remuneration and more of raising the standard of your publication. You have repeatedly told me that you do not publish verse. In a recent issue of your magazine there was a jingle by one Carl Sandburg called Mr. Lincoln and His Boy. I shall pass over the historical inaccuracies in this contributor Sandburg's halting lines. I am not interested in who the gentleman may be. I am interested only in convicting you with your own evidence as a self-confessed fabricator. Please look for no letters, contributions nor subscriptions from me in the future."

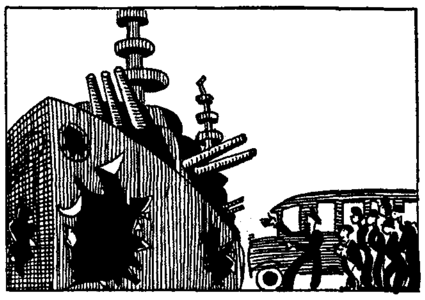


WE HAVE forwarded the lady's letter to Mr. Sandburg who, although she does not seek the information, is a struggling American poet. He is also a historical biographer on his way up. His country will hear from him yet. So we pass on to a letter from Mr. Winship Courter of St. John's, Newfoundland. When we were in St. John's Mr. Courter scoffed at our enthusiasm for the deal that gave us military outposts on British islands in exchange for fifty destroyers. At that time Mr. Courter said: "For your fifty destroyers you got the right to buy British real estate and don't kid yourself." We told Mr. Courter that he ought to be ashamed of himself and that if he were an American and talked like that he'd have the F.B.I. on his neck. Well, as we say, we've just heard from him again. "How is it now, sucker?" jeers he. "It has just been decided up here that the land on which you Americans are building your naval and air base at Argentia is worth $285,000. I'd have written to you sooner but have been too weak from laughing. You've seen Argentia, haven't you? Well, now you know what you rich Yanks are paying $285,000 for—and you can't say I didn't warn you. Before that destroyer swap you could have bought the whole peninsula, outside St. John's, for that kind of dough. And don't forget that you don't own the land. You've just leased it. And aren't you the guy who said that this Newfoundland Commission of Government was dumb? We await your public apology."

IT IS seldom that Mr. Crichton of this staff ventures off his front porch of a Sunday, the week-end traffic being what it is and Mr. Crichton being the shrinking, crowd-fearing person that he is. But, determined upon a bit of personal observation of highway conditions, Mr. Crichton sallied forth one Sunday not long ago and got what he asked for. He was caught in a terrific traffic jam—stalled for hours. When his car was able to move he inched along and presently came abreast of what looked to him to be the oldest living motorcar. Smoke poured from all corners of the car. When it stopped it clanked like a chain factory. When it started there was a convulsion—and much more smoke. Mr. Crichton watched, fascinated. Then with characteristic quiet he leaned out toward the daring fellow who was driving and said: "Excuse me, sir, but I heard that Mr. Ickes is looking for you."

A FRIEND of ours reports overhearing his two sons, one fifteen and the other seventeen, discuss the fate of an August excursion the younger lad had hoped to make. It involved a motor trip of five hundred miles with two other lads not much older. Father demanded that the kid write out the plan in detail and submit it to him before he granted his permission, which, incidentally, included the financing. When the lad got the plan back it was merely a ghost. The five hundred miles had been cut to a hundred. A new destination was suggested. Objection was raised to one of the boy's companions. And of course the appropriation had been cut terrifically. "No use kicking," said the older brother. "It's wartime and that's censorship. You're licked. You're too young to fight and not old enough to be a censor."

WE CAME very near to taking an interesting motor ride. We had just come from the Navy Department where Colonel Knox had admonished us that nothing should be printed about British warships in American repair yards. We were crossing Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. A sightseeing bus barker asked us whether we'd like to spend five dollars to see damaged British warships. "We leave early in the morning and get you back before dinner. Nice outing. Some of those cruisers got holes in them big enough to drive the bus through." We asked him how business was. "Swell," he replied. "Carried four hundred down last week end. With busses and private cars and so on, there must have been fifteen thousand down to look them over. Nobody's supposed to know nothing about them."



NOT that we're blaming the British. With imitation they're flattering us more and more. And it's not a very subtle flattery either. Mr. Lincoln Darrow of Los Angeles, California, relays a report from his English correspondent. In the Middleborough police court a solicitor asked that his client be excused from appearance before the judge. Pleaded he: "In the first place, your worship, my client is a man of not very great intelligence. Secondly, he is employed in important government work."

WE HOPE that that puts an end to the subversive talk to the effect that this department is a trifle unsound in the sterner subjects. Therefore we rush ahead with a bit of intelligence garnered by Miss Martha Cunliff of St. Louis, Missouri. Miss Cunliff was shopping in a department store. The salesgirl admired her trig seersucker suit and advised her to get a couple more because, said the girl, "the government is calling in all seersuckers. They've already called in all the green and brown and are going to start on other colors soon." Miss Cunliff demanded the girl's authority. "My friend," replied the girl, "works in a wholesale house over on Washington Avenue and he told me about it. It's a fact." Miss Cunliff wanted to know what the government wanted seersucker for. "Oh, they're going to make bedspreads for the Army."

WE KNEW it! Now we have a letter from a gentleman in Chicago, Illinois, asking us to hand over a little something to the Friends of Russian Democracy. We're licked. But we're willing to part with one buck for a good argument (we're not asking for proof) that there has ever been anything like Russian democracy. We have written to the gentleman to this effect. And if his reply is satisfactory he gets our dollar. And he can spend it for ice-cream cones for all we care. We've gone back to our original simplification of it all: We merely hope that something awful happens to Hitler.

SOON . . . W. D.

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"Quick, Mary, look helpless"

MARY: *How's this? I hope it stops somebody . . . Mother never told me about jacks!*

JANE: *I know* one *thing—if we ever see town again, we'll switch.*

MARY: *Switch to what . . . a horse and buggy?*

JANE: *No, stupid! Switch to Goodrich. That's what Dad told us before we started.*

THE BEST FRIENDS to take on any trip are Silvertown tires. Makes no difference to them how tough the going is. They'll protect you from dangerous blowouts and skids. And they'll pile up mileage long after they have a right to be worn out.

Why? Because of Duramin, the great discovery of B. F. Goodrich scientists. Duramin — called the "tire vitamin"—puts life and fight into rubber, keeps tires young and tough. Duramin means more miles—and *safer* miles for everyone who rides on Silvertowns.

There's no fun in driving when worry gets hold of the wheel. And there's really no reason why you should let old worn tires worry you these days. Silvertown prices are low—trade-in allowances are high. And, if you wish to pay as you ride, you can use the Budget Plan. Many B. F. Goodrich Dealers, and all Goodrich Silvertown Stores, offer it.

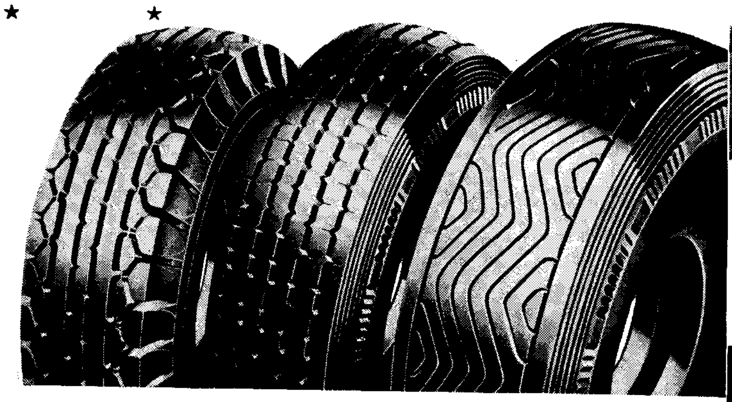
★ ★ ★

See the new
SILVERTOWNS

(Left)
SAFETY SILVERTOWN. Duramin gives it longer wear, and top quality. Hi-Flex cords make it stronger than ever.

(Center)
DELUXE SILVERTOWN. Duramin-made. Gives the best combination of mileage safety, comfort, and quiet running.

(Right)
LIFE-SAVER SILVERTOWN. No tire can stop you quicker, or keep you safer from skids. 20% more miles than the *original* Life-Saver tire. Duramin-made.



Switch to
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

SOME B. F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY

AMERIPOL, *the first synthetic rubber used in automobile tires sold to the American public.*

CARBON BLACK TREAD, *a B. F. Goodrich development that more than doubled tire mileage.*

DURAMIN, *the amazing discovery that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer, stay safer.*

"I put up preserves to keep our household expenses down. You could keep our car expenses down by installing Sealed Power Rings. Think how much we'd save on oil and gas!"

but saving, too!

...so are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings

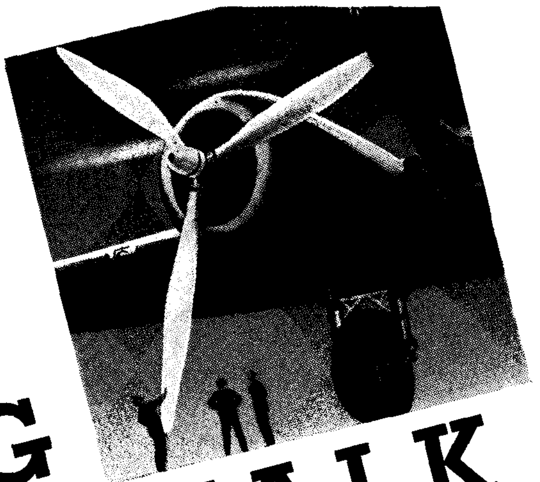
HUNDREDS of additional miles on oil . . . many miles more on a tankful of gas . . . new car power and performance! That's *your* car once you install Sealed Power Piston Rings. These scientifically engineered rings—the same brand used as original equipment in 12 of the 18 American makes of cars—make old cars perform like new. They are now available in packaged sets engineered for your particular make of car. Ask for them by name. They cost no more! Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario. ***Piston Rings for all types of Automotive, Diesel, Stationary and Marine Engines!***

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

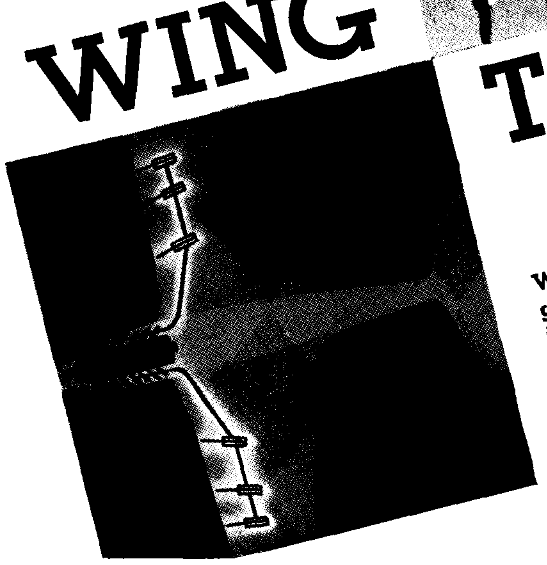
Best in new cars! Best in old cars!

©1941 Sealed Power Corp.

WING TALK



Bombers, troop ships and transports of the future will need 8,000-h.p. engines and propellers with 45-foot blades. Drawing at right gives you an idea of the size of a 45-foot prop



Wing-mounted machine guns must be warmed up instead of cooled because condensation forms ice to choke up the mechanism. Heated air from the engines is piped to guns as shown at left

MACHINE gunners who fight on the ground are always concerned with keeping the guns cool. Machine guns aboard airplanes have just the reverse problem; they must be kept warm. No matter how mild it may be on the ground at take-off, when the plane goes into action on that aerial battlefield six miles up, it will encounter temperatures of 50 degrees below zero and colder. Condensation follows and the moisture first turns to frost and then to ice. This film effectively welds together the bolt actions of the gun and there you are. Years of experimenting by the Army and Navy air services and the R.A.F. have produced effective measures to keep the guns going no matter how cold. Heated air from the engine is collected and piped through to the wing guns and also to the guns in the fuselage. Can't tell you any more about that.

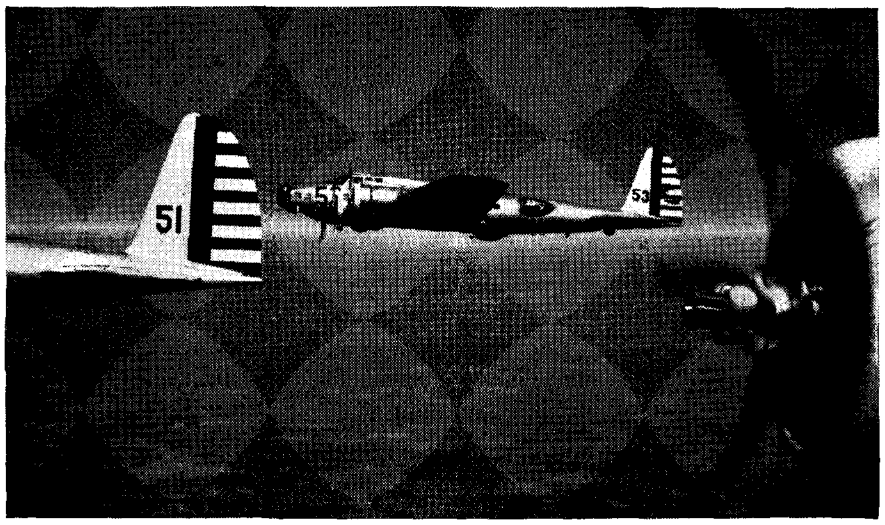
THE aeronautical engineer's idea of everlasting joy and happiness is to double the speed of his airplane merely by doubling the horsepower and nothing more. Well, when you double the horsepower, as it is now embodied in our high-performance engines, you will get a larger engine, which requires more fuel, and you will have more weight and need a larger airplane, too. Do all these things to get the 100-per-cent increase in power and you might get as much as 40 to 50 miles an hour or 15 to 20 per cent increase for your trouble.

EIGHT - THOUSAND - HORSEPOWER aircraft engines and forty-five-foot propellers are the objectives of the Army Air Corps for bombers, troop transports and cargo ships of the future. When? Who knows. But mighty test stands to handle both these huge engines and propellers are now being established at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio.

FIVE years or so ago, the Air Corps, by fast talking, got enough funds together to buy some Boeing B-17 four-engined, long-range bombers. There was only a baker's dozen to begin with and they were so precious that extremely cautious measures were taken to preserve them against loss. One precaution was that only pilots of 2,000 hours and *ten* years' experience could fly them. So a lot of the boys with 1,500 hours and five years sulked in their quarters on rainy days.

Meanwhile, the B-17's dashed back and forth across the continent on nonstop

(Continued on page 41)



RUDY ARNOLD

500-hour men will now fly the big bombers. Former requirements: 2,000 hours

Trail Blazers...

THE COVERED WAGON FOLKS deliberately chose to endure hardships and peril. They made their stout-hearted choice because they were pioneers—men ready to risk all to find something better.

The spirit of pioneering that made America great, that created this ocean-to-ocean nation, is still alive. And it is a permanent American trait—visible in every phase of American progress.

The automobile industry—greatest in the world—owes much of its spectacular growth to this pioneering habit. One of its brightest and best examples is the swift rise of Plymouth.

At its start Plymouth met obstacles aplenty. Other low-priced cars were strongly established. Added to competition were the unforeseen influences of trying business conditions, lasting for years.

Thinking ahead—the search for something better—won the day.

In advance of every other low-priced car Plymouth pioneered a series of improvements of first importance—and was rewarded by the car-buying public for doing so. Hydraulic brakes, all-steel bodies, and a rapid succession of other major engineering achievements, created a low-priced car far closer—in both quality and performance—to high-priced cars, than had ever been thought possible.

Recognition was swift. Plymouth owners soon became numbered by hundreds of thousands; have now passed the four million mark. For all the world discovered that "Plymouth builds great cars."

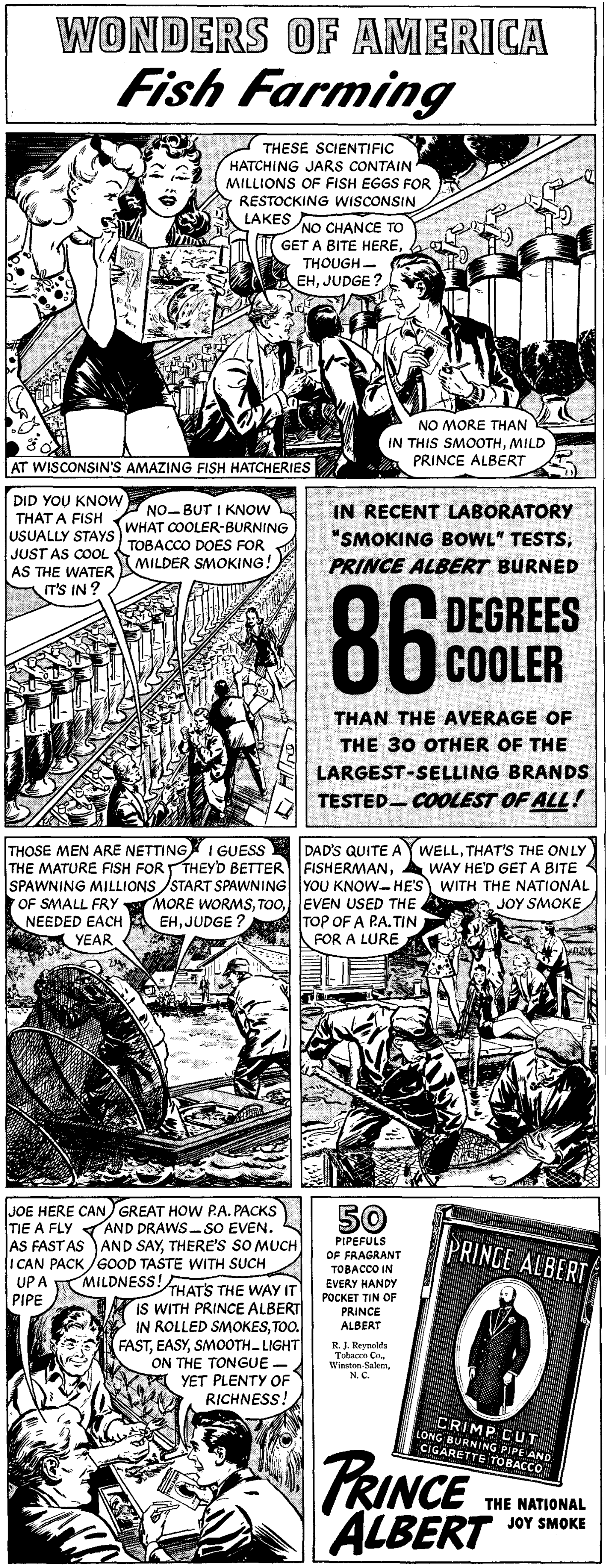
To look ahead has always been smart. Now, particularly, it makes sense. You want to be sure. You want the quality that stands up best.

Now, as always, the Plymouth way of working is to make a low price buy a better car. Yes, you can everlastingly count on Plymouth.

Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

PLYMOUTH

CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S
NO. 1 CAR


THESE SCIENTIFIC HATCHING JARS CONTAIN MILLIONS OF FISH EGGS FOR RESTOCKING WISCONSIN LAKES
NO CHANCE TO GET A BITE HERE, THOUGH—EH, JUDGE?
NO MORE THAN IN THIS SMOOTH, MILD PRINCE ALBERT
DID YOU KNOW THAT A FISH USUALLY STAYS JUST AS COOL AS THE WATER IT'S IN?
NO—BUT I KNOW WHAT COOLER-BURNING TOBACCO DOES FOR MILDER SMOKING!
THOSE MEN ARE NETTING THE MATURE FISH FOR SPAWNING MILLIONS OF SMALL FRY NEEDED EACH YEAR
I GUESS THEY'D BETTER START SPAWNING MORE WORMS, TOO, EH, JUDGE?
DAD'S QUITE A FISHERMAN, YOU KNOW—HE'S EVEN USED THE TOP OF A P.A. TIN FOR A LURE
WELL, THAT'S THE ONLY WAY HE'D GET A BITE WITH THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
JOE HERE CAN TIE A FLY AS FAST AS I CAN PACK UP A PIPE
GREAT HOW P.A. PACKS AND DRAWS—SO EVEN. AND SAY, THERE'S SO MUCH GOOD TASTE WITH SUCH MILDNESS!
THAT'S THE WAY IT IS WITH PRINCE ALBERT IN ROLLED SMOKES, TOO. FAST, EASY, SMOOTH—LIGHT ON THE TONGUE—YET PLENTY OF RICHNESS!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

WONDERS OF AMERICA

Fish Farming

AT WISCONSIN'S AMAZING FISH HATCHERIES

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

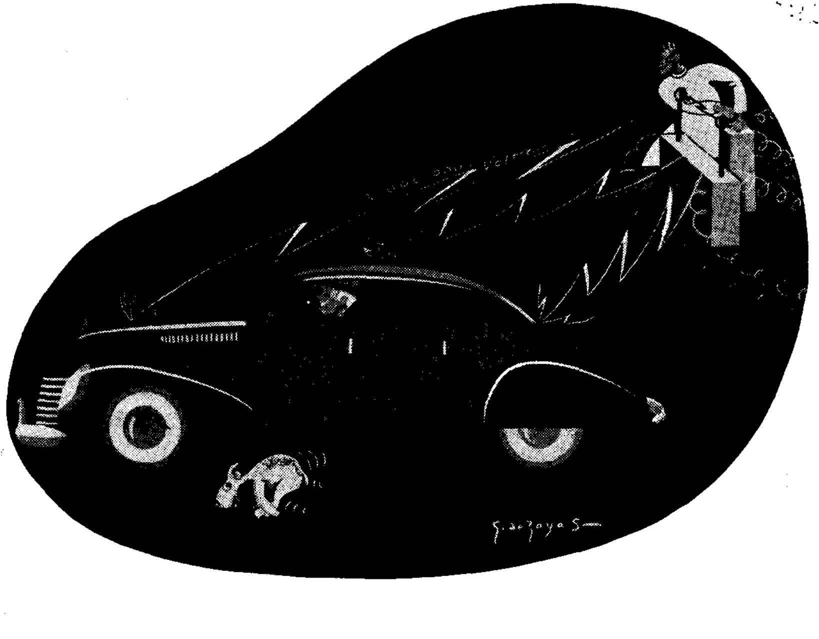
86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—COOLEST OF ALL!

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

To prove that a modern motorcar is one of the safest places during an electrical storm, a Pittsburgh scientist recently sat in an all-steel automobile and had his assistants hurl at it 3,000,000-volt flashes of man-made lightning.

During certain atmospheric conditions, high-flying airplanes leave a trail of vapor that is like a cirrus cloud in appearance and substance. In both day and night, these trails constitute a real danger to pilots flying over enemy country because they disclose the presence of planes when the machines themselves cannot be seen by the unaided eye. Furthermore, in calm air, they frequently last as long as thirty minutes.

As an Orthodox Jewish wife cannot get a divorce unless she obtains the written consent of her husband or proves that he is dead, the latter being impossible when he is killed and never found in a war, Jewish soldiers of England are now being advised to appoint a friend to write a bill of divorcement for them if they have not returned to their homes one year after the proclamation of peace.

Viruses, or pathogenic microorganisms that pass through the finest filters and are even invisible under the most powerful optical microscopes, cause more than thirty diseases in man and more than forty in animals.—*By Mrs. R. C. Gladieux, Chicago, Illinois.*

The effect of improper driving on automobile tires is revealed by surveys that show some persons get only 5,000 miles of service out of a set of tires, while other persons, under comparable road conditions, get 35,000 miles out of a duplicate set.

A statistical analysis of the 902 major wars fought between 500 B. C. and 1920 A. D., using as factors their duration, the number of countries and combatants involved and the casualties, showed that the World War of 1914-1918 was eight times larger than the other 901 wars combined.

Some species of lizards have legs and others do not, while some have eyelids and others are born without them. One species has such a fragile tail that it breaks into fragments when roughly handled, another is able to run across a body of water without sinking, while a third species, when frightened, plays dead, by rolling over on its back and putting a hind foot in its mouth.

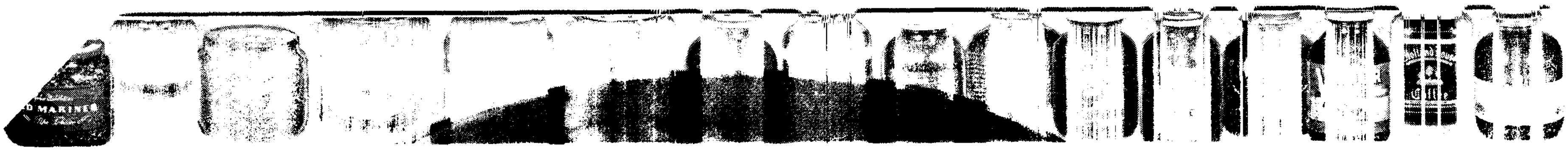
In telegraphing and teletyping weather reports four times daily to its numerous forecasters throughout the United States, the Weather Bureau in Washington now uses a new numerical code with which eight "words" can carry a 150-word message, describing any of the ninety-nine different kinds of weather, sixteen wind directions, fifty types of precipitation, thirty kinds of clouds and all other factors included on weather maps.

Among the international sports records that have been held for a long period are those of the 56-pound weight thrown by M. J. McGrath of the United States in 1911, the standing broad jump by R. C. Ewry of the United States in 1904, the two-mile walk by G. E. Larner of Great Britain in 1904 and the twenty-mile run by C. Crossland of Great Britain in 1894.

Two 40-watt fluorescent electric lamps, which consume 97½ watts owing to their ballast equipment, produce 2.5 times as much light and last 3.3 times as long as one 100-watt regular bulb.—*By L. G. Dury, New York, New York.*

New York City has more than a hundred private streets, or thoroughfares owned by individuals or corporations, that must be closed to the public from sunset to sunrise one day each year in order that they may maintain their private legal status.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



[illegible] is the Final Step in all the Safeguards that Surround Milk

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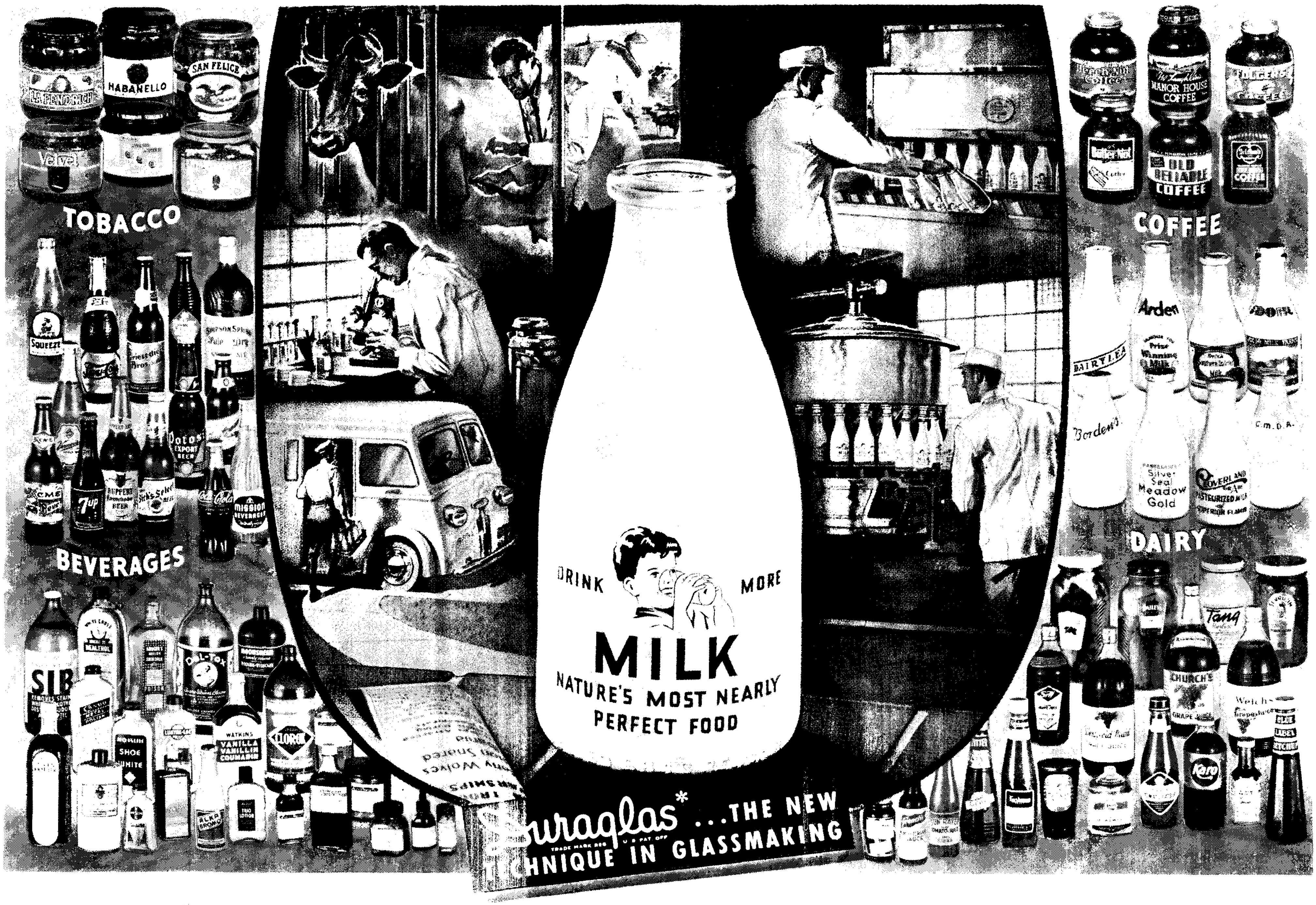
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"Is that the new Handi-Quart I've been reading about?"

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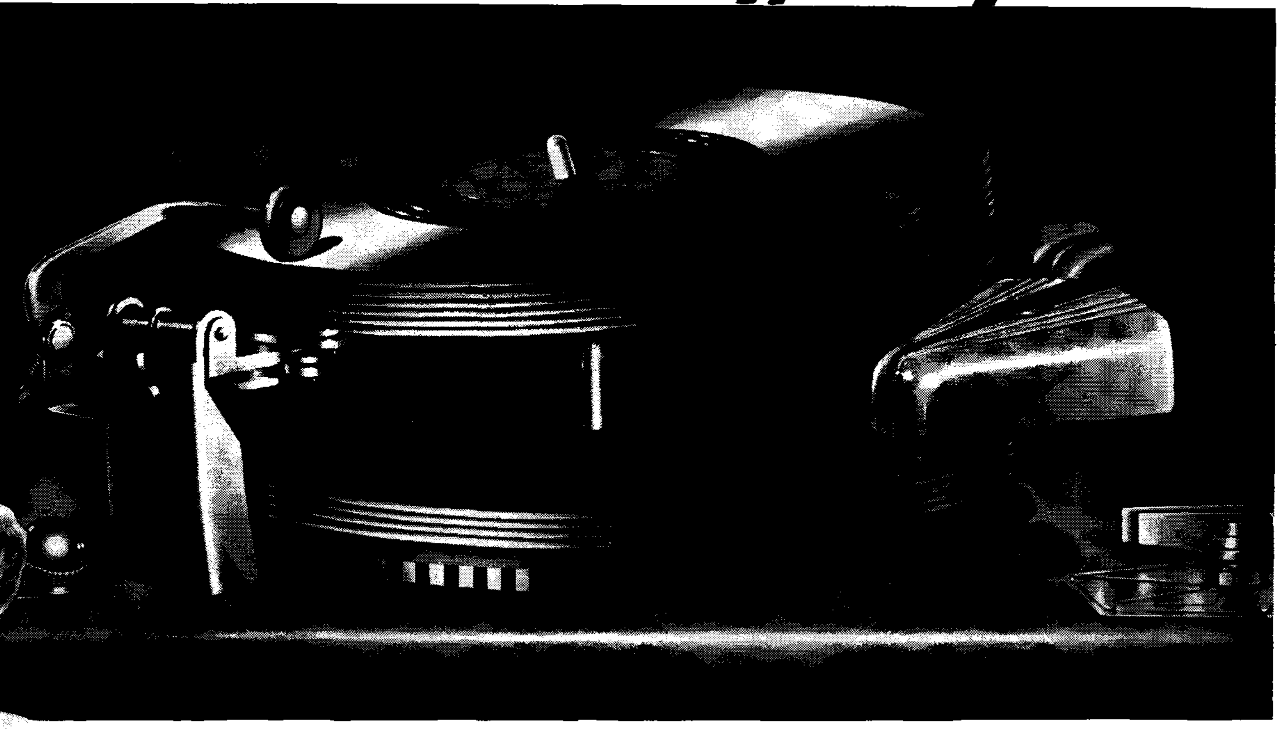

PHILCO AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER WITH STROBOSCOPE PITCH AND TEMPO CONTROL

PHILCO 1012 PHOTO ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH with latest Philco phonograph inventions and Exclusive Philco FM System. Philco *Home Recording Unit* optional. *Yours on easiest terms.*

With "Music on a Beam of Light," Philco engineers developed an entirely new *principle* of record reproduction. It gave you new purity of tone, reduced surface noise, released new overtones of beauty long hidden in your records. It eliminated the scraping steel needle with its ruinous record wear and did away with the fuss and bother of needle changing.

And now, that same inventive genius has produced *another Philco first*, another exclusive invention that makes tone more faithful, more true to life. In the new Philco Automatic Record Changer with Stroboscope Pitch and Tempo Control, the sensational Stroboscopic principle is applied for the first time to the phonograph. Now, you may be sure to hear your records with *absolute fidelity of pitch*, exactly as they were recorded by the artists. And, in addition, automatic changing of records has been made more simple, more gentle, more reliable. All this is *new* . . . and it's yours *only in a Philco!*

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR AUGUST 16, 1941

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The Blond Nurse

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

Detective McCoy was the first to believe the girl innocent. From that point on, things went from bad to worse for the kidnapers

IT WAS the first house she had seen in ten minutes—a small white building set fifty feet in from the road on their left, shaped out palely there against the dim starlight in a glimmer of walls and dark, narrow windows. The man who called himself Collins saw it as soon as she did; in neutral, with his foot on the brake, he let the car roll to a stop by the driveway.

"I guess it's the place," he said. "A white house, ain't it?" He peered out. "They told me at the agency to pick up another nurse here—one this Mrs. Magnussen wanted. We ain't far from Lake Orchard now, lady. Would you get out and see if she's ready?"

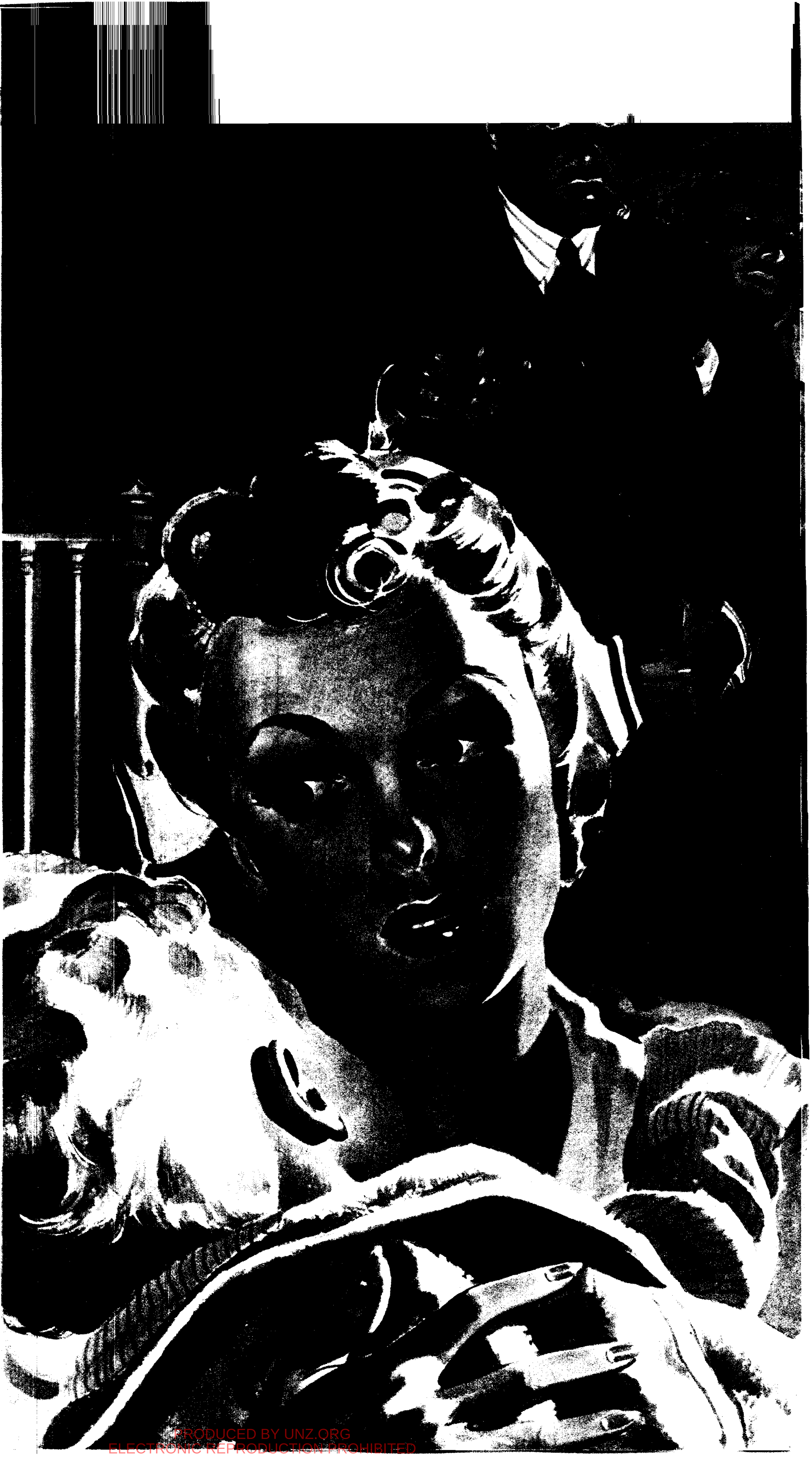
In the back of the car, with the bit of paper she had been folding over and over between her fingers for the past fifteen minutes still clenched in her hand, Paula stared out at the house. She could see no lights.

"Yes," she said. "I'll go up. I'll see."

He half turned to her as she opened the door, his eyes narrowed to a bright stare of sardonic and ugly mirth. The expression—she barely caught it—touched a vague warning in her mind. It was the first time during the ride that she had thought of anything but the boy. She got out, wondering about it, and moved a few uncertain steps toward the house; then she saw the sign almost at her feet, set crooked on the weedy lawn: "For Sale, 40 Acres. Six Room—"

No, she started to say; no, this can't be the place. But before a word came out gears meshed at her back, and the car was twenty feet away, gathering speed, when she turned. She stared after it confusedly, watching the taillights dwindle and vanish, hearing the motor sound fade to nothing around her. A joke, she thought—a strange joke, surely. But he would come back. Of course. He—

He did not come back. For a time she waited foolishly for him, her hands

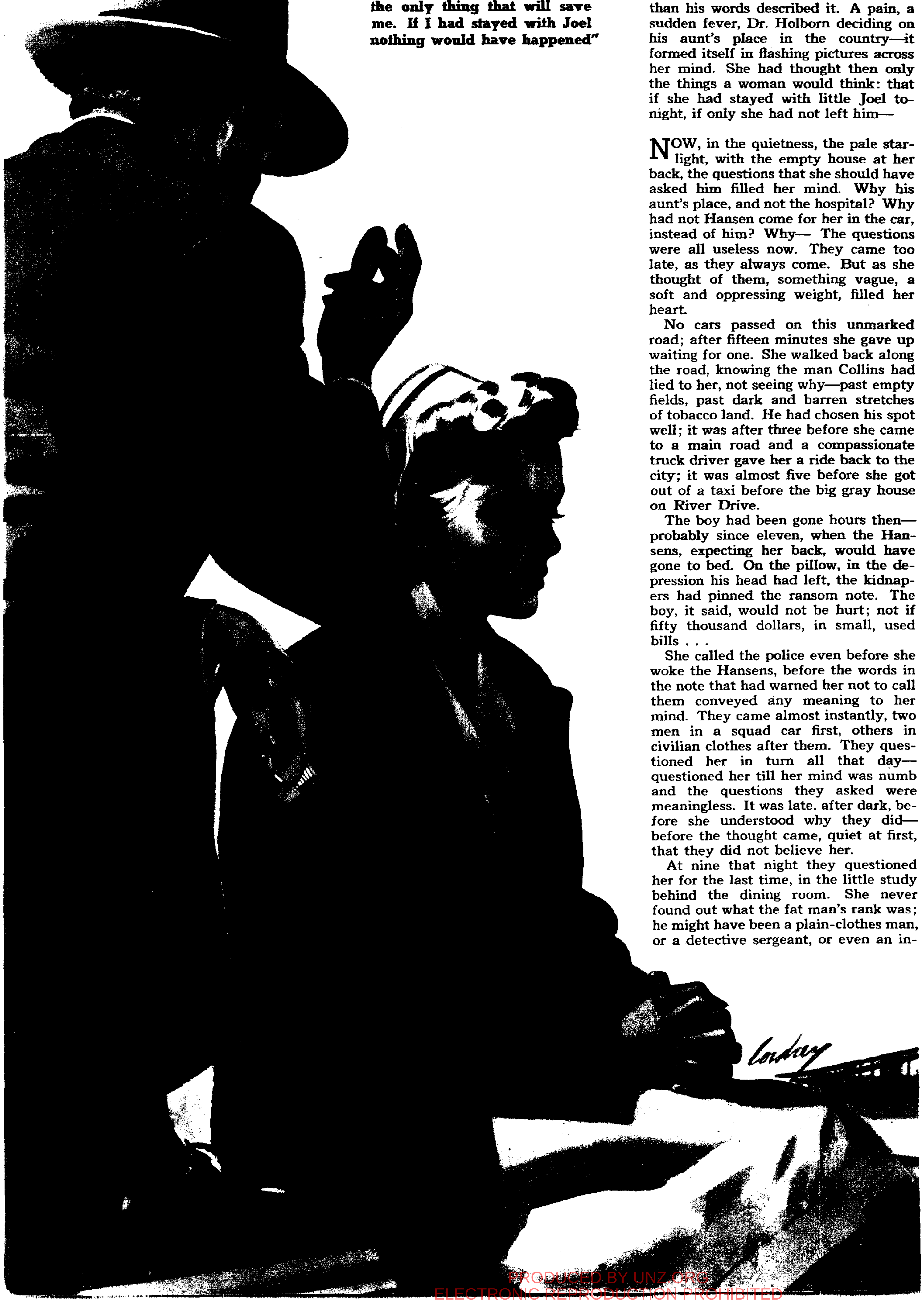


"There was somebody with you," he said. "A cop, wasn't he? Somebody that followed you here?" "Yes," she answered

in the pockets of her jacket, her dark, young eyes clouded by worry. It was a little over an hour then from the time he had touched her arm, knifing deftly through the crowd that was leaving the movie with her—a slim dark man she had never seen before, very dapper in a dark gray whipcord uniform and a visored chauffeur's cap. Collins was his name; he was from the Standard Auto Rental Agency; he had a car waiting for her just around the corner. The Bannister boy—the kid she was taking care of—was sick; he'd got sick after she put him to bed and went out to the movies. An hour ago they had taken him out in an ambulance to his aunt's place in Lake Orchard; then they had called the agency and told them to pick her up here. Would she come right along?

Paula had not questioned him; she had thought then, as perhaps he had known she would, only of the child. A month ago she had nursed three-year-old Joel through pneumonia at the hospital. She had gone home with him, when he was well, because he was a delicate child, and for a month or two Dr. Holborn had wanted him carefully watched. Tonight Mr. Bannister—Bannister Steel, Bannister Mill Lathes—was out on the coast; with the boy in the big house on River Drive there had been only the Hansens, the old couple who had been there with his father for thirty years. For a year then, since an auto crash last winter, there had been no Mrs. Bannister.

As soon as Collins spoke, Paula had all that in her mind; instantly she saw it happen, clearer and more detailed than his words described it. A pain, a sudden fever, Dr. Holborn deciding on his aunt's place in the country—it formed itself in flashing pictures across her mind. She had thought then only the things a woman would think: that if she had stayed with little Joel tonight, if only she had not left him—



"I've got to help," she said. "It's the only thing that will save me. If I had stayed with Joel nothing would have happened"

NOW, in the quietness, the pale starlight, with the empty house at her back, the questions that she should have asked him filled her mind. Why his aunt's place, and not the hospital? Why had not Hansen come for her in the car, instead of him? Why— The questions were all useless now. They came too late, as they always come. But as she thought of them, something vague, a soft and oppressing weight, filled her heart.

No cars passed on this unmarked road; after fifteen minutes she gave up waiting for one. She walked back along the road, knowing the man Collins had lied to her, not seeing why—past empty fields, past dark and barren stretches of tobacco land. He had chosen his spot well; it was after three before she came to a main road and a compassionate truck driver gave her a ride back to the city; it was almost five before she got out of a taxi before the big gray house on River Drive.

The boy had been gone hours then—probably since eleven, when the Hansens, expecting her back, would have gone to bed. On the pillow, in the depression his head had left, the kidnapers had pinned the ransom note. The boy, it said, would not be hurt; not if fifty thousand dollars, in small, used bills . . .

She called the police even before she woke the Hansens, before the words in the note that had warned her not to call them conveyed any meaning to her mind. They came almost instantly, two men in a squad car first, others in civilian clothes after them. They questioned her in turn all that day—questioned her till her mind was numb and the questions they asked were meaningless. It was late, after dark, before she understood why they did—before the thought came, quiet at first, that they did not believe her.

At nine that night they questioned her for the last time, in the little study behind the dining room. She never found out what the fat man's rank was; he might have been a plain-clothes man, or a detective sergeant, or even an inspector, but all she remembered afterward was his name—Monahan—and the way his eyes fastened on her, low-lidded, dull black, the moment she came in from the hall.

"I'm no delicate guy," he said, slowly, deliberately, in a deep voice that filled the room without effort. "I don't work up to things nice. That's what I wanted to tell you before we started. Before—close that door, McCoy."

The other man—a younger man, with a lean, broad build and sandy hair—moved around the desk and closed the door. As he did Monahan dropped a hand on her shoulder and rested it solidly there.

"Remember this," he said, "that me and McCoy ain't here to listen to the song and dance again; we've had enough of that today. You got that straight now in your head?"

He did not frighten her; he had no effect on her at all. It was nearly forty hours then since she'd slept.

"We're gonna look at your story," Monahan said, bending so close above her that his breath was hot on her cheek, "we're gonna look at it now and put it together just the way you told it. Check me all the way. A guy picks you up last night—a guy you never saw before. He picks you right out of a crowd and calls you by name; he gives you a screwy story you don't question, and puts you in a car you can't describe. He—"

"A black car," she said, watching him with glazed eyes. "A black sedan."

"With four wheels maybe," Monahan went on, in a tighter voice. "He takes you out to a road you can't locate for us now, dumps you off there and drives away. Two hours later a guy in a truck takes you back to the city. What kind of a truck? You don't know. What was it haulin'? You can't tell us that either. A guy, a car, a road, a truck—that's what we got so far. And nowhere, not even one thing, can you tell us about any of them.

"There was a cop outside the Bijou last night when it let out—but he don't see you, or the guy in the chauffeur's uniform. Why?"

She said unsteadily, "There were a couple of hundred people around us."

THE thick fingers dug deep, painfully now, into her shoulder.

"Listen to me," Monahan said, with grating softness. "Listen hard, you lyin' little tramp. Don't you think I know the way it was? That you stayed out all night, sure—the way you'd stayed out lots of nights before. Bannister was away on business—everything was fine. A night out with the boy friend—who was goin' to know about it? Who was goin' to catch you?

"There was only the Hansens here last night, wasn't there? They never knew when you got in—you had your key. So the little punk that picked you up one night in some dance hall planned it all; you was nuts about him and you'd do whatever he'd say. He kept you out while his pals grabbed the kid—don't you know that now? Don't you see that's all he bothered with you for? Tell us where he took you. Tell us or—"

His eyes, small and savage, glittered over her. His fingers wrought dim agony in her shoulder. He was talking now of Joel—of the kid that loved her, that cried for her last night when they got him out of bed. The kid they had somewhere now—hungry, sick, scared. Because a tramp like her was trying to cover up. Because—

He was sucked back from her—his voice, his face, the pressure of his hand—by something deep and soft, enormous, that blanketed her senses with swirling whiteness. She sank down through it wearily and slowly, into

(Continued on page 36)

Yankee Wings in Britain

By Quentin Reynolds

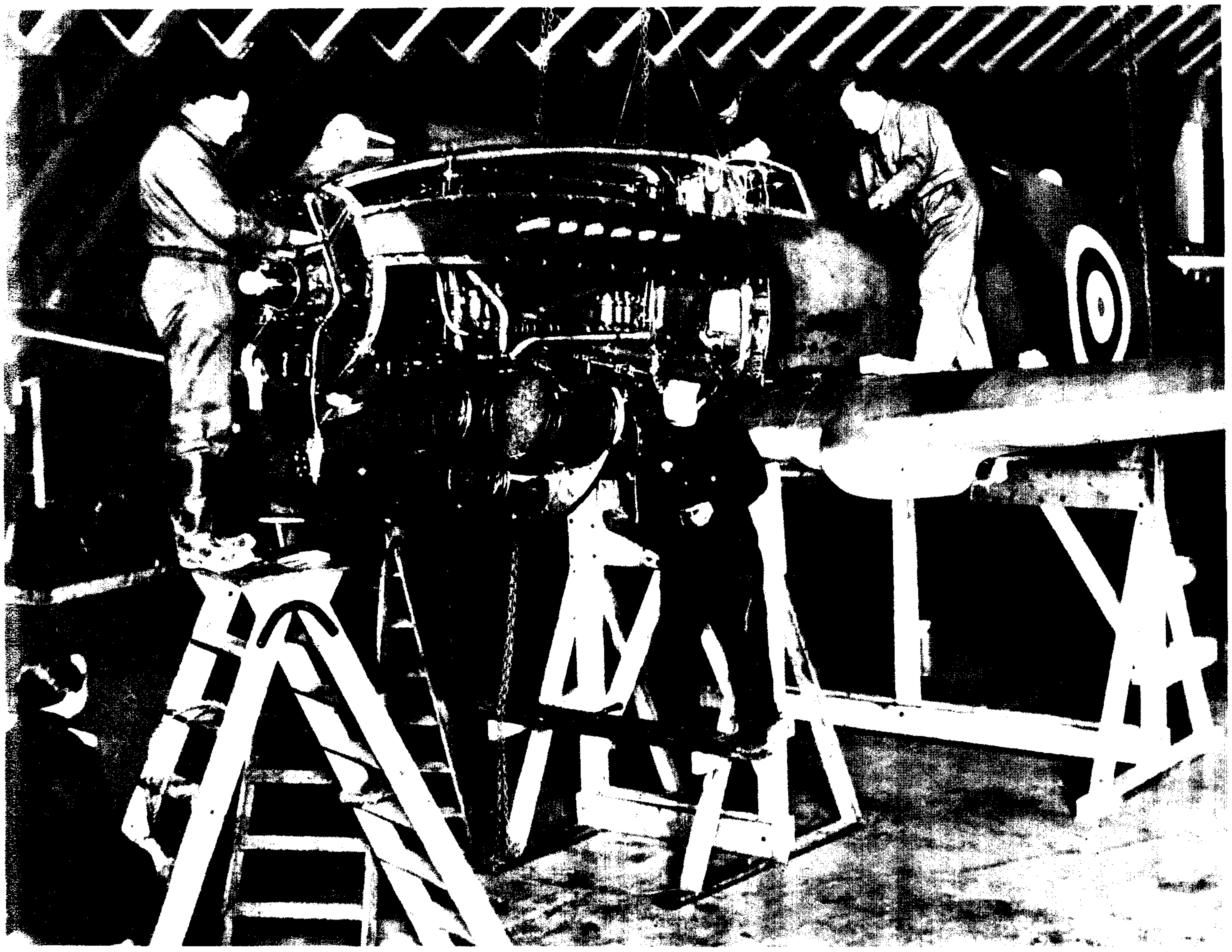
RADIOED FROM LONDON

Collier's correspondent visits the most secret hideaway in England—where American fighting planes get a final grooming before their deadly work begins. It's a reassuring picture of how our aid to Britain is working

SPIRIT OF
OCKHEED-VEGA EMPLOYEES

WIDE WORLD

Lockheed-Vega employees gave their own time and money to make the Hudson bomber (at top) and presented it to Britain. Now they are planning to put on a show, with the aid of Director Alexander Korda, for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund



BRITISH COMBINE

Below, British craftsmen put the finishing touches on a newly arrived single-seat Curtiss-Wright fighter, which they call a Tomahawk, at a secret assembly shop

THESE are the best airplanes in England," the lad with the Southern accent said. "In fact, they are the best airplanes in the world. I've flown them all. Sure, I'm a ferry pilot but I've spent a lot of time at airdromes with the fighters and the bombers. I know all the lads who fly these airplanes in combat. They like them mighty well."

It seemed quite natural to hear a Southern accent on this particular airdrome. Here in a remote corner of England was a bit of territory about two miles square that was as American as Middletown, Ohio, or Paducah, Kentucky. Attached to the airdrome was a large factory and the one job of this factory was to assemble, repair, recondition and service American airplanes. Every type of American aircraft was here, from tiny Mohawk fighters to the gigantic Flying Fortresses from Seattle. There were dozens of big two-motor Douglas fighters being revised for night work. These have been aptly named the Havoc to differentiate them from the Boston, which is the same airplane specializing in day fighting. There were slim, graceful-looking Vought-Sikorsky Chesapeakes, used almost exclusively by the British navy for dive-bombing. There were Brewsters and Grummans and Marylands made by Glenn Martin, all ready to be ferried directly to combat squadrons.

"Say," the boy with the Southern accent said, "I want you to meet Flying Officer Drabble. He's just leaving with a Havoc. That Havoc will be taking care of you in London from now on." Flying Officer Drabble nodded and walked a bit stiffly to where the big Havoc stood. With some difficulty he climbed the ladder to the cockpit and settled himself at the controls. The motors roared. He let them sing throatily a few minutes and then, with a cheery wave of his hand, he was off. That airplane, complete with gun and ammunition, would be fighting if need be within two hours.

"That Drabble has a wooden leg," the boy with the Southern accent chuckled. "You noticed how he limped."

"How can he fly with one leg?"

"It's a cinch," the ferry pilot said calmly, "I do it myself every day. We're the only one-legged pilots in the service. Of course there's Wing Commander Bader. He has no legs at all, and I think so far he has shot down twenty-eight Jerry planes. You don't need legs to fly."

Six months ago Ferry Pilot Conley Guy Shreve was a private pilot down in his native Orlando, Florida, but he felt the call to war and there he was taking airplanes from the assembling plant to fighting airdromes. Ferry pilots wear neat, dark blue uniforms. They were warming up a Mohawk for him. When it was ready he climbed into it and soon he too was off. Another American aircraft was ready to fight back.

The Ministry of Aircraft Production never announces exactly how many airplanes have arrived from America. The Ministry likes to keep the Germans guessing. Because of this reticence there has been an inclination both here in England and in America to belittle the air assistance given Britain by the United States. Correspondents were not allowed to visit the big assembling plants. It was all strictly hush-hush.

But in reports of air victories won by British pilots mention of American aircraft became increasingly prominent. The public was finally let into the secret of the Havoc, perhaps the best night-fighting airplane in the world. We heard of what the Glenn Martins were doing in the East. Fighter pilots at airdromes behind the Channel ports told with glee of having knocked down the new Messerschmitts with the Curtiss P40, which is called the Tomahawk here. Suddenly England realized she was getting more than lip service from America.

I asked the Ministry of Aircraft Production to let me visit the hidden spot where the American airplanes arrived; where they were fitted to British combat standards; where they donned their fighting clothes. The manager of the assembly plant was an ace in the last war. Then he went into airplane production. He himself can use every one of the several thousand machines and

(Continued on page 42)

OUR NEW ARMY

SOUTH CAROLINA

1ST ARMY CORPS

CAMP CROFT, Spartanburg. The personnel of 16,500 men at this infantry replacement center effects a complete turnover every thirteen weeks and the arrivals and departures keep the place in a turmoil. Members of the 32d Training Battalion (then composed mostly of New Yorkers and Jerseyites) didn't help matters any recently when they staged a celebration in anticipation of a rumored transfer back to Fort Dix. The affray ended with the usual quota of bleeding scalps and noses and somewhat more than the customary number of guys in the hoosegow. The latter individuals spent the night cursing the M.P.'s who had rounded them up, and were more than a little surprised the next morning when their company commander arrived to inform them of their new assignment: To the 101st Military Police Battalion at Fort Dix.

VIRGINIA

2D ARMY CORPS

CAMP LEE, Petersburg. How to torture the Sergeant at roll call, by Boleslaus Szachogluchowicz. That's all there is to it. He's a private in Co. K, 7th QM training regiment who reveals that his family long ago changed the name to Zzachas, for short, but that he decided to take his original and legal tag into the Army with him. His buddies, of course, call him Smitty.

ON a very dark and very wet night a big car pulled into a little-used entrance to Lee and the driver poked his head out with the announcement that herein sat the commanding officer of the camp. The two colored sentries went into a huddle, then one remained standing in front of the car while the other opened a rear door and took a look. "Yep," reported he after he had sloshed back to his pal, "that's him, all right." Snapped the other in a rather unreasonable facsimile of military procedure: "In that case the time fo' deliberation has ended. Attention! Pass, general!" Major General James E. Edmonds passed.

GEORGIA

1ST ARMY

CAMP WHEELER, Macon. Letter from a soldier: "I am in the Jacksonville terminal waiting for a train to take me back to Macon and I happened to think of a couple of things. (1) The practice on guard duty is to equip a selectee with an unloaded Smith and Wesson .45, and when one of the boys questioned a shavetail about it the dialogue sounded like this: 'What do we do if we see somebody stealing something?' 'You call the corporal of the guard.' 'Does the corporal of the guard have a loaded gun?' 'No, but he'll call the sergeant of the guard.' 'Well, does the serg—' 'No, but he'll call the officer of the guard—and don't ask me if the officer's revolver is loaded, because by this time the intruder would be in the next county anyway.' (2) When we're policing the grounds at camp our sergeant keeps telling us: 'Pick up anything that isn't red hot or nailed down.' (3) And then there's my friend, Pvt. Indelicato, who got so homesick for food he wrote his mom in Bristol, Pa., to send him a load of spaghetti. She did. In a regular pot. All he had to do was warm it. (4) The pretty gals who come through this station upset my medulla. (5) The majority of fellows at Wheeler are sore at F. D. R. because they were shipped so far away from home. Me, I don't care. I was a clerical worker in the Bureau of Aeronautics in Washington and my job will be there when I get back. But it won't be in a year, I'll bet you a stack of old Collier's. (6) More trucks for the infantry!" At this point, presumably, the train pulled out for Macon.

MARYLAND

HOLABIRD QUARTERMASTER DEPOT, Baltimore. Pvt. Robert F. Minke, 53d QM regiment, is down to one bed again. For a while, he slept in three at once at the Fort Meade hospital, following an appendectomy. Reason: He's (*Continued on page* 32)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

FLAME THROWERS of 1918 were unpredictable, cumbersome and required asbestos clothing for the operator. Newly developed by the Chemical Warfare Service and the Corps of Engineers at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, and soon to be adopted by the Army, the new U. S. flame thrower shown above weighs sixty-eight pounds loaded with a fuel oil-kerosene-gasoline mixture generating 2,200 degrees of heat. Easy to fire, *it constitutes a potent weapon for pillbox attack and the routing of tanks*

Ticket to Canada

By Paul Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The sensible thing for Jeff was to go on making money and let someone else do the fighting. It took just one look at Connie to convince him that this thing had nothing to do with sense

IN THE spring of 1938, Geoffrey Lane, a young British actor, had a minor part in a mystery melodrama on Broadway. It was not a role that required much ability, but a talent scout for one of the picture companies liked his looks and arranged a screen test. In due time Hollywood offered him a short-term contract, and Geoffrey Lane went to California.

Two people saw Jeff off—Mrs. Caswell, an elderly widow with a vaguely theatrical background, in whose house he had rented a furnished apartment, and her daughter Constance, then in her junior year at high school. She was nothing but a kid, of course, and her blue uniform dress made her seem even younger than she was. But her image stayed with him; chiefly a pair of large, gray, adoring eyes, and a smooth tangle of lustrous hair under the brim of a wide felt hat.

In films, Geoffrey Lane was an immediate and astonishing success. Not because he could act very well, for it was soon clear that he couldn't, but because he had a manly, likable personality, and he was fortunate to find directors who put him in the right kind of stories and let his own character come through to the screen. After three years, he was drawing nearly two thousand dollars a week, and his name was known wherever pictures are displayed.

With all this, he was oddly discontented, because he had really wanted more than anything else to be a great actor, and it was plain to him that, compared to a dozen people he worked with in the movies, he simply did not have the essential gift. It was very agreeable to be pointed out as a celebrity, to be asked for his autograph, and to live well without worrying over money. But at times he was depressed by a feeling that almost any presentable young man, given the same careful coaching, the same elaborate support and attention, could walk through his roles and do as well as he did, or better.

This spring it was decided—by his agent, by his manager, by the company that held his current contract, by everyone except Jeff, who merely accepted the plan—that his box-office value would be enhanced by a series of personal appearances in theaters along the Atlantic seaboard. A short dramatic sketch was to be his vehicle, and this required two supporting players. One was a rising starlet, Aileen Renwick, a pretty, ambitious blonde whom he knew and liked. The other was Alan Mears, also English, about ten years older than Jeff, and a brilliant player of character parts. The caravan from the West included the three principals, some small subservient fry, Aileen's mother (frequently mistaken, she said, for her sister), and Ned Ryan, a middle-aged publicity man.

THEIR arrival at New York went off according to schedule. The city that can absorb a world's series or a world's fair without breaking its hurried stride was not especially impressed, but there was a fifteen-second traffic jam in front of a 59th Street hotel, six papers printed Jeff's picture, and four ran more or less imaginary interviews. Ryan considered that he had done well.

One of the first results of his labors was a telephone call for Jeff about four o'clock that afternoon. "This is Constance Caswell," said a clear, warm voice.

After only a second, he remembered. "Connie!"

Alan Mears was sitting opposite him, in the living room of Jeff's suite. He had all the afternoon papers and was going through them methodically, but now he looked up sharply, surprised by the excitement in Jeff's voice.

"You've forgotten me, of course."

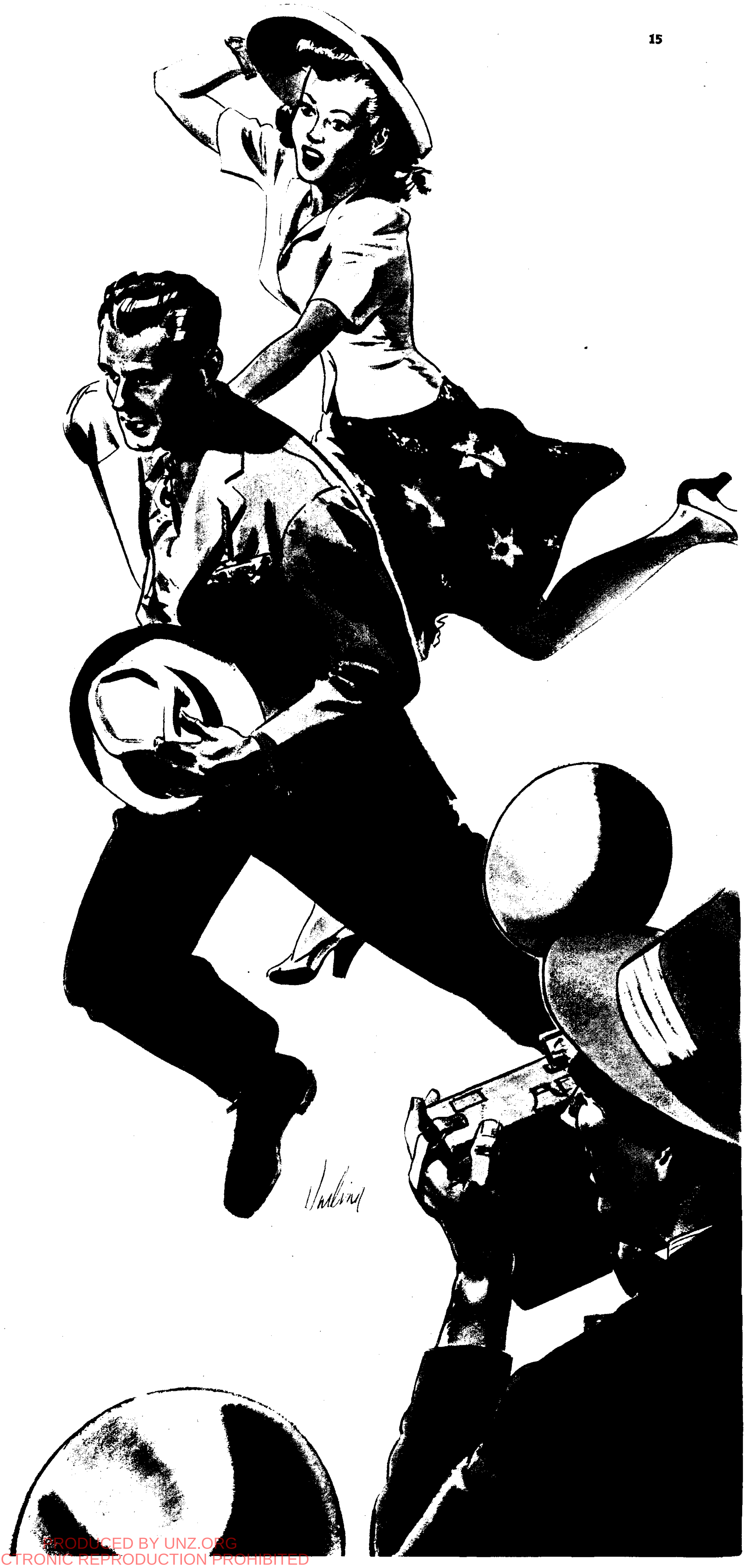
"Certainly not," he said. "How is your mother?"

"She died last year."

"I'm terribly sorry. I wish I'd known," he murmured. Or had he known it, and sent flowers, through his secretary? Damn the way an artificial life could push realities from your mind. "She was always very good to me."

"I was going to write you but—well, I couldn't. There didn't seem to be anything to say. I just wanted to wish you luck now, Jeff, and to tell you that what

(Continued on page 53)

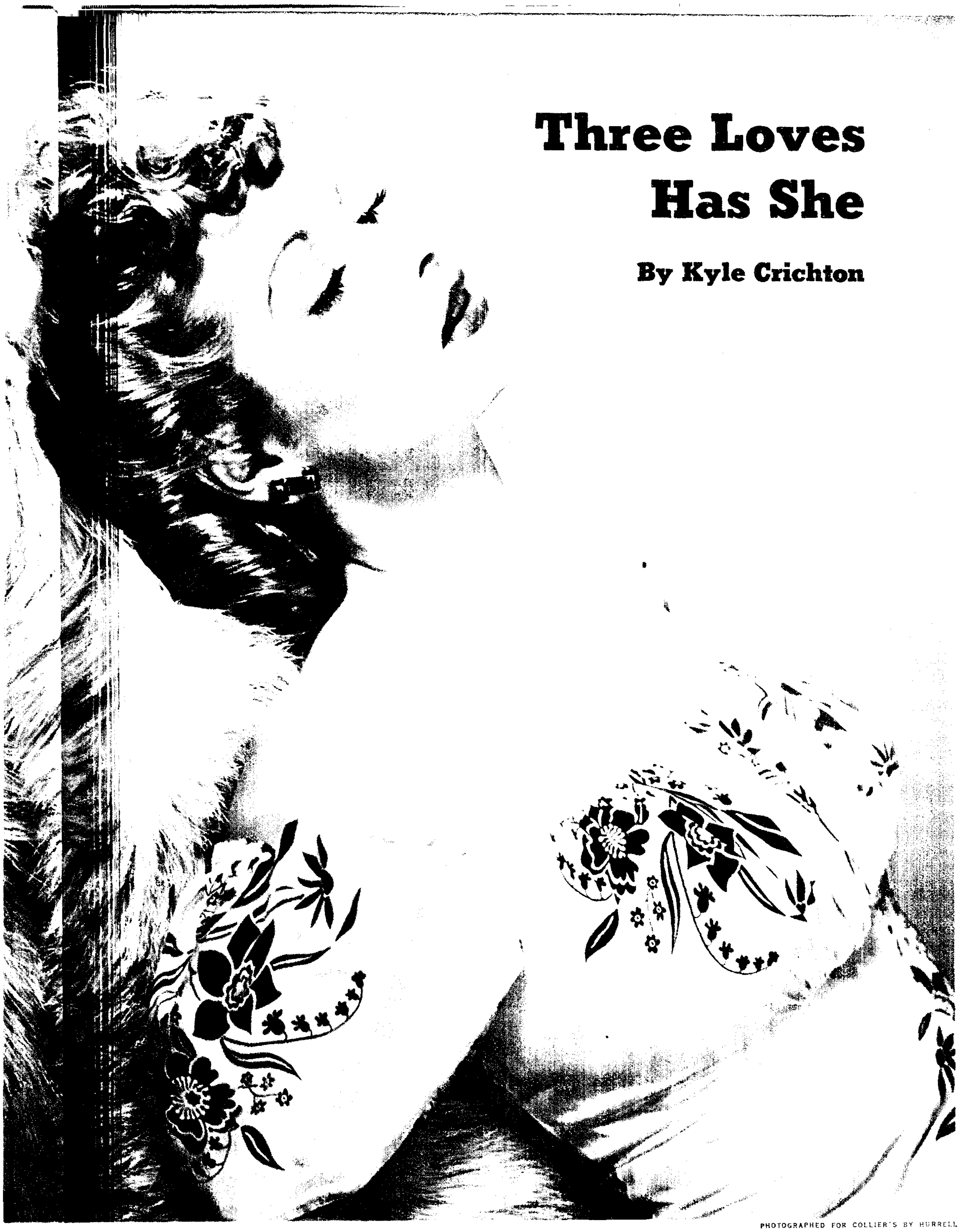


"Jeff, look at the time! You've got to fly!" They broke into a wild, sliding run over the smooth marble floor

Three Loves Has She

Lucille Ball adores her husband, Desi Arnaz, dotes on her family and thinks acting in the movies is just a short step removed from Heaven

By Kyle Crichton



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HURRELL

THE procedure is this: you start interviewing Miss Lucille Ball and then Mr. Desi Arnaz enters and Miss Lucille Ball leaves. It is not that Miss Lucille Ball leaves in person; she merely leaves in spirit. She sits right there but she is absent. Miss Lucille Ball is nuts about Mr. Desi Arnaz. The romance at this point has been officially sealed for eight months, ring, license and ceremony. Miss Lucille Ball looked at Mr. Desi Arnaz as if he were something that had floated down from above on a cloud.

"I got to learn how to handle things," says Miss Lucille Ball, wrinkling her forehead and looking harassed. What she means is that since she became Mrs. Desi Arnaz, she has been getting a new concept of Hollywood. For example: after their honeymoon they were in Ciro's one night, listening to the music and happily holding hands. The headwaiter approached and murmured that he had a message for Mr. Arnaz from Miss Sallie Blotz, famed film star who sat at a distant table silently sipping a snifter. The message was this:

"Tell Desi to come over here and dance the tango with me."

Mr. Arnaz looked at the headwaiter in amazement. He looked at his wife in embarrassment. His wife looked as if she were about to cry.

"Is this the way they do things in California?" asked Mr. Arnaz in bewilderment. He then requested the headwaiter to convey his compliments to Miss Blotz and inform her that he would not dance the tango with her now or ever and he hoped she was in the best of health.

Things were not always this serious with Miss Ball. For years she had been going around Hollywood as carefree as a coot. Originally she had come out from New York to get in the chorus of Sam Goldwyn's Roman Scandals. She knew her way around Hollywood almost immediately and won the distinction of doing a line of dialogue in Roman Scandals—an achievement which she had wangled out of one of the writers, Arthur Sheekman, by demanding repeatedly: "Hey, gimme a line of dialogue, won't you? Listen, Buddy; howsabout sticking in a few words for a gal, huh?"

If you imagine from this that Miss Ball is a forward little hussy, you will be greatly amazed on meeting her to find that something you have said has driven her to tears. Nobody was ever faster on the wise retort than the young lady and nobody was ever less sure of herself generally. She will yell, "Hiyah, Jake!" at every grip on the set and will cower against the wall at the approach of the meekest stranger. How she ever kept going in the years when she was doing nothing better than turning out little smellers for RKO has never been known to her friends but possibly it has something to do with the contradictions of her character.

At one period when she was stinking up the studio with a series of flops, a friend remonstrated with her. "Why don't you give up this nonsense and marry a rich man?" Lucille pondered this for a week and finally met it in her own peculiar way. She plastered a notice on her dressing-room door: Proposals Accepted. Then she sat in the doorway and ballyhooed her wares:

"Step right up, gents! Right this way! Marry a gal with a wonderful shape and no future!"

Her success in this venture was limited by the nature of her first query to all applicants:

"You got a million bucks? No? Outside, bum!"

So Lucille missed out on her tycoon, continued her labors at RKO and then Desi arrived on the lot to make a picture and the pair practically trampled themselves to death in their excitement. But not before a preliminary period of strain. As hinted, Lucille is not at her best with strangers. She has an inferiority complex large enough for Primo Carnera, imagines that people are not impressed with her and makes a poor spectacle when first encountered. She was scared of Arnaz. Two months later, in discussing the delectable event, she discovered that Desi had been scared of her.

"Oh, that is very good," cried Lucille sardonically. "That is very good, indeed. Next I'll be scaring Karloff."

They Gave Her a Toehold

What got her to Hollywood was the periodical craze for New York models. At intervals the moguls of Beverly Hills decide that since beauty is what they sell, beauty they must have—and out comes a cattle car full of New York's most luscious. For the first month their photographs are in all the papers, the columns are full of their prospects and then the retreat begins. Lucille, coasting on the reputation of her one line in Roman Scandals, dug in and hung on.

Getting as far as New York was a triumph for the young lady because her start in Jamestown, New York, had not been auspicious. The family had ambitions in a musical way and Lucille dutifully entered the Musical Conservatory at Chautauqua, where she practiced the scales, did a bit of warbling and dreamed mistily about a future that might include a debut at Carnegie Hall in New York.

"The nearest I got to that was a job with Hattie Carnegie as a model," comments Lucille.

She had come down to New York with some hope in her heart, had studied at John Murray Anderson's dramatic school and had found that breaking into the theater was much like breaking into the Chase National Bank. The best she could do was the chorus, and three times she got jobs with musical shows and three times she had to leave them and go back to dress modeling for Hattie Carnegie. The trouble was that shows require long periods of rehearsals and nobody in those days was paid in that interval. Invariably she got into the show, rehearsed for three weeks and then ran like a frightened thing into the arms of Hattie.

"Nothing serious," says Lucille. "Just starvation."

With her first Hollywood check, she sent for her entourage—which consisted of her mother, her brother Fred,

(Continued on page 43)

Dina Cashman

By Kathleen Norris

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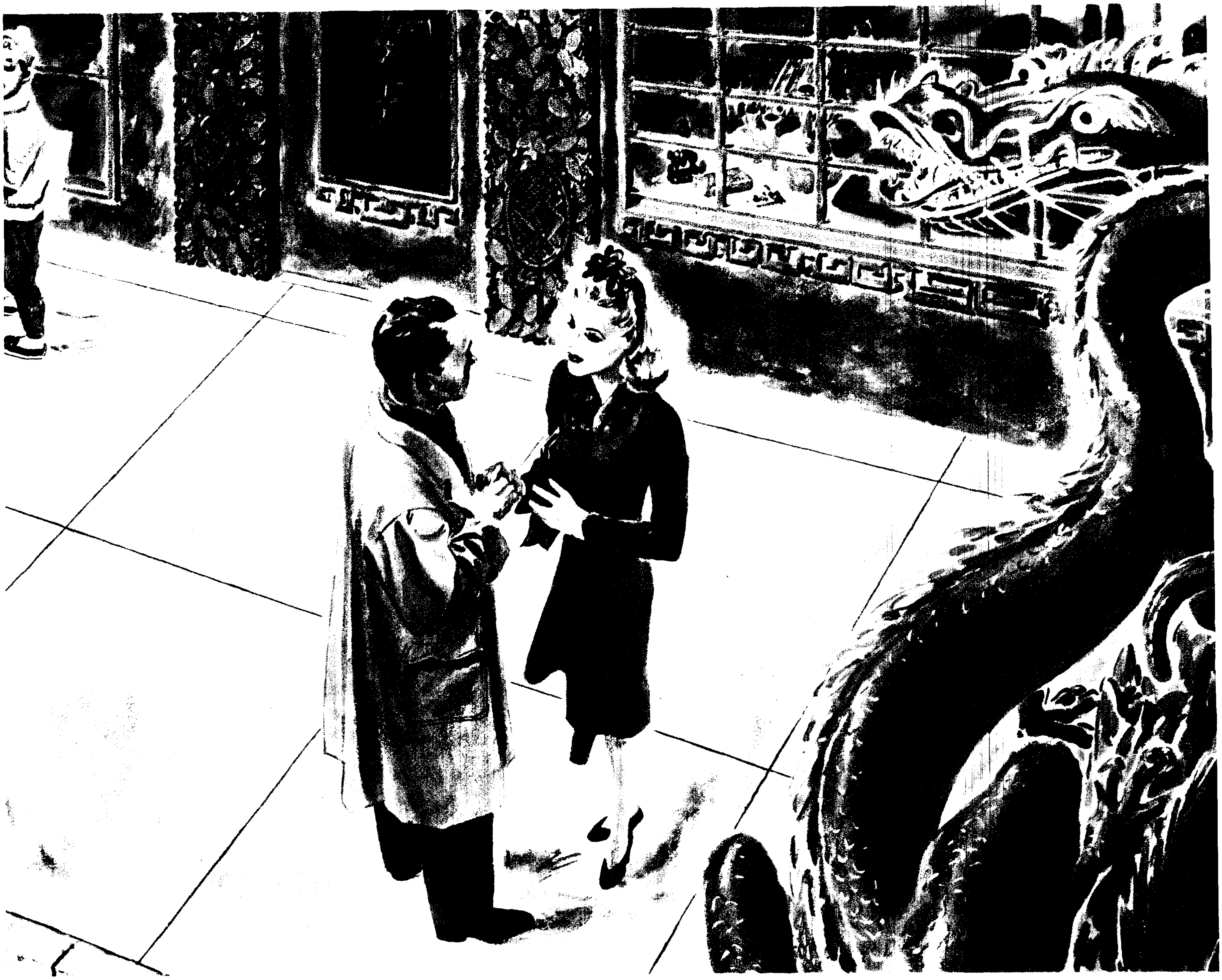
ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT



"Yes, it's been that way since the very beginning," he said. "I never would have told you"

The Story Thus Far:

AFTER a brief trip to the Sierras with the man she loves—Vere Holland, a young Yale law student—Geraldine ("Dina") Cashman returns to her dingy, overcrowded home in Railway Flats; and Holland goes back to Yale. A few weeks later, Dina discovers that she is going to become a mother!

Terrified, she writes to Vere, but he replies evasively and hints that he may soon be leaving for South America. Desperate, she calls on Vere's wealthy uncle, Rogers Holland, tells him the story and asks his advice. After promising that he will write to Vere's mother, Mr. Holland asks Dina to do him a favor, for which he will pay her handsomely. He has recently been jilted by the woman he loves—Aline Pierpont, who has suddenly run off and married Andrew Havens, an artist. Will Dina attend a dinner party and try to arouse Aline's jealousy? Needing the money, Dina agrees. At the party, Aline Havens is furious with jealousy.

Vere's mother—a selfish snob (like Aline)—refuses to permit Vere to marry Dina.

Holland then astonishes Dina by asking her to become his wife, in name only. He wishes Dina's baby to have a legal father, and he knows that the marriage will infuriate Vere's mother and Aline. Dina accepts the offer and marries Rogers Holland. Aline Havens (whose husband has painted Dina's portrait) plots to get out of her present marriage and back into Rogers Holland's favor.

Dina is injured in an automobile crash and while she is in the hospital (with her leg in a plaster cast) her baby, a girl, is born. Dina is very happy and Rogers admits that he hasn't enjoyed such contentment in years.

At the gallery where Andy Havens' portraits are on exhibition, Dina encounters Vere—the father of her child. Dina, after a few minutes of conversation, leaves the gallery with Andy. They walk through Chinatown while Dina tries to gain mastery over her agitated senses. She thanks Andy for his kindness, saying, "I needed you terribly then." Andy answers in a tone suddenly strained and low, "I don't suppose you know exactly what it means to me to be needed by you."

IX

DINA stopped short on the narrow Chinatown sidewalk, drew away and faced him, her color changing suddenly. For there was no mistaking his tone. She tried to laugh.

"Andy!" she stammered.

"Yes, it's been that way since the very beginning," he said. "I never would have told you, perhaps I oughtn't be telling you now. But what you say of Aline and Rogers, of their possibly planning to marry some day, makes me feel that sometime you might need me again, and that—that I'd be glad to be there."

"You mean—" Dina began, and was silent.

"I mean that you're the most wonderful woman in the world," Andy said. "I mean that I've been living for months now on just the glimpses I've had of you, the little I've heard people say. At the Carter wedding and at the Musgroves' dinner and the day I came and painted you, when you were still in bed, everywhere, every time, it's been you."

She had backed up against a window filled with kimonos and small wooden toys and red and black chinaware. Her slender figure was enveloped in a brown coat with a brown fur collar; her blue eyes shone at him under a little brown hat.

"Dina, I'm flying south this afternoon; I may not see you again for a couple of weeks, but if you ever are free, if Rogers is still in love with Aline,

(Continued on page 47)

Spies, foreigners, Christians, English words and baseball are things the Mikado's subjects must remember to hate nowadays

THE day after the signing of the alliance between Japan, Germany and Italy, Tokyo newspapers reported that Premier Konoye had spent a tearful, sleepless night. As well he might. Perhaps he foresaw that his new partners would shortly put him on the spot by leaping for Russia's throat, perhaps he even envisioned the downfall of his own cabinet which followed. In any event, he wept freely during the celebration of the signing of the pact that made Japan an Axis partner. He had managed to make his own statement calmly enough; it was the reading of the Imperial Rescript that undid him. One commentator ascribed this breakdown to the manner in which the emperor had been pleased to permit a change in foreign policy and the way in which His Majesty's interest in the affairs of government had been displayed.

In public the alliance was hailed as the dawn of a new world over which hope, promise, joy and happiness would sweep like a tide.

Apparently, few countries were considered to come under that heading, for immediately the antiforeign campaign begun at the start of the China Incident was renewed with increased vigor and still continues with unabated ferocity. The spy phobia possesses all inhabitants of Nippon. No one believes a foreigner can possibly be living in or visiting Japan for any simple reason such as business or pleasure. He must be in the pay of a foreign government. This entails a counterespionage system in which every Japanese joins with enthusiasm.

One reason why service is so bad in the Imperial Hotel is that the room boys and waiters are too busy keeping an eye on "spies" to have time for their regular duties. Even school children are offered rewards for turning in suspicious characters. One tattletale tot at a summer resort rushed to the police with the report that he had seen two Europeans photographing a fortified zone. The guilty pair—a German couple—were promptly taken into custody and held until the films were developed. It turned out that the "fortified zone" was themselves romping over the beach. They were released, but the officious child was given ten yen, a pat on the head and the admonition to keep on with the good work.

The military-secrets law makes it a crime to take pictures from any height above twenty yards. The penalty is a year's imprisonment or a 1,000-yen fine. If the pictures are shown to the public or published, it means two years' imprisonment and a 2,000-yen fine. Exportation of the films brings on seven years' imprisonment or a 3,000-yen fine. It's wise never to produce a camera in Japan. Even staying on the ground and training a lens on Aunt Minnie may incur difficulties with the police. They might admit that Minnie is no fortified zone, but they are sure to insist that the background—whether bank, department store or wind-swept beach—is one. In total warfare, it seems everything must be kept a secret from the enemy.

To keep the public awake to the spy menace, posters have been put up warning against foreign agents. Most of them show a man in evening dress peeping furtively through the illuminated window of a Japanese dwelling. Match boxes bear such slogans as "Beware of Spies," "Let No Spy Escape," and some have reproductions of the posters. The national broadcasting system puts on a program to teach listeners the words and music of an antispy march with innumerable verses repeating that there are spies everywhere and that friendly smiles are dangerous.

Moral: Don't Trust Anybody

Villagers are warned against fishermen who arrive with rod and reel and ask the depth of the ocean. They are not interested in fishing; what they really want to know is whether the water is sufficiently deep for an attacking submarine or battleship.

A short keeps reappearing in all movies, giving a graphic picture of how foreigners go about their dastardly designs. The sequences are interspersed with terrifying pictures of a rolling eye, a hand with clawlike fingers, and bloodcurdling cries of "Supy! Supy!" All the deceitful methods used by spies are illustrated: dictaphones, invisible ink, hollow heels, cameras strapped around ankles, the purchase of wastepaper from the garbage man making collections in factories and shipyards. In the final sequence, a Russian is seen sitting in a train compartment, reading a newspaper. He gets a Japanese lady into conversation and asks her the distance between Kobe and Nagasaki. When in her innocence she tells him he promptly jots it down in a notebook. Then he points to an island in the distance and asks what that is. She replies that she doesn't know but she thinks it's a fortified zone. That also goes down. Finally, he draws a map of the coastline as the train proceeds. It seems Russians don't have access to maps.

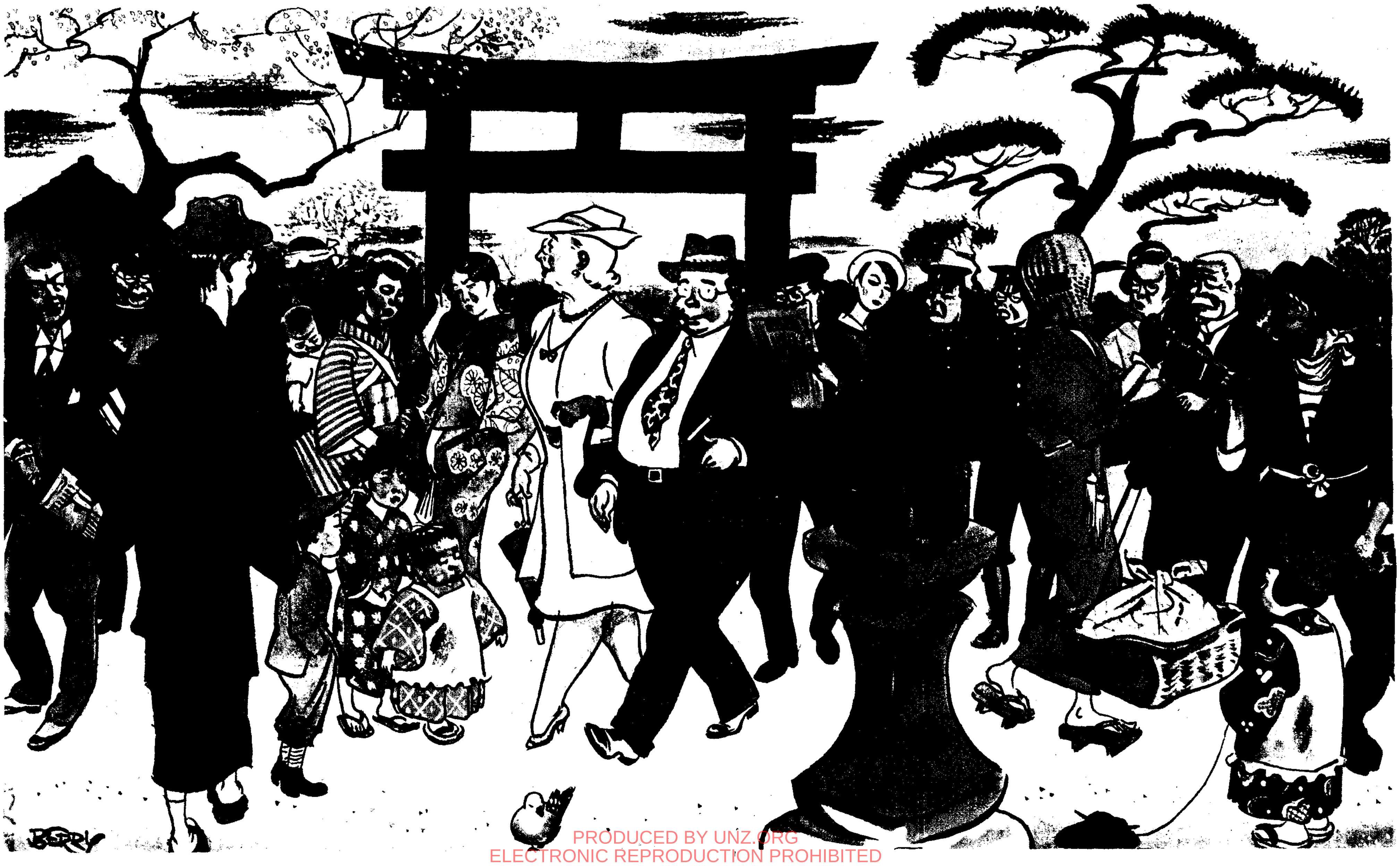
A great point is made that the agent got his information from a woman. The Japanese lady is amiable and far too willing to be helpful. Therefore every effort is made to prevent her meeting strangers. The authorities prefer foreigners to talk with men. But even that isn't encouraged. The result is that Japanese are afraid to be seen with foreigners, particularly diplomats, and ask their Occidental friends never to write or telephone them.

A foreigner in Japan does well not to have too much to do with his embassy or legation. That is considered suspicious. A young American studying pottery-making in Kyoto had to leave because he made life difficult for his teacher, who was accused of harboring a spy. By chance, the American was able to see his police dossier and found charges on three counts: He had been seen walking on the main street in his undershirt (actually, it was a sports shirt with short sleeves); he had lunched with American tourists; he was on too-good terms with one of the secretaries at the embassy in Tokyo.

This sort of thing makes life unpleasant for foreigners. They never know

(Continued on page 34)

Japanese are convinced that every foreigner is a spy, so they've built up a counterespionage system in which everyone joins with enthusiasm



RECIPE for making coffee in your icebox!

1. Make Sanka Coffee by your usual method,* but make it *double strength.* Use *two* heaping tablespoons of Sanka Coffee to each cup (½ pint) of water.

2. Pour your freshly made Sanka Coffee into an ice-cube tray. Cool. Set in refrigerator to freeze. A tray of these coffee cubes can be kept on hand, ready for instant use.

3. Now ... when iced coffee is wanted, simply heat milk ... not cream. Do not bring milk to a boil.

4. Fill a glass with the frozen coffee cubes. Then fill with warm milk. Instantly, you have delicious, refreshing iced coffee ... of a consistency similar to iced coffee served with expensive cream.

WHY IT IS IMPORTANT TO USE SANKA COFFEE

5. Many people, who are kept awake by the caffein in hot coffee, should shy away from iced coffee too. For there is *more caffein* in *iced* coffee than in hot coffee! Iced coffee is made stronger... and a tall glass holds more coffee than a cup!

So make *your* iced coffee with Sanka Coffee. It's 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep you awake. It's *real* coffee... *all* coffee... and is delicious iced. Best of all ... *you drink it and sleep!*

The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

DRIP GRIND SANKA COFFEE

**Sanka Coffee comes in "regular," as well as the new "drip" grind.*

Advance Agent

Continued from page 20

were in love with this guy John Page."

Gail said, "I don't want any breakfast," and went away—fast.

Well! No wonder she was upset when in walked the New York Globe and said he was a Nazi! But as for Constance Scovil, the only thing wrong with her was impatience. She busied herself about the shops. She wasn't going to be a working girl much longer. Or a Martha Case College girl. Bill Jay was her higher education. By the time college opened she would have settled down in the young married set. When? Say two weeks from now. Say next week. Well, how about Wednesday?

Nine o'clock and the oaf hasn't phoned yet to ask anxiously if it was true. She picked up the phone and called the boardinghouse where he had a room for the summer. Just tell him Wednesday and add that he'd better get over here right now, for it's a long time between kisses. She heard his landlady calling, "Mr. Jay! Mr. Jay—telephone!" She called some more and then reported, "I guess he ain't in."

Connie hung up, swearing. The first duty of a newly appointed fiancé was to call up and say, "Hey, I'm in love with you." Instead of which, beyond any doubt, he had broken a whole double handful of promises. He had gone tearing off to Springfield at about the time she had waked up first. Well, Connie, you're the newspaperman's bride. You never will have a chance when there's a good story on the fire. Better get reconciled to it right now. The darling! She went back to work.

AT PINNACLE MANOR, Carl Booker was hopelessly bewildered. He no longer had any doubt of Herr Köchlin, and, moreover, no matter how dangerous and costly Herr Köchlin's intentions, he had no choice but to obey orders. But nothing was clear to him and surely it was also his duty to point out dangers.

"This man Jay has friends," he reminded Köchlin. "There is his landlady. I think he is still working for his newspaper. Already many must be wondering why they have not seen him—"

Köchlin had led him to an inclosure of arborvitae on the far side of the lawn. It was very hot and still, there would be a storm before night. But nothing could diminish Köchlin's fierce, badly contained energy. He swung toward Booker. "Let me take the risks. You can assure yourself I know there are some. When have you a truck going west?"

"We say twelve-thirty. Sometime between midnight and one o'clock it comes past."

"Put him on the truck." Good! Köchlin was showing some sense, after all. Get him well out of the state, and then take care of him. "Where will it be by dawn? No—that would be only a hundred-odd miles into New York. You must keep him on the truck till tomorrow night. It should go to, say, Lake Erie. In some deserted place simply turn him loose."

"Turn him loose!" Booker shouted. "We kidnap a man so we can *turn him loose?* You do not understand, Herr Köchlin. When you had me secure him, you made it necessary for him to be disposed of. In ten minutes, at the first telephone—"

"We will not be here. Neither you nor I nor *Fräulein* Winkler."

Booker stared at him, stunned. Köchlin coldly returned the stare. "How big is your staff at the camp?"

"Counting the Inn, twenty in all."

"How many of them are—of us?"

"Four. The agent of the trucks. Two workmen. The man who is taking care—" Careful! He had still been given no permission to mention von Weitbrecht. "The fourth is a guard."

"What are your instructions in case it is necessary to disappear?"

"Warn the truck company. Notify the Forwarding Company. Destroy everything that bears on us and turn the camp over to my assistant, who does not know what it is. The four are to scatter. I would go to Buffalo, where—"

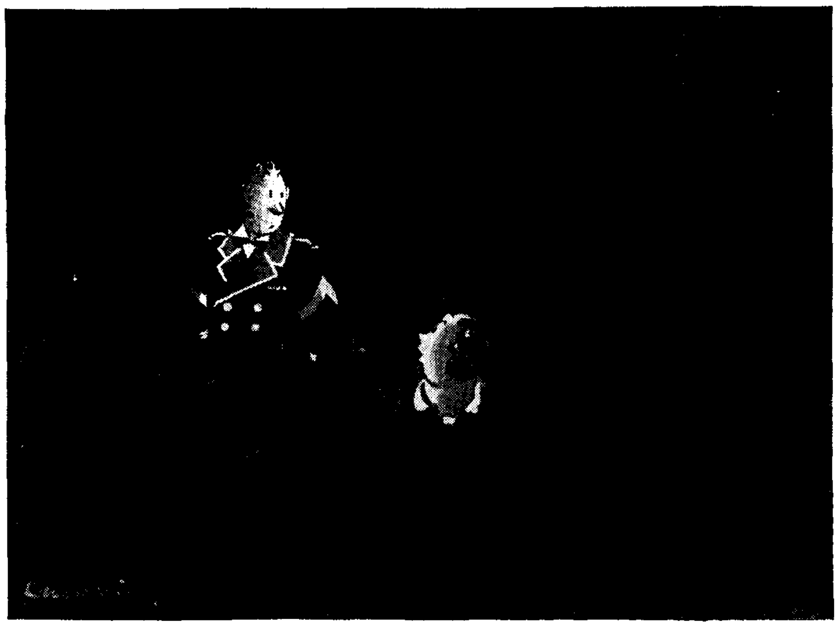
"Be prepared to go with *Fräulein* Winkler and me to New York."

Resentful anger rocked him. He was being ordered to abandon his property forever—and the whole thing could be averted by a simple disposal, hundreds of miles from here, of the newspaper reporter. "I must know—"

"*Achtung!*" Köchlin's command silenced him; his hands went to his sides and his shoulders squared. "Nothing is permitted you except obedience. Instant and unquestioning obedience. Do you think I will pause to consult your convenience?"

"I am not complaining, Herr Köchlin. But I do not understand—"

"You are not required to." But Köchlin moderated his harshness a



"Who did it? The butler?"

JAY IRVING

"Completely refreshing"

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and
Refreshing

There's nothing so refreshing under the sun as delicious Coca-Cola,

—ice-cold and tingling with the life and sparkle of real refreshment.

It has the quality of genuine goodness. Thirst asks nothing more.

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

THE TASTE THAT CHARMS
AND NEVER CLOYS

You'll welcome ice-cold Coca-Cola just as often and as surely as thirst comes. You taste its quality,—the quality of genuine goodness. Ice-cold Coca-Cola gives you the taste that charms and never cloys. You get the feel of complete refreshment, buoyant refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.

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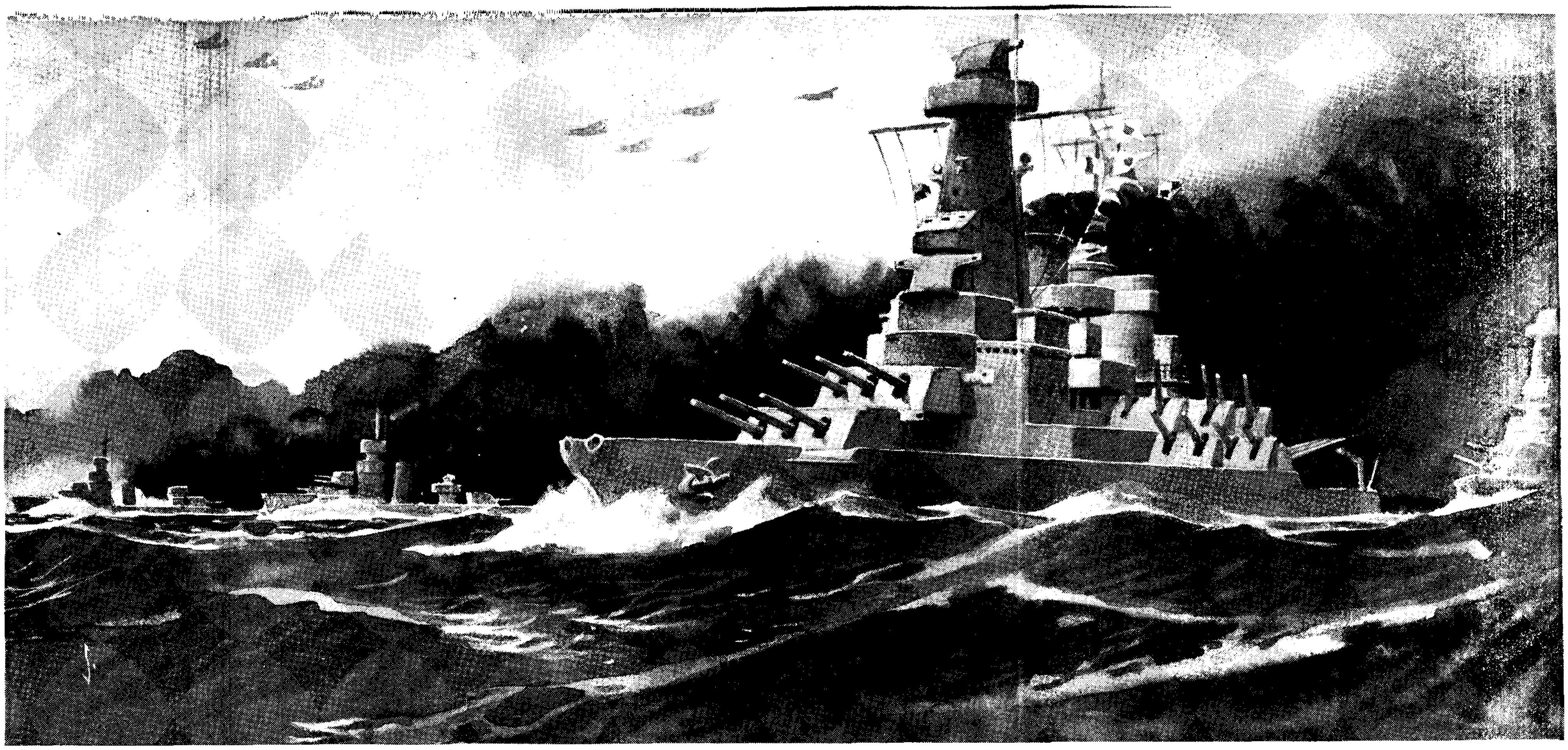


"Direct column ahead," he ordered. "Course, three four zero. Nineteen knots"

Four Stars on His Flag

By Paul Deresco Augsburg

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The fact the admiral was able to laugh when he did indicates he was the man for the biggest job in American naval history

IN ONE way she was different from every other ship on the anchorage—even from her sister vessels, eleven Amazonian brutes with gray complexions, broad, muscled hips and ugly mouths whose kiss would mean death.

High at her main-truck flapped a flag which showed four stars on a dark blue field.

Another, the first-repeater pennant, supplemented the one with the stars. It flew from an outside hoist on the yard to announce that Admiral Thomas Ackers, commander in chief of the battle fleet, was not at present on board his flagship.

But soon that pennant would have to come down. The officer of the deck was aware of this the moment he saw, through his leveled glass, the bow waves curl from the admiral's barge as it shoved away from the Navy landing.

He spoke to the orderly standing behind him: "Inform the captain the commander in chief is returning aboard."

Other orders followed. A bugle sputtered. At once the quarter-deck's tempo quickened. Eight sailors ran to the starboard gangway and faced one another four to a side. The boatswain's mate took his place by the rail. The marine guard formed and dressed its ranks. The band assembled. The captain appeared.

As the barge moved swiftly over the water, its deck and brightwork flashing in the sun, the coxswains of launches that passed it lifted their hands in salute. And now, with its swinging to come alongside, the boatswain's mate began to pipe a shrill, an utterly mournful welcome pitched to the cry of a foraging gull.

In a moment the admiral's cap appeared and the quarter-deck tensed itself to receive him. The bugle blurted the call Attention. The marine lieutenant snapped, "Present arms!" A dozen rifles clicked in unison just as the opening ruffle started. At this, the rolling beat of the drums, the side boys came to rigid salute and stood as if cast in bronze.

But the human cause of so much to-do had a duty of homage to pay as well. As soon as he stepped on the quarter-deck he faced the Stars and Stripes at the stern and raised his hand to the brim of his cap. Thus, like a priest before the altar, the highest ranking man in the fleet performed the same devotional act as the humblest grade in his smallest ship.

A heavy gold band and three gilt stripes covered the lower part of his sleeves. The man who next followed him to the deck wore two fewer stripes and was six years younger—Rear Admiral Anthony Comerford, his chief of staff and principal aide. To the youthful officer of the deck, standing a pace behind his captain, the faces of both these men looked grave.

What could have happened while they were ashore? Was the situation, as diplomats say, deteriorating beyond repair? He glanced at the debonair flag lieutenant, but no clue was to be found there.

The final ruffle rolled from the drums. The side boys dropped their hands from salute. The admiral said, "Want to see you, Captain," and the seniors strode from the quarter-deck as the band swung into a lively march.

Once again the lieutenant had charge of the ship. To himself he said, " 'Want to see you, Captain.' What for, I wonder? . . . Something's up!" Still turning this sharp conviction over, he crossed to port where a liberty party was checking out for the journey ashore.

The launch filled with sailors had cleared the side when the captain's orderly hurried to him. Something *was* up. It showed on that face, in the eager excitement, then, of his voice:

"The captain says, sir, shore leave's canceled; sound order to strip the ship for action!"

ADMIRAL ACKERS sat at the desk in his suite below the quarter-deck and carefully checked the sailing order drawn for him by his chief of staff. On the bulkhead near him were two framed pictures: one a large photograph of his wife, the other a family group of three—Madeleine Ackers with Laura and Roy, the latter wearing his first gold stripe as a proud new ensign.

But the boy was a junior lieutenant now. He served with Destroyer Division Seven, which had just returned from Puget Sound and was here assigned to Flotilla K. K would escort the battle line as the fleet steamed out to find the foe.

The admiral did not glance at the picture. By an effort of will he kept his eyes down. Yet what they saw was not the order. They were seeing ahead a week or more; seeing an area on the ocean as yet an unknown X on the chart; seeing the clash of the scouting patrols when the two fleets met.

That fight would be sharply vicious, deadly. Not all the destroyers engaged would return. Some would go down while the battle line was still moving up to close the range.

If he signed this order, holding Division Seven near the battle line, Admiral Ackers would have a last chance to talk to his son. He could see him at dinner-time, perhaps, while the scouting force went on ahead.

"This stands," he nodded at Comerford, "except for Destroyer Division Seven. Division Twelve will go with K. In the last maneuvers Twelve was detached, and Seven has seen more service with C."

Through the open ports he could hear the shrill of the boatswain's pipe, the ruffling of drums. The first of his juniors was coming aboard for final instructions before they should sail.

"Thank you, Tony, just the same." Little crinkling lines appeared in his face as the Old Man smiled at his chief of staff. "I guess we'll have to forget we're fathers."

The admiral rose and went to a port and looked across at the island city. His country was, technically, still at peace but war would be just a matter of days. That voice in the White House reaching his ear across a continent, under the sea, had emphasized this solemn fact as he sat at the telephone ashore. The fleet was to sail within a few hours. In the city, censors were watching the cables, commercial radio stations, the shipping, trying to keep the departure concealed from the rest of the world.

Again the boatswain's mate was piping. The Old Man thoughtfully fingered his chin. What he said to them when they were assembled, the chiefs under whom the destroyers, the cruisers, the ships of the battle line would be fought, must convey more than anything else at this time a feeling of confidence in *him*.

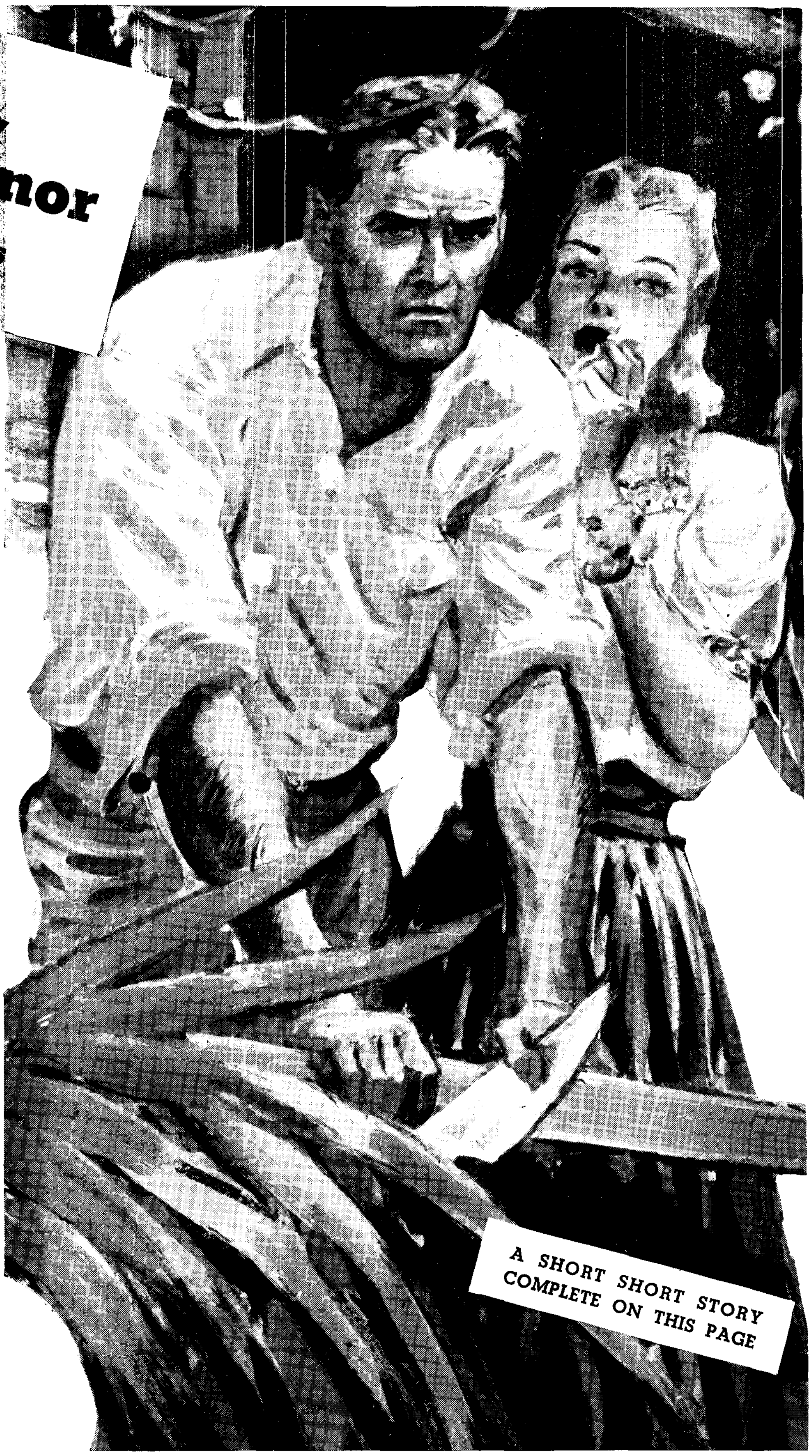
The submarines were already off soundings. Now, prompt on the hour, the scouting force hauled up its anchors and cleared the roadstead, four divisions

(Continued on page 29)

Ending, with Honor

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Manning stared at the schooner heading for the inlet of the lagoon. "The devil!" he said slowly. "The—devil!" But the woman beside him sobbed joyously

THE lagoon was very blue, and the beach was very white, and the sun was extremely hot. The schooner went on across the lagoon toward the native village. The man on the veranda waited for the other white man to walk up from the beach where the small boat had landed him. He said over his shoulder, "It's him, all right!"

His voice was grim; almost savage. There was a stirring and a sound like a gasp inside the house. Then silence.

The man from the schooner strode up, unsmiling. The other man smoked grimly; his jaw was tightly clamped on the stem of his pipe. His eyes were intent and defiant.

The newcomer stopped short two yards from the steps. He nodded. "Howdo," he said without expression. "My name's Holmes. Does it mean anything in particular to you?"

The man on the veranda took his pipe out of his mouth and seemed to consider. But he remained grim and watchful. "No . . ." he said deliberately, "I can't say that it does. Should it? Can I do something for you?"

"You might invite me out of the sun," said the newcomer. "It's rather hot, and I've come a long way. Several thousand miles, in fact."

The man on the veranda made a gesture which could be construed as an invitation. The newcomer came solidly up the steps, nodded once more, and fumbled in his pocket. The other man tensed a little. He looked ready for anything. But the newcomer only brought out a cigarette. He lighted it.

"Your name's Manning," he explained. "My wife ran away with someone named Manning. You seemed the right one. I came to see. When one's wife runs off, one has a sort of obligation to look over the new ménage."

"I've told you," said Manning harshly, "your name means nothing to me!"

The newcomer shrugged. He sat down deliberately. His host remained standing beside one of the posts of the veranda.

"I've sent the schooner across the lagoon," said Holmes. "The skipper wanted to drop off some stores, and I wanted to settle my affair without disturbance. I told him to send the boat ashore for me when he came back. I was sure that you were the one. Since you're not, what do I do now? Shall I go and sit on the beach?"

Manning made an impatient gesture. "I'll get you a drink," he said ungraciously. "I've sent my houseboy off on an errand. I'm alone here. Wait a moment."

He disappeared. Holmes smoked, gazing off across the lagoon.

INSIDE the house there was the clink of glasses. Then a sudden pause. An indescribable sound, like fierce whispering. Holmes jerked his head about, and his lips twisted oddly. But he did not rise. The clinking of glasses resumed. Manning came back with drinks. Holmes took one of them and smiled without mirth.

"If you were the Manning I'm looking for," he observed, "it wouldn't be safe to drink this. Wronged husband, and all that."

He tilted the glass as Manning's face grew dark and savage.

"I assure you," said Manning angrily, "the drink's all right!"

"I've drunk it," said Holmes. He put down the nearly empty glass. "If I act queerly, it's because I'm disappointed. I'm in a very awkward position, you see. A deceived husband is ridiculous. A complaisant one is despicable. My status isn't yet clear. My wife met this Manning—in fact, she fell in love with him—while I was away from home for several months. When I was due back they ran off. A compliment, perhaps. But it's not one of those things that can be left there!"

Manning said angrily, "There's such a thing as a divorce!"

Holmes nodded. "Oh, yes! But that wouldn't have ended the thing. A hundred years ago it could have been handled very neatly. We'd have fought a duel. I'd have killed him, or he'd have killed me. There would have been a decent solution to the thing. Nowadays . . ."

He shrugged again. He finished the drink and thrust the glass aside. "Am I boring you?" he asked ironically.

"Not at all," said Manning with elaborate politeness. "Go ahead!"

"I've got to find them," said Holmes. "I don't know what will happen when I do. If he wants to fight me, I've a revolver for the purpose. If he wants to crawl, I'll kill him—because for that sort to steal my wife would be an insult I couldn't endure. A place like this—when I thought you were the Manning I was after—seemed like an ideal spot for either purpose. A man could kill another and get away with it very nicely, eh? With no servants around, and so on?"

MANNING said coldly, "A man from a schooner could, doubtless. If a boat was coming back for him, he could be beyond tracing before the murder was discovered."

Holmes looked up sharply. His host's eyes were defiant.

"Now, I like that," said Holmes coolly. "Really I do. But a man on shore could kill a man from a schooner too, eh? He'd dump the corpus delicti overboard for the sharks, of course. And if the man from the schooner had expected someone to be killed, there wouldn't be any inquiry. I expected that, you know. I thought I'd find my wife here, and I rather liked the idea of a duel. It would end the affair neatly, with everyone's self-respect intact."

Manning said, with burning eyes, "Everyone's but the woman's."

Holmes flicked his cigarette over the veranda rail and looked meditatively out over the lagoon. "Queer conversation we're having," he observed. "Let's change the subject. How are you with a pistol? Ever do any target-shooting? I brought along a box of shells. What say we fire them away?"

He reached into his pocket and brought out a revolver. Manning tensed, and his eyes glowed furiously. But Holmes reached over lazily and offered it to him, butt-first.

"Pick out a target and see what you can do," he suggested. "It throws a bit high and a shade to the left. Six shots. I'll try the same target. If I beat you, we have another drink."

Manning's hand trembled a little as he took the weapon. He glanced around and said shortly, "That bit of coral rock there. You see it?"

The pistol roared. There was a queer gasping cry inside the house. There was a rushing of feet. Holmes—from the schooner—did not turn his head. He stared fixedly at the rock.

"A miss," he said coolly. "Try again."

Manning—of the island—fired again and again and again. His face was pale and his lips were compressed.

"You hit it twice," said Holmes calmly. "Shall I try now?"

Manning handed the revolver back. Holmes reloaded it with an air of complete absorption. Manning stood doggedly in the clear light. He was a perfect target.

Holmes stood up, negligently pointed the revolver at the landscape, and pulled the trigger six times. Then he tossed the weapon over the veranda rail.

"You win," he said dryly, "and there's my schooner on the way back. I'll walk down to meet the small boat."

But he reached into the pocket of his coat and drew out a thick envelope. He plucked out a pencil and scribbled. He tossed the envelope in the chair he had just vacated, nodded, and walked solidly down the steps. He did not look back.

Manning picked up the envelope. His hand shook a little and his brow was dark. But then there was someone beside him, sobbing a little with relief from terror—and something else.

The scribbled words were few:

"Here's a certified copy of the divorce decree. You two can be married now. After all, it was a sort of duel. In some sense we stood each other's fire. And that permits a decent ending."

Manning, on the veranda, stared out at the schooner heading for the inlet of the lagoon. His face was a battleground of emotions, on which shame and a reluctant admiration fought.

"The devil!" he said slowly. "The—devil!"

But the woman beside him sobbed joyously.

Advance Agent

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

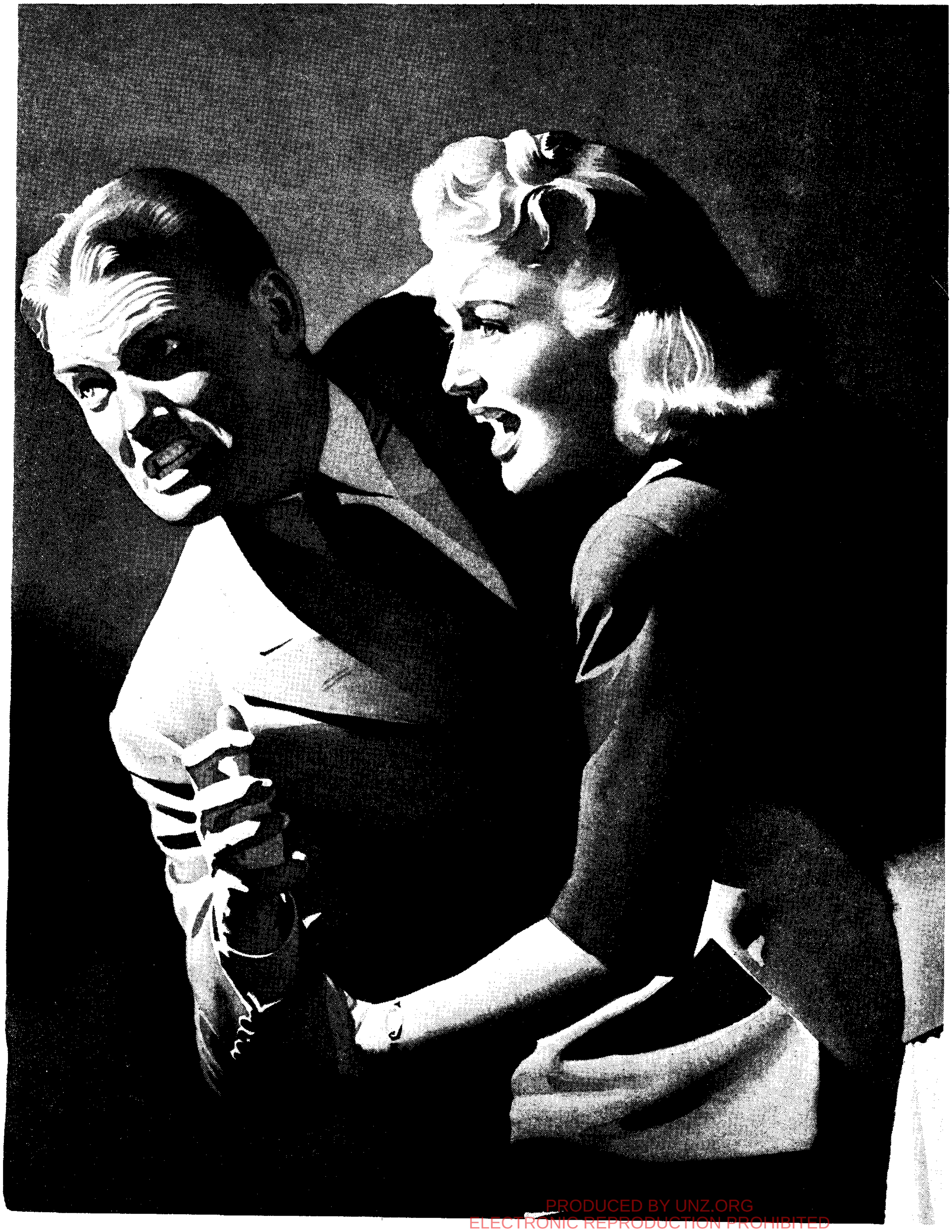
CAPTAIN JAMES GARRETT, of U. S. Army Intelligence (G2) is under orders to expose the activities of a brilliant German agent named von Weitbrecht. Garrett, as Erich Köchlin, worms his way into the confidence of a wealthy American Nazi, Lynn Scovil, who is co-operating with von Weitbrecht; and presently, comfortably established in the traitor's opulent Berkshire estate (Pinnacle Manor), he begins to accumulate evidence. Highhandedly, he suppresses the suspicions of Mathilde Winkler and Carl Booker, spies working closely with Scovil. Garrett knows that he is in deadly peril, but he is determined to meet von Weitbrecht, who is expected almost hourly (but who, unknown to Garrett, is already in hiding at near-by Camp Ryegate, in a state of panic). Garrett allows himself forty-eight hours before forcing Scovil's hand.

Gail Armstrong, a young widow who lives in Windham, Massachusetts, has not been able to make up her mind whether or not she is in love with Lynn Scovil and whether she should marry him. She meets Garrett, as John Page, under unconventional circumstances, and is both attracted and repelled by him. She is sure that he is a dangerous adventurer; but, not aware of what he is doing, she soon realizes that she loves him. And that he loves her but is hiding something from her.

Bill Jay, a newspaper reporter from New York City, is suspicious about what is going on at Camp Ryegate. Accompanied by his fiancée, Scovil's attractive daughter, Connie (who lives with Gail Armstrong and works in her little gift shop), he investigates the Ryegate area—watches the toughs who are working for the Nazis. . . .

Convinced that Garrett is none other than Friedrich Römer, a Nazi flier who escaped from a prison-bound train in Canada a short while before, Bill Jay confronts Garrett—in the presence of Gail Armstrong—with his suspicions.

Garrett sees heartbreak in Gail's eyes. But he steels himself to his duty, and cleverly and coolly manages to obscure the issue and confuse Bill Jay temporarily. But he knows this can't last, that the newspaperman will go to the local authorities the next day and thus ruin all his carefully laid plans to close the net on von Weitbrecht and his spy ring. Realizing that Bill Jay must be headed off, Garrett orders Carl Booker to pick up the newspaperman and lock him up at Camp Ryegate. "If you harm him in the least, I will choke you with my own hands," he tells the Nazi.



Turning quickly, she flung herself on Erich, crowding him to the wall. She screamed, "Stop!" but was whispering *to* him, "Let him go! It is all right!"

VII

CONNIE woke for a moment just at dawn. She thought sleepily that it might be three or four hours since he had kissed her good night and said, "See you in the morning," and went to sleep again. When she woke again it was full daylight. Seven-fifteen and a hot morning. No leaf moved, the lawn was white with dew, and there would be thundershowers. And everything was true: they were going to be married.

Gail's door was open and her bed empty. Connie stood in a cold shower and now she could remember other things, trivial things. He would go to Springfield. No, they would both go. He would get off some wires to California Tech. Maybe Caltech wouldn't answer. So maybe there would be an alumni directory at the Springfield library. He would also telephone to his paper; the New York Globe could find out anything. He would wire or telephone to M.I.T., to Harvard, to the Boston libraries. Bill Jay was going to get Mr. John Page cold, or Herr Oberleutnant Römer, as the case might be. Before the day was over he was going to confront him at Pinnacle Manor with a handful of hard facts. . . . Connie smiled. Who was a darling? And could an engaged girl take war, plots, mistakes in identity, or hot weather seriously?

A day like this called for the fewest possible clothes. By habit she got out a play suit—but no, Bill said skirts, so she put on a sleeveless dress. She went downstairs.

"Gail!" Sight of those pale cheeks and tormented eyes stopped her short. Her knees shook and the dark forebodings, the intensity of Bill's belief, came back. "You believe it!" she said.

"I do not!" Gail said instantly. "Bill Jay was outrageous. He talked like a fool." There was no bottom to the pain in her eyes but she was cold and convinced. "Can't you make him see that talking like that is dangerous and silly, too?"

COMFORT came back. In the daylight the whole thing, however tangled and mysterious, looked like a series of silly misinterpretations. John Page's amused and questioning nonchalance in itself proved that Bill was wrong. So much the better! "Bill added two and two and got a Sunday supplement. If that guy is a Nazi, I'm a stylish stout."

Why, Gail had actually been afraid that she believed it! But Connie had no interest in Gail's emotions. She poured out a cup of coffee and must be grinning from ear to ear. "Do I get twenty-one guns or don't I? I told all and you never said a word. It turns out that Bill is in love with me. That's an engagement ring I'll be getting pretty soon. Ask me how I feel about it."

Gail did not break out in lights. "I'm glad. I'm glad you can be—happy." She looked away. She put some marmalade on a piece of toast. She looked up again. "Is he going to—to do what Mr. Page suggested?"

"Check up on him? Sure—Bill's a stern, determined mind." Connie set down her cup. "Look here, your cue is to congratulate us both on getting me steered safe into matrimony at the first try. We can't keep on jittering because a guy you know has aroused Bill's yen for headlines. You think Bill made a silly mistake. So do I. Let's stop shuddering." She met those ambiguous eyes. "Speaking as a candid friend, one woman to another, you look like the wrath of God. Sure, Bill and I are going to Springfield and see what we can find out about Caltech. We'll find out that your guy is just what he said he was. So my job is going to be to console poor Bill for making an ass of himself. Now forget it. Anybody would think you

(Continued on page 24)

Kenai Guide

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN HOLLAND

For the best hunting in Alaska experts recommend the Kenai Peninsula. For a hunting companion they recommend Andy Simons, who knows every Kenai moose, brown bear and mountain sheep personally

Old-timer of the Kenai is Guide Andy Simons (left). With him are the authors, Alastair MacBain and (nearest camera) Corey Ford

A cow moose and her calf at Lake Skilak in the Kenai Peninsula

LATER Andy estimated that the bear broke from cover a good hundred yards in front of them. But to the prominent Hollywood producer he was guiding, it seemed less than a dozen. Back in Hollywood, the producer's word was customarily law; but the big brownie, trotting down the trail toward him now, with ears back and ruff bristling, was evidently unfamiliar with Hollywood customs. The producer remembered to bring his rifle to his shoulder; he even squeezed the trigger; all he forgot was to aim. The bullet barely grazed a paw. The bear whipped his forefoot in rage, and his dogtrot turned into a roaring charge. Transfixed with terror, the producer lowered his rifle and stared.

That was when Andy Simons' own rifle went into action. And none too soon; the bear rolled over dead at the producer's buckling knees. It was not until they were back in camp, some hours later, that the producer regained his composure, and the color returned to his cheeks. He shrugged and pointed to the enormous hide with a casual smile.

"Got him with two shots," he told the admiring circle. "Mine and the guide's."

Every guide on Alaska's famous Kenai is a crack shot. He has to be; when some 1,200 pounds of highly irritated grizzly is charging at thirty-five miles an hour the life of the sportsman he is guiding may depend on his steady hand and level eye. For his job is to take a wealthy bank president or noted lawyer or world-famous surgeon—Andy Simons' clientele would read like a Who's Who, except that names mean nothing to Andy—and conduct him safely through the heart of the biggest big-game country in North America. He has to look after his diet, and tuck him into a warm sleeping bag at night, and think up anecdotes for rainy days in camp. Most of all, he has to see that the sportsman brings back not only the bear's hide, but his own.

The Kenai Peninsula, on your map, is only a tiny wattle of land dangling from about the middle of Alaska's southern coast, between Cook Inlet and Prince William Sound. It's a little more than a thousand miles from Seattle and a little less than two thousand miles from Japan. In area it is smaller than the state of Maine. Yet this dot of land, for its size, offers an unbelievably varied terrain of towering peaks and glaciers, blue lakes, trout-filled streams, limitless swamps and tundra. It teems with wild life.

Half a century ago, a vast fire swept over the Kenai, leveling its giant forests of spruce. In the wake of the fire sprang up willow and alder; and with this abundant new food supply came the game. Today its lush lowlands—at least, until several proposed new automobile roads start reaching across this still unspoiled paradise—are the home of record-breaking moose. Its rugged mountain ranges—until the projected trails are completed up to their hitherto impregnable peaks—hold herds of magnificent mountain sheep. Its verdant hinterland—until more government-subsidized farm colonies like Matanuska plow up its heart to plant turnip patches—is the happy hunting ground of the brown bear, largest carnivorous animal anywhere on earth.

Andy Knows the Game

The Kenai, as long as it lasts, is Alaska; and Andy Simons, for forty years, has been the Kenai. He is the oldest guide in point of service in the territory—his annual guiding license from Juneau bears the numeral "1"—and he is today one of the best known big-game guides in the world. His face is wind-tanned, shrewd; the lines that crisscross his face are a map of all the Kenai streams, the hard blue of his eyes is the glint of sun on the Kenai's snow-capped peaks. He can read water; you see him seated in the stern of the lithe river boat of his own design, sucking his curved pipe and calmly studying the boiling rapids ahead for lurking snags and boulders.

And he can read the forest: his squat, powerful body drifts like a shadow through the woods, his eyes darting, his ears alert to the least crack of a twig, the pad of a foot on a grassy bear trail. He can meet any emergency in the wilds.

Andy knows game. He knows how to muffle the oarlocks of his boat with a wool sock, and row silently across a lake to a moose browsing at the water's edge. He knows how to stalk sheep. "Thing is to figure out what their natural enemies are. If mountain lions are preying on them, you naturally hunt them from below. But up here in Alaska, where their natural enemy is the wolf, they expect danger to approach them from below. You want to get above them here, and hunt down from the ridges."

He knows where the big brownies lie; knows, for example, that they are likely to frequent the little draws and hollows halfway up a hill, because the currents of air from the valley are sucked up into these hollows and the bear's choke-barrel nose can detect the scent of a hunter two miles away.

He knows how to talk to bear; argue with them, soothe them, even call them if necessary into a charge. He doesn't like to do that, though. He still recalls the case of a nationally known wild-life photographer who wanted a close-up of a teeth-champing, foam-slobbering brownie. Andy produced the bear, all right. As the huge creature reared up

(Continued on page 46)

little. "This much should be plain to you. Our time was short enough, but when we had to take the reporter we forfeited whatever time remained. None of this would have been necessary if you had not all bungled von Weitbrecht. Now I have to act. But if von Weitbrecht gets in tonight, there is still a chance to save your setup here."

Köchlin dismissed him and went back to the house. All very well to order men about so arrogantly! But Booker went around to the garage and sent a chauffeur to the house to ask Miss Winkler if she would see him. She did not come for ten minutes and, when she came, he could see that she also was disturbed.

"I must understand what is happening, *Fräulein* Winkler."

Her shoulders lifted in humorous despair. "Others would be glad of a little understanding, Carl. While he was waiting, he was a charming gentleman without a care. But since he has gone into action—I confess, Carl, I feel very small, helpless, and cold. He would not hesitate a second to send me to my death. In theory one is prepared for that. When the moment comes—" she shivered, then smiled. "At least the very strength of his ruthlessness gives one confidence."

BOOKER doubled his fists. "But what has happened?"

Her face hardened. "Enough, but not yet the worst. For days I have been trying to prevent a break between him and Lynn."

"I am beginning to see that Scovil has done us no good!"

"He has delusions of grandeur! Not once has Erich been wrong about anything, and from the first he has warned me against Lynn's ego. He wants too much! But God help us, Carl, if there is a break."

"Why should we wait on Scovil's promise? Why do we not tell Köchlin that von Weitbrecht is here?"

"It may come to that," she said slowly. She put her hands over her eyes and shuddered. "The danger is that Lynn would try to force von Weitbrecht into alliance with him and defy Erich. And it is certain that Erich's rage would be—oh, most dangerous to us. No, once we concealed him, there was nothing to do but go on."

"I would agree to handle Scovil!"

"No—not yet. He is now saying von Weitbrecht will arrive tonight. I trust Erich to handle him. I trust myself, too."

"Von Weitbrecht has got his damned nerve back. He is willing to meet Köchlin. I say—let us take him to him."

"Wait a few hours. Let Lynn talk to him again." She shrugged again, despondently this time. "Whatever happens, I cannot think any of us will ever be comfortable again. But give Lynn a chance to act sensibly. If he doesn't, we will."

Very certainly! It was time for acting sensibly. He would, himself, act more sensibly than the orders permitted. Beginning with this weak notion of letting the reporter Jay go free tomorrow night. The prisoner, it could be reported, made the serious error of trying to escape prematurely.

GARRETT could only watch time slide by, calculate the hazards, and wish with a wry humor for three minutes at an unwatched telephone. At any moment Gail Armstrong might spring the trap which she knew was in her hands. At any moment Scovil's daughter might bring the house down around them all. By this time someone surely, if not the two women, must have decided that the reporter was missing. How long before a search for him would begin?

It narrowed down to the chance that von Weitbrecht could get here before everything exploded. And finally, he could only wait while the slow hours passed. He could go to town and phone Washington. Perhaps Washington would put the nearest F.B.I. unit—Boston, no doubt—at his service. More likely Washington would command him, as always, to go it alone.

He sat by Mathilde while she transmitted to the Forwarding Company his orders canceling the rendezvous. She was a trained, effective servant. She spoke guardedly, economically, to the point. "They are relieved," she said. "They say it is unwise to telephone—you should use the truck line to communicate. They say it would have been unwise to send anyone here. And you are not to come there—arrange a meeting place."

"Tell them we are coming nevertheless, both of us. Alone tomorrow, or with von Weitbrecht the day after. Those are orders."

She transmitted them in an emotionless voice and listened to what was said. She drew a sharp breath at one point, and presently hung up. She looked at him and shrugged. "They believe that at least a hundred of our people must have been captured in the last week."

"What does it matter how many small fry are taken? They missed von Weitbrecht. No one of importance has even been endangered."

"For the time being," she said.

Her eyes were fatalistic, and she was more right than she knew. If, groping through the darkness and pitfalls, he missed von Weitbrecht in the finale, he would at least take Mathilde to New York, in ten minutes get enough to deliver the Forwarding Company into the hands of G2, and so close the venture not at a total loss. If he got to von Weitbrecht before the curtain fell, he must contrive to take Mathilde too. Scovil, Booker, the truck line and all his other leads could be mopped up at leisure and did not concern him, anyway.

"Keep your bags packed and your lips rouged, Mathilde. We may go to New York tonight," he said.

She was studying him closely. "I am ready, Erich. But how has anything changed since yesterday? Since Thursday, for that matter?"

"Just that. Time has been lost. Von Weitbrecht, even, is much less valuable than time. He has failed us, and whoever fails us must be abandoned."

"You said you would give him till tonight."

"Yes. Meanwhile I am arranging to do without him and get his job done."

"Meanwhile, if you go and he comes late and meets Lynn?"

"I will take care of that. . . . By telephone."

IT WAS just before dinnertime when Scovil came home, from some errand carefully not disclosed, and touched a match to the powder fuse. Excitement was blazing in him when he burst into Garrett's room, his eyes were vertiginous, and there was an additional anger which, it proved, had been caused by Mathilde's phone call.

"You know I have forbidden it," he said, just short of shouting. "Don't you realize that the telephone company keeps a record of all toll calls? There could be a raid on its way to this house at this moment."

"If one comes after this evening," Garrett said coldly, "you will be free to deal with as you see fit—alone."

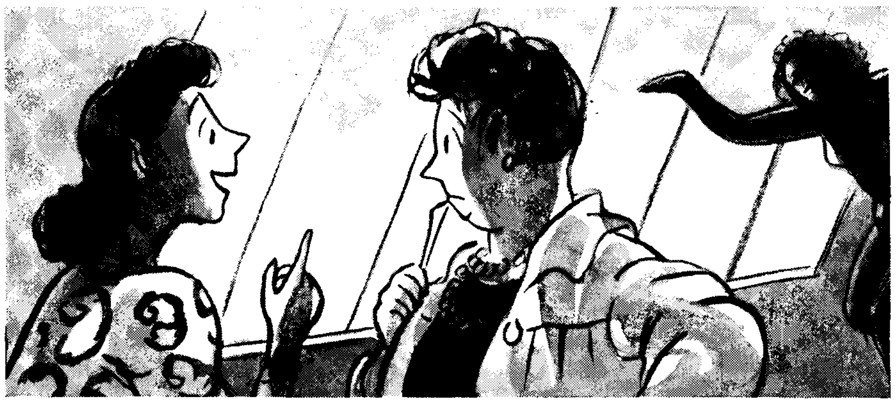
"That is why there will be no more phone calls from this house. And just why alone, Herr Köchlin?"

Garrett studied the pose of haughty grandeur. He said, aloofly, "You were never of any value to me except as a means of reaching von Weitbrecht. You have failed."

The harsh eyes flamed angrily. "I have

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Helen Hokinson

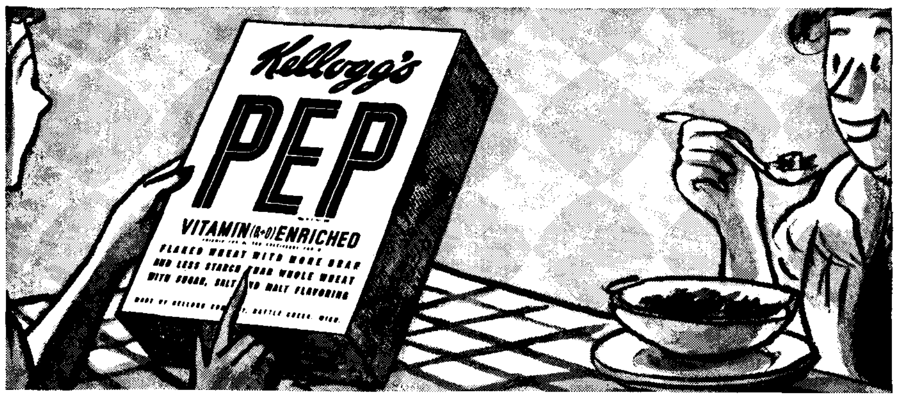
Bright Eyes: But Auntie! No dancer ever looked like that! How about a little animation, a little motion, a little whoosh, a little *pep appeal?*



Auntie: Oh, dear! I thought you'd like it. But what in goodness' name is "pep appeal"?

Bright Eyes: It's oomph, darling. It's verve. It's *joie de vivre.* And, come to think of it, you need it as badly as that statue does. Aha! I've got an idea!

Bright Eyes: No wonder you can't sculpt conga dancers, the way you've been eating lately! If you don't eat right you don't get enough *vitamins.* Vitamins for pep!



Bright Eyes: And right here's where we make a start toward getting them. You need to have all the vitamins, you know, and right in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-good sources of two of the most important ones—B₁ and D.

Auntie: But goodness, child! Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If getting the other vitamins can be as much fun as eating PEP, just watch me become the most vitaminized sculptor you ever saw.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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talked to von Weitbrecht," Scovil said.

"Where?"

"By telephone. He obeys instructions, Herr Köchlin. He telephoned to the camp."

"Where is he?"

But the door opened and Mathilde came in. Even in the urgency of her fears, she had not failed to dress for dinner with the greatest formality. She said at once, however, with one glance at them: "Stop it! Both of you have been acting like boys!"

He said, "Scovil has been in touch with von Weitbrecht. Now where is he?"

"He will arrive tonight."

"Here?"

"No."

"At the camp?"

"No." The flushed face had become defiant. "We will work that out together, you and I. But alone. Please leave us alone, Mathilde."

"Stay here, Mathilde," Köchlin said. "Enough of this—"

"Be still, Erich!" She walked close to Scovil and stood studying him. Whatever she made of him, she said quietly, "This is no time to be a fool, Lynn," and went out.

"Well?" Garrett said.

"He is driving here by car. I have given him a meeting place and will be there when he comes."

"You fool! He must come here."

"No, Herr Köchlin, I am not a fool." In other circumstances the blend of vanity and of adolescent hauteur in that flushed face might have been amusing. But at this moment nothing on earth could be amusing. "It would be your folly to concentrate our forces. The more so since you have opened both my house and the camp to suspicion. He will be within reach this evening. Perhaps you can see him before midnight."

"Perhaps? Just what is in your mind?"

Scovil took the center of his stage. He began coolly enough, "You don't seem to realize how precariously you are placed, Herr Köchlin. In the eyes of all newspaper readers, you are an escaped prisoner of war. If anyone were to report you, you would be a prisoner of the American Army. If, for instance, you were so obstinate that I had to defend my position by reporting you."

That was all cool and controlled—but in an instant Scovil was out of hand. "The day you came you remarked that I held you in the hollow of my hand. I have had you there all along. Do you know where von Weitbrecht is? No one knows except me. Can you reach him through anyone but me?

"I have only to step to the telephone to make you a grotesque failure. Von Weitbrecht will be at hand this evening, but we will do some talking before you see him." Scovil paused a moment, then said, "Think it over, Köchlin," and went out.

Well, there it was. And midnight some five hours away.

IN THE early part of the afternoon it was, "You'd think he would telephone. He must be finding out that John Page is the Duke of California with a long record in either crime or good works." Gail had had to listen to Connie much too much and that name—that alias—pounded a nerve that had already meant too much pain. By late afternoon it was, "I'm beginning not to like this a lot. Maybe it's just the good reporter chasing down his lead but it's definitely giving me nightmares." It certainly was. Connie could not sit still, telephoned to the boardinghouse three times, and was obviously suffering from acute lovesickness.

At dinner Connie suddenly shoved her salad away and stood up. "Maybe it's just that there's a storm coming. Maybe I'm a damned interfering woman. But he hasn't telephoned."

She went out. Gail had twenty minutes of frantic ideas and then Connie was back—and desperate. "He didn't go home last night. Gail, I'm terrified."

"He probably went straight to Springfield," Gail said wearily. She didn't care what Bill Jay had done.

"Oh, sure. So I'd be an awful fool if I went and asked the state cops how come. I'm going to be an awful fool."

GAIL'S indifference vanished at once and she saw the girl's frightened face for the first time. She said swiftly, "You would be a fool. And you'd make Bill very mad indeed. Connie, get hold of yourself! What could have happened?"

"I'll tell you! Your boy friend could be just exactly what Bill said. So he could go right out of his house and tell his pretty friend with the cauliflower ear to get rid of Bill."

Since last night the world had got so dark with fear and baseness that that seemed a reasonable possibility. But also there was—a certainty. The man who called himself John Page was an enemy but he was honorable—oh, he was incapable . . . Her mind fell away into dread. To what dark and hopeless flight was he committed? Against the odds, against decency, let him be swift!

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**

"I didn't either start it! They was at it when I entered the room"

"You may be in love," she said, "but it's still possible to be intelligent. Behave yourself, Connie!"

"Sure, I talked that way too, and now look at us! Aren't we ever going to realize that these things happen?" Connie slumped down on the bed—they were in Gail's room—and sobbed. "I know, it isn't possible, I've lost my good sense. But I'm scared stiff. He would have telephoned! Gail, what can I do?"

Gail smoothed the thin, young shoulders. "You can stop being a child. You can do your hair and take an aspirin. Or a drink. You can lie here and wait for the telephone. When it rings, for heaven's sake don't tell Bill how you've been acting."

She went downstairs, closed the bookshop door behind her, and picked up the telephone. She got Lynn Scovil finally and made him understand that this was she calling. How completely it had faded out! The now inconceivable fact that she had thought herself in love with him belonged to another era, ages ago.

"Is John Page there?"

"No."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"When did he go?"

"Excuse me, I'm extremely busy. Some other time." He hung up.

He had made his start! It could not last but he had had a brave moment of freedom. Maybe she had helped him to get it. . . . Nothing was more futile than tears.

The storm broke in a violence of thunder, gusts of wind that shook the house, and torrents of rain. For half an hour the fury kept up, then it stopped and a steady rain set in. And in another hour or so Connie dropped the book she had been trying to read and stood up.

"I don't believe a word of it. Something has happened. I'm going to take one more chance. I'll go see my father and then I'll see the state police."

"Your father? What possible—"

"He knows what has happened!" Connie said hysterically. "What kind of man has spies living at his house? I've been telling you all year. Yes, and why isn't Bill safe here right now with his arms around me and getting married tomorrow? Because he was in love with me—he didn't want to get my father shown up because maybe I'd feel bad! Maybe you want to marry Lynn but I hope someone shoots him."

She went out with a sob, a flurry of skirt, and rapid heels. She was back in a moment, frantic. "It's raining. It would be. Where's a raincoat? Where are some handkerchiefs?" She tumbled things on the floor of the closet, yanked out a drawer of her dresser, and went out. The heels clattered downstairs.

AFTER a dinner during which Lynn's silent arrogance and Erich's silent wariness were played off against each other, Mathilde Winkler got a few minutes alone with Lynn in the drawing room. She emerged having accomplished nothing, with a heavy fear that Lynn was bringing them all down together. Then Erich was closeted with him and her nerves tautened still more unbearably. She went upstairs but could find neither ease nor distraction. . . .

She came out into the hall and exclaimed, "Lynn! What are you doing?"

He was fitting a clip into an automatic pistol. "I am going on an errand," he said, his voice harsh and high. "Someone may need persuasion."

She flung herself on him. "Are we not sufficiently under the threat of death? Have you gone mad?"

The time when the pressure of her body had been a conclusive argument was over. He shoved her away so violently that her bare shoulders struck the wall. "You've made your choice, Booker, you, all of you. From now on I will go my way—"

"With the rope around our necks!" she breathed. She was responsible for this—her weakness, her foolishness. "Lynn! There is no safety for any of us except in Erich Köchlin."

"Then take your chances with him," Lynn shouted.

Erich came upstairs, moving warily, totally alert, totally on guard. "Stand aside, Mathilde," he said.

She saw Scovil exhibit his gun, heard him say, "You know my terms." Heard Erich say, with the bark of an officer on the parade ground, "Drop that gun!"—and, turning swiftly, flung herself on Erich, crowding him to the wall. She screamed, "Stop!" but was whispering to Erich, "Let him go! It is all right!" Movement meant Scovil slipping past them and Erich flung her back but she leaped and clasped him around the waist. He twisted and her arms slipped to his knees and the two of them went down on the floor. She kept whispering, "Let him go! It will be all right, I tell you! Let him go, Erich!"

"At least it is too late!"

HE HAD got to his feet. His anger terrified her but once more she wound her arms around him. "He would have killed you! It is all right, Erich, he is better gone."

"He is going to von Weitbrecht. And you have prevented me from stopping him." She felt his terrible coldness replacing anger. "We will now have an accounting, Mathilde. He has gone to meet von Weitbrecht. Where?"

"I think I can tell you."

"I'm sure you can." His hand squeezed her shoulder so viciously that she nearly cried out. She said, "Not in the hall, Erich!" He muttered but followed her into her bedroom. She closed the door and stood facing him, actually at bay. "What happened?" she asked.

"That is for you to tell me. He demanded that I agree to put him in von Weitbrecht's place. Or he would join von Weitbrecht and force him to defy me."

Gauleiter Scovil! He was a complete fool—or else a madman. She abandoned him altogether. There was only one question: could she repair the damage? No, there was another question: could she make amends to Erich Köchlin?

"I ordered him to take me to von Weitbrecht. He ran out. When I caught up with him he was whispering to you. You kept me from stopping him, Mathilde—"

"I did not understand—"

"No? Where is this place he is to meet von Weitbrecht?"

She was desperately trying to think out what Lynn might have planned. "I don't know what he means. It may be he has moved him." She threw Lynn to the winds and waters. "I can tell you where he was yesterday—where he has been since Wednesday. Booker has been hiding him at the camp."

Incredulity flashed in his face, then his dreadful anger. "He has been here? While time slipped through my fingers?" He had both her shoulders again. "You have been keeping me from him?" She thought that his hands would move to her throat. She screamed, but one of those hard hands came across her mouth to shut off the sound. She struggled free and fell into the chaise longue. "You don't understand! At first we dared not. The raid he had escaped frightened him into complete collapse. He would not see you. Once he threatened to kill himself if we took you there. I knew he could do nothing for you in such a state. Then—"

"By that time you had agreed to Scovil's game."

"You must not think so!" She got out of the chaise longue. "I have been trying to play him just enough to protect you." She clasped his arm. "The man is mad with ambition, and with hate of you. Mad with—jealousy—too." She put an arm around his neck. "At any moment he could have betrayed you. I knew you could master him in the end if I could get enough time for you. Truly, Erich, I have not let you know everything, but it has been to prevent the break that would ruin us all."

He disengaged her arms. "I do not aspire to replace him, Mathilde." Her nerves told her, however, that the crest of danger had passed. She sat down, shaking but beginning to get control of herself. Erich's cold eyes held her. "So the man I was commanded to find has been at Booker's camp. The man I was captured for and risked death for, escaping. The man it was the sole duty of you and all your organization to bring to me." He had another thought. "Booker! He also was part of this rebellion."

"Lynn was his immediate superior. Besides, he suspected you. Till today. Today he has been quarreling with Lynn."

"And now Scovil is on his way to von Weitbrecht."

"It will take him more than an hour. They have been keeping him on top of that mountain, where the cabins are. He has to be sent for. Oh, more than two hours."

"Come on."

"Yes." Scovil was armed—von Weitbrecht, too. Well, Köchlin would master any situation. She stood up but her knees buckled and she sat down again. "You have frightened me," she said. "I am not really so weak."

"No." A satirical smile touched his lips momentarily. "Merely frail. You would endanger your duty for a kiss from Scovil. You throw him to the wolves because I frighten you. Well, let me know when your knees recover."

SHE stood up. "I am all right." What had ailed her was, after all, fear of his authority, not of him nor of the harm that had been done. His contempt had somehow restored her calm and, the truth was, her admiration as well. Erich Köchlin was a dangerous man—a man so dangerous that, with him on her side, she could not be alarmed about anything. "Come on," she said. Then, "But it is raining. Go get a raincoat."

She got one from a closet. But shoes! —she was wearing satin slippers. She stooped for a pair of brogues—and was tying the second one when she remembered the broadcast. Oh, good God! No, there was time enough—it could be done! She ran into the hall.

"Erich! We have forgotten the broadcast."

He was putting on a raincoat of Lynn's in the hall downstairs. He looked up angrily—and at that moment the front door opened and a girl burst in. It was Lynn's daughter—and another shock traveled along Mathilde's nerves. In less than ten minutes the broadcast—she must be got rid of. Mathilde hurried downstairs.

The girl's transparent slicker was dripping water on the floor. Her face was strained and frightened. "Where is my father?" she said frantically.

Erich had become a quiet, urbane gentleman. "He isn't here, Miss Scovil." He turned to Mathilde. "Do you know where Lynn is, Mathilde? This is Miss Scovil. Miss Winkler."

"Do you think I don't know her?" The girl's eyes burned at her. "Where is he? I've got to see him."

"He hasn't been here this evening," Mathilde said calmly. And Erich nodded, "I'm sorry, Miss Scovil. I've no idea—"

The girl was terribly agitated—her hands shaking, her face pale and worn, her voice choked. "Has Bill Jay been here?"

"Bill Jay?" Erich looked puzzled. "Oh, the young man! That's true he was to call on me today. I'm sorry. He hasn't."

IF POSSIBLE, Constance Scovil looked still more desperate. "What have you done with him?" she demanded. She would be in hysterics in a moment—and what could all this mean? Mathilde stepped forward.

But Erich was saying, "Done with him, Miss Scovil? I? I promise you, I have no idea of making trouble. He was rude but I don't resent it."

"What have you done with him?" Her voice rose—the servants would be coming. "I haven't heard from him all day. He didn't go home last night. Tell me where he is or I'll—"

Mathilde said, "What is this about, Erich?" But he had taken the girl's arm. "You are frightened about something, Miss Scovil. There has been no sign of Mr. Jay here. I know nothing about him. I'm sure your father does not, either. Now suppose you tell me—"

"I know what to do!" Constance Scovil burst into tears and fled through the front door. Erich made a gesture to Mathilde and followed her.

A few minutes later he came back. "Remember that my name is John! She was too excited to notice your slip. Don't repeat it. . . . I think I have soothed her for the moment. But she is on the brink of my identity and there is no time left. Come on!"

"But the broadcast!"

"Damn the broadcast! We are going to the camp."

"You must hear it!"

"Have I time to listen to a radio program? With the truth in my hands at last, and Scovil gone mad, and the police just a telephone call away, why should I listen to a broadcast?"

Because he had sat beside her last night, after coming back from where he had been—from, she suddenly realized, a meeting with a man named Jay, and Lynn's daughter, and, oh, very surely, Gail Armstrong—because he had sat by her and listened while the broadcast told him there would be a message for him tonight.

She stared at him in disbelief, bewildered, a shapeless alarm rising to her nerves. "But . . ." It was unthinkable, he was commanded to obey. It took priority over everything. He simply could not ignore it. "Erich!"

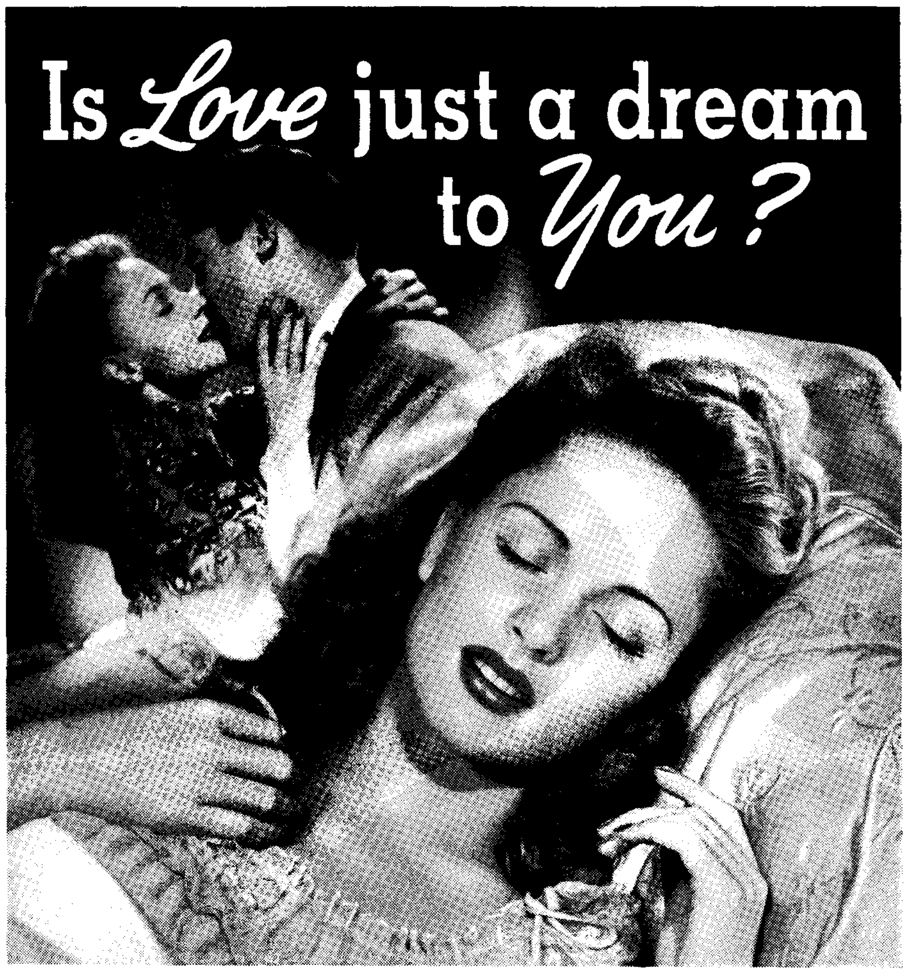
"Are you coming with me?"

"Not till the broadcast is over. Erich, it is only fifteen minutes—"

"Damnation!"

He stood raging at her. Then his face cleared of impatience. He nodded. "Come on, then."

At this hour, on alternate nights, there were news summaries and the homely, homespun monologues of one who was identified as Hiram Briggs, an Indiana farmer and a patriotic American who undertook to explain the New Order to his countrymen. Mathilde tuned in just in time to hear his immensely rural twang (Berlin supposed that Indiana


Is Love just a dream to You?

IF it is, then look to your breath! For bad breath is just too much for love to cope with! And if you think YOU haven't got it, then bear this fact in mind . . . 76% OF ALL ADULTS HAVE BAD BREATH. THAT'S WHY IT PAYS TO USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

"You see, Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between teeth...helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath."

See how Colgate's brightens teeth, gives you a more sparkling, a more attractive smile! Enjoy its flavor . . . its penetrating, refreshing foam! Such a pleasant way to combat bad breath!

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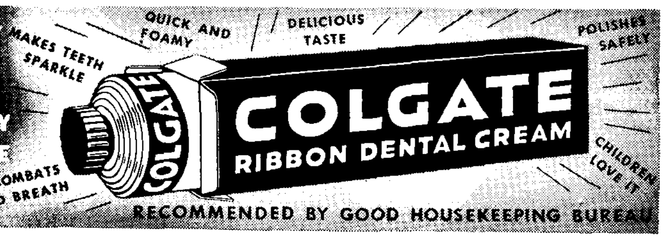
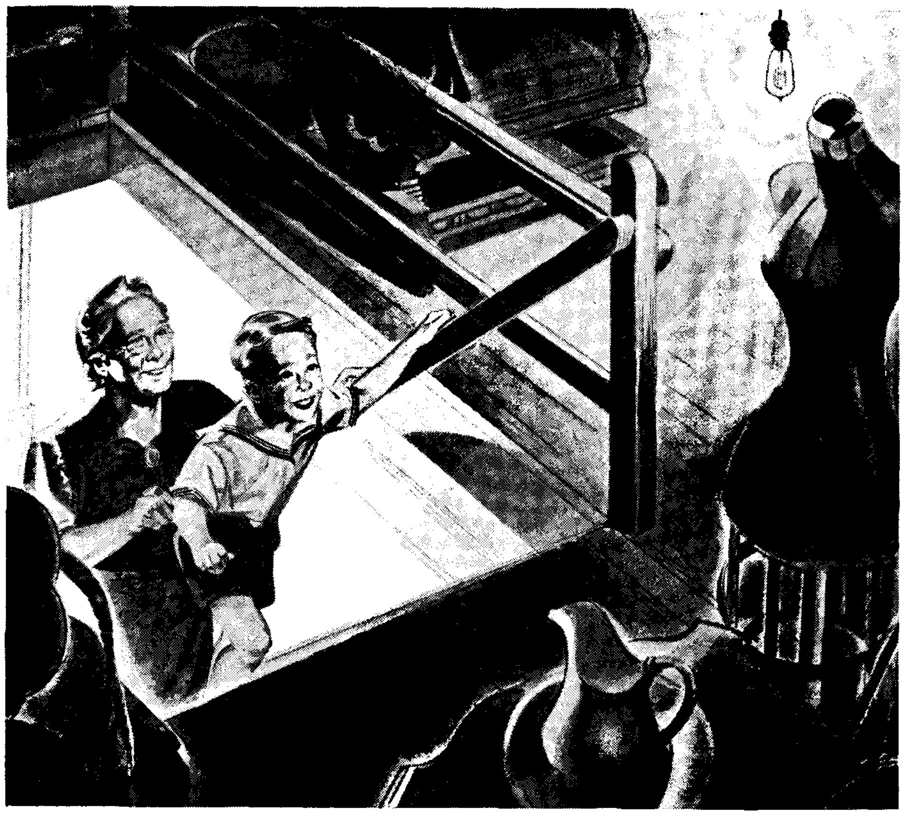


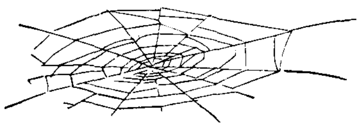


"..the only thing up there that still works.."

HARDLY a week goes by but some kind friend writes us as follows:

"Around 1920 sometime, I bought a 60-watt General Electric MAZDA Lamp. I put it in a socket up in our attic. It doesn't get much use up there but I thought you might be interested in knowing it is still going strong after twenty years.

"The old lamp doesn't look much like the G-E MAZDA Lamps we use in the rest of the house, but it still goes on doing the job it started in to do when the kids played house on rainy days

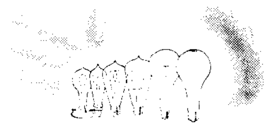


... I guess it's about the only thing up there that still works.

"When it burns out it will be like losing an old friend ..."

"General Electric was proud of that old friend of yours," we write back. "It was the finest seeing tool our research had achieved—*up to that time.*

"But we are even prouder of its descendants ... MAZDA research, going on tirelessly year after year, has done things to that old 60-watter. The *unsightly tip* is gone and the bulb is frosted on the inside to cut glare. But General Electric did not stop there ...



"More important, the present 60-watt General Electric MAZDA Lamp gives 60 per cent more light than it did in 1921 and it is 71 per cent lower in price! Perhaps you have not realized this—or that General Electric MAZDA Lamps have been reduced in price 20 times in the past 20 years.

"So we hope ... when your old friend finally ceases to function, or when you buy new bulbs for your reading lamps, for your kitchen, for anywhere in your home, you will choose youngsters by the same name ... We believe they will be a credit to that name ... That in any size, in any socket, they will always help you enjoy more and more light for less and less cost."

LOOK FOR TWO THINGS!

1. **The Right Wattage** to help make seeing easier—your G-E dealer can help you choose it.
2. **The G-E Monogram** to make sure of getting G-E quality—lamp bulbs *made to stay brighter longer.*

7½, 15, 25-watt	40, 50, 60-watt	75 and 100-watt
10c	13c	15c

G·E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

---

farmers talked like the Yankees in The Old Homestead) announce that tonight he was going to take up some letters which had been written to him by folks back home. . . . Letters from America—Mathilde translated that to mean instructions for America. She kept her eyes fixed on her watch, for the keyed sentences were on the half minutes. He began reading part of a letter which accused "*President Rosenfelt*" of playing the game of the British-Jewish bankers who were determined on enslaving the world.

Hiram Briggs finished reading the excerpt. "Now," he said, in his *cozy*, country-schoolteacher voice, "that is from one of the common people whom Lincoln loved. Lincoln said you can't fool them and the English can't fool them now. They know the English have always been America's enemies. The second hand on Mathilde's watch touched the half minute. "This week I have received letters from plain folks all the way from New York to Detroit. . . ."

New York to Detroit. Received. They were acknowledging receipt of the Forwarding Company's short-wave report that Erich had arrived. She looked up at Erich. He was tensely staring out of the window, impatiently repressing his desire to get out of here, scorning the message.

THE half minute approached again. "One of my friends brings up the dirty Jew-inspired lie that the Reich has hostile intentions toward Brazil. . . ."

Brazil meant Natal. Natal meant the Italian airlines. Or: send a report.

At the next half minute, "If my friends in the Middle West could see me here they would know how important their letters are to all of us in Germany who have the interests of America at heart." Mathilde murmured, "They are getting impatient, Erich." Erich was sitting on the edge of his chair, straining toward the door.

". . . a letter from a friend in the great city of Detroit. I lived in Detroit once. I loved its vigor, its vitality, its magnificent energy. Always" (the hand touched the half minute) "there was something important happening in Detroit." That was hardly coded. New York had reported the raids and something about Detroit was to follow. Von Weitbrecht . . . Erich was scowling at the door. He did not even have his watch out.

At the next half minute, "But those who expect to profit from the lies told about the friends of Germany in the Middle West will have to change their *plans*." Change their *plans*. "Erich!" Mathilde said. "Pay attention!"

Erich looked at her angrily. He stood up. The hand touched the next half minute, "I have decided to postpone until a week from tonight . . ."

He switched off the radio, halfway through the keyed order to postpone for a week—whatever was to follow. "Do you want von Weitbrecht to get away from us?" he demanded.

It was as if a flash of lightning had *illuminated everything*. Mathilde saw, knew, understood. He did not know the code. Never in her life had she had to make so great an effort as she made now in order to stand up casually, carelessly, *with not a hint of excitement. To stand* up without haste or alarm, and to say easily, "Go get a car and bring it to the door. I'll meet you there."

He went out . . . Till tonight he had found it easy enough to fake it. Night by night he had been able to sit here and listen, look knowing, say nothing, be curt and assured. That was because there had been no message for him before tonight. He had not realized last night that there was to be one. He had not recognized it tonight.

On cat's feet she went to the door, stole to the stairway, looked over. She saw him go through the front door. She fled back to the library. New York! Von Weitbrecht! Lynn was out of reach!

And there had been those patient hours of getting from her everything she knew. He knew—he knew everything. Everything except what he was surely after, the plans for concerted action which von Weitbrecht had developed.

She phoned the camp. A voice answered. "Get me Booker." He was not in the office. "Get him at once. It is life or death."

Fear crawled along her muscles but her mind was cold and deadly. If she could get Booker! If she could not get him, it was up to her. Her arms quivered, her stomach contracted, her knees shook. She stopped shaking. All right!

She heard a car come around the drive. She was about to hang up. But Booker answered.

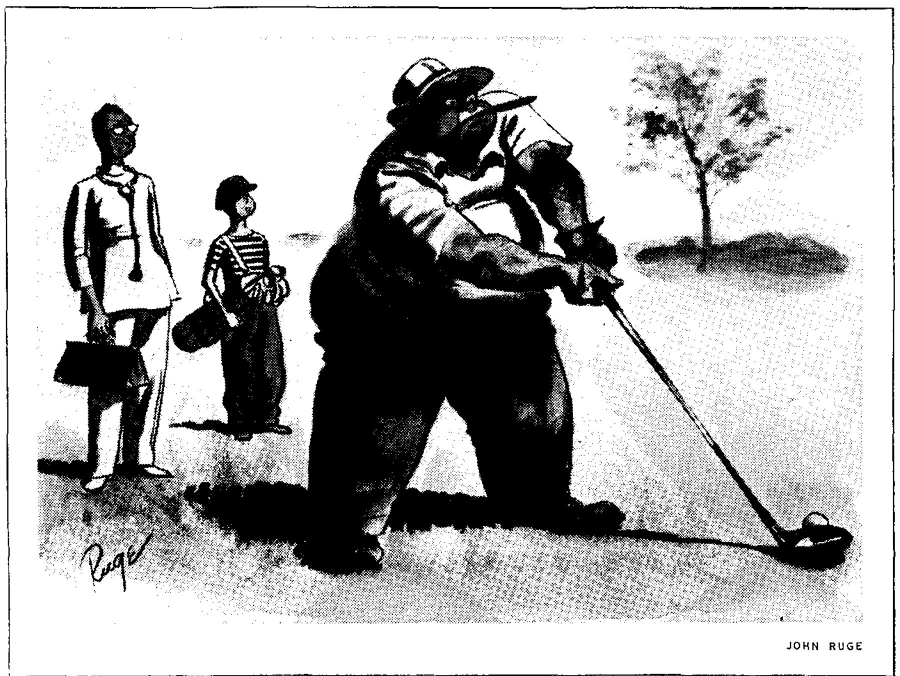
She whispered into the phone. "Carl! You were right. He is an American. I am alone with him. Come at once. Tell him Scovil has sent you to bring him to von Weitbrecht. I will tell him Scovil phoned saying you are on the way. Take him away. You know what to do."

Booker said only, "Can you hold him?"

"I can hold him."

She put the phone back. She went to her bedroom. There was something she had to get.

(To be continued next week)



JOHN RUGE

Four Stars on His Flag

Continued from page 22

of heavy cruisers, a destroyer flotilla, an aircraft carrier quitting the bay in close formation.

Admiral Ackers went to his bridge as the first destroyer divisions were passing. He scanned the bows of those slender lightweights, each like a race horse wearing her number, until he had found the ship he sought. There, as though barely a cable's length off, when his glasses were brought into sharpened focus—there stood his son beside the skipper, alertly watching the vessel ahead.

The Old Man noticed the rake of his cap, cocked down over one ear, and he smiled. But what he saw now was not a lieutenant: he was seeing his boy at the age of three, wearing *his* cap, and the latter so large it completely concealed the young one's ears.

"Report, Mr. Ackers." An answering treble:

"The enemy is stowed in the brig, sir."

A lump got wedged in the Old Man's throat. That childish reply, so outlandish, absurd, had served as a household phrase since then. His wife had cabled those words to him when the crisis was passed and their daughter Laura was safely through her fight with fever. It was how Roy reported the news that instead of "bilging," as he had feared, he was still on the Naval Academy roster after his final plebe exams.

The admiral put the impulse down to order a blinker signal made to that fragile destroyer steaming seaward: "*Stow the enemy in the brig, sir,*" signed not "*Ackers, Cincus*" but "*Dad.*" His boy was just one of so many thousands sailing out now in their ships of war, and his fatherhood must embrace them all from the lowest grade to the highest rank.

HE WAS still at table with three of his staff when a spoon in its saucer began to tremble against the side of his coffee cup. The flagship's screws had started to thrash.

"Right on the dot," the admiral nodded, glancing up at the bulkhead clock.

"To a prosperous cruise and a quick one, sir."

"Drunk in water! Well, why not? Take it away and where'd we be—no better than the blasted Army!"

He drank, and then his glance returned to the picture hanging beneath the clock. There was the great white fleet putting out on the cruise which had led it around the world. He was a lively j. g. then, in charge of a turret on board the New York. But what made that day so memorable had been just a slender, dark-haired girl who waved to him from Fortress Monroe as the line steamed out through Hampton Roads. She had come with her mother to see him off, and the ring she was wearing, a pin-point gem, had taken every last dollar he owned.

A voice said, "Cute little wagons, those!"

"Eh? . . . Aye, cute," the Old Man twinkled. "This one here could knock 'em off one after the other, all four divisions, and not get even her brightwork scratched. But I still won't admit she could lick *that* hussy."

His dinner guests turned to grin at a photo of a small gray gunboat moored to a tree.

"Gentlemen, the Samaroa! Six hundred twelve displacement tons, including her murderous one-pounder—including everything, in fact, except the big head of that man on the bridge. It doesn't show up in its full proportions; but it is indubitably the head of Cadet Thomas Ackers, U. S. N., who is all swelled up with his first command."

That was the way it was done in those days. You were not made an ensign all at once when you started out from the school on the Severn, but first you must serve two years as cadet before being given a full commission.

As cadet and No. 2 in command he had gone aboard the Samaroa. Six months later, the gunboat's skipper, he had brought her back to the base at Cavite and had there been cited for what he had done. He had made the name of Ackers known, not just to the men on the Philippine Station but even, by virtue of dull reports, to the Navy Department in Washington.

THE screws were turning faster now, and the flagship shuddered under their lash as she swung around to move with the ebb. But Admiral Ackers was not on board her. He stood on the bridge of the Samaroa steaming cautiously up a river with coconut palms overtopping its banks. In the hot, sticky air the engine room signal sounded far off and very lazy, as though a great effort had been required to strike the gong which diminished her way.

The anchor splashed to the rattle of chains, and mooring cables were pulled ashore to keep the gunboat out in the stream, safe from any surprise attack by natives armed with their deadly bolos. But still the skipper, Lieutenant Schreiber, delayed his decision to land a force. Two courses were open to him. He wavered. An hour ticked past before he moved, taking half of the crew overside to follow that jungle trail from the shore.

One hour. On account of the time he had lost, the tropical darkness closed on him before his party regained the river. On the bridge of the gunboat young Mr. Ackers, smarting because he had not been trusted to lead the scouting expedition, heard the terrible, chilling cries and the rifle reports when the ambush was sprung.

He acted at once:

"Wilcox."

"Aye, sir?"

"You will remain in charge of the ship. Keep the one-pounder firing away, but out to the side where it won't hit our men. I'll leave a skeleton force on board. The rest go with me."

"But, Mr. Ackers—!"

Wilcox, twenty years his senior, had served a full hitch on the Philippine Station. He was skeptical of and, worse, amused by the fledgling cadet still fresh out of school. Even the fact that young Mr. Ackers had come from a prairie farm in Kansas struck the chief gunner's mate as funny; and Ackers would never forget the night when he overheard Wilcox chortle, "You wait, we'll be burning hay in this tub pretty soon and hollering, 'Giddiyap, whoa' to the engines!"

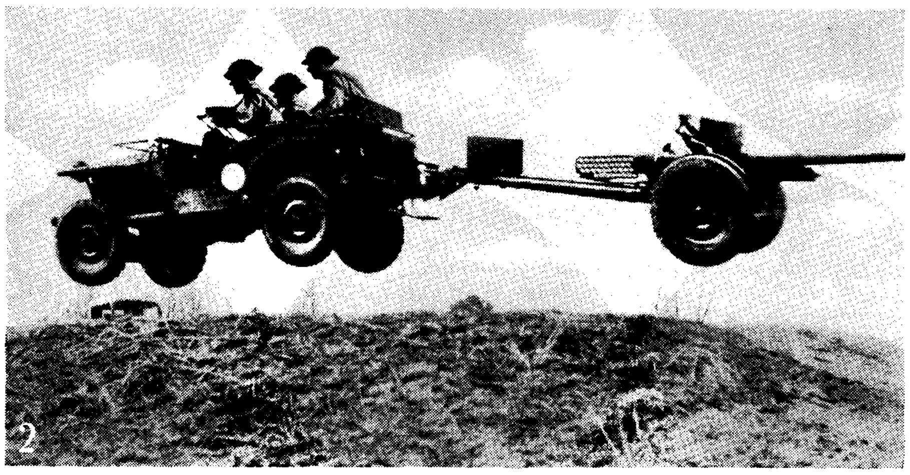
But anger had nothing to do with his tone as he put a stop to the mate's remonstrance. An officer, he had been taught in school, is above such feelings when handling his men.

"You will do as I tell you," he snapped, and Wilcox, saluting, grumbled, "Aye, aye, sir."

He ordered a boat flare lashed to a pole, so that its light would show them the trail without revealing the men who followed. As his rescue party approached the skirmish, Ackers signaled the order to yell. Then, "Silence!" he thundered and, just to make certain, gave the command again in Moro.

But "some" of the men did not obey

Like most civilians, Ilona Massey, star of the Edward Small photoplay "International Lady", is bewildered at the way . . .



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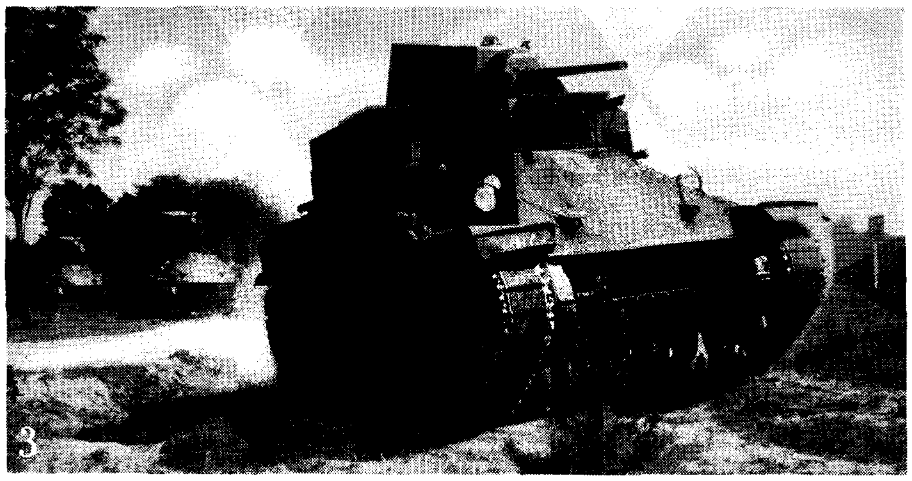
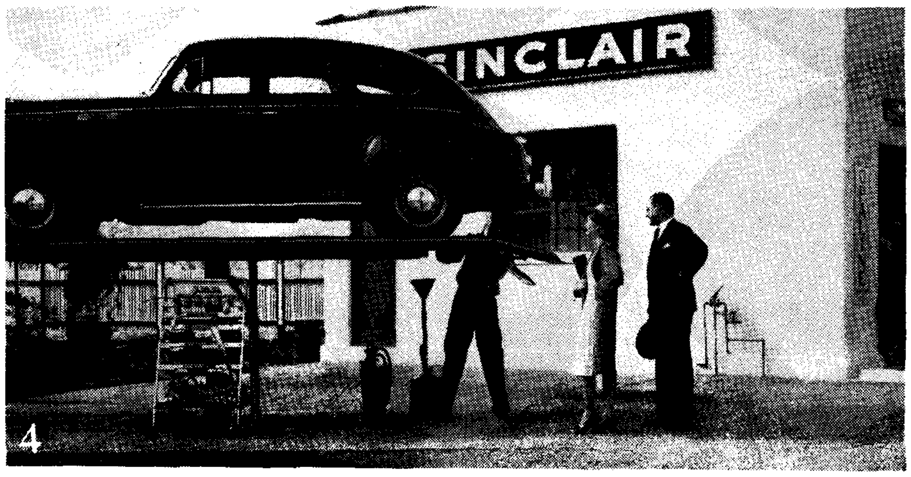


. . . fighting tanks. Because Sinclair lubricants measure up to rigid Army requirements you can . . .



. . . be sure that Sinclair lubricants will stand up in your car. Keep your car Sinclair lubricated for fewer repairs, smoother riding and longer car life.

him. The whole detail, young Ackers included, shouted as though a host were coming. With the one-pounder booming out on the river, and rockets bursting up from the bridge to give an illusion of heavy firing, his band of rescuers grew in force till it seemed a formidable excursion.

The mission on which the landing party had been engaged when it went ashore was to learn the whereabouts of one Zamo, an insurrecto chief who had made of "the white man's burden" a bloodstained cross. In the light of the flare young Ackers saw Zamo. He knew him at once by that mark on his face, the crescent of Islam stippled in ink.

For an instant they stood there facing each other, and then the sharp bolo flashed like a whip. The cadet leaped aside as he fired his pistol. The latter went flying out of his hand. He knew *it* was lost, but not till later—not till he stood on the river's bank, directing the transfer aboard of the wounded—did Ackers become aware of the fact that part of one finger was also gone!

At the time he was driven by just one thought. His bullet had struck and Zamo was wounded. If he acted fast he could capture the chief. With his two bare fists he went darting in . . . and then a big stoker named Pug Melarckey finished the job with the toe of his boot.

So the Samaroa went chuffing downstream with Zamo in chains and young Mr. Ackers in full command on the gunboat's bridge. For Lieutenant Schreiber had died of his wounds while the men were lifting him over the side.

Admiral Ackers rose from the table. One of his captains crossed the cabin to look at the Samaroa's picture.

"You've gone up a bit since that day, sir! What year was it?"

"Aught two," said Ackers.

He glanced at his mutilated finger. There was much more he could tell the captain. He could tell him that what had happened that day was the reason his flag now carried four stars. For at twenty-two he had learned a lesson which, more than any one thing in the service, had boosted him steadily up the ladder. He had learned to accept responsibility with absolute faith in his power to succeed; to trust his own judgment; to make decisions and then act promptly without any doubts.

"Yes, I've traveled downhill," he nodded. "Mr. Leigh, will you get me my glass? I'll have a go topside and take a look."

THE speed cones hoisted on board the flagship called for twelve knots, a cruising rate that would hold consumption of fuel oil down. For nineteen hours they had been at sea, spread in a fan at the hinges of which were the aircraft carriers, three in a row, their fighter planes poised ready for flight. Directly ahead of these were the "wagons," a dozen heavyweights, slow but lethal, advancing three abreast in columns—three divisions and, leading each, the flag of an admiral flown at the truck. On either flank moved a screen of destroyers. Far out in front their sisters were spaced in an arc at the edge of the fan; and behind them, within their protecting wing, ambled four divisions of fast light cruisers whose speed could almost equal their own.

In silence they cruised across the ocean. No wireless talked to betray *their* presence. On fourscore bridges glasses were leveled to scan each hoist of flags which was raised from the signal bridge of the Old Man's ship.

Above this bridge, between its deck and the navigation bridge higher up, he stood on the bridge reserved for him, his battle station when action was joined. It was midafternoon.

The Old Man turned, hearing hurried steps, and encountered the eyes of a small blond seaman with figures tattooed on each of his arms. A quartermaster, second-class, detailed with the admiral's signal crew. "Lefty," the Old Man thought—"that's Lefty," the name he had heard this youngster called now popping, strangely, into his mind.

"That for me, son?" he wondered aloud.

"Y-yes, sir."

The Old Man smiled at Lefty, startled as though he had met a ghost because, instead of the flag lieutenant, Cincus himself should take the message.

Admiral Ackers glanced at the words which had just come over the waves of air from Arlington's high-powered wireless sender: "To all ships and stations: A state of war has been declared between . . ." For a moment he did not move. Then he spoke quietly:

"Mr. Swanson, I want a general signal made. All ships publish the state of war. Commanders observe Instructions B."

He walked the brief length of the bridge and back. Ever since he was named commander in chief he had been prepared against this day.

"Sometimes I wonder if I know what I'm doing!" FRANK BEAVEN

More, he had since had two years' time, two years as Cincus in which to develop the battle fleet as *his* fighting force, to indoctrinate his division chiefs and train his staff, so that all were prepared to play their parts in the mobile whole.

EVERYTHING had been done. The fleet was ready. Now he had actually nothing to do until that moment when word would be flashed, "Enemy sighted!" from out there ahead.

The alarm gongs sounded, and then the bugle blared the order to muster all hands. As the Old Man watched the lads responding, his thoughts went back more than twenty years to the narrow deck of an old destroyer . . . a day in April . . . himself, Lieut. Commander Ackers, reading out the official order which told his crew that they were at war.

He smiled when a cheer carried up to him from that spotless area tapering forward under the No. 1 turret's guns. In just the same spirit had his boys cheered. Like skylarking kids released from school, the middy-clad sailors and stiffer marines capered and romped as they broke formation.

With approving eyes the Old Man looked down at his flagship's captain returning aft. Eyes that approved, yet envied as well. For this mighty unit of hitting power, of perfect precision and regal pride, belonged to the skipper and not to Cincus; *he* was the monarch of all her decks, of alow and aloft, of fore and aft; *he* would fight her, would speak through her guns, a dozen great voices roaring as one—while Admiral Ackers must be content with his role as a coach directing the team.

HE RETURNED to his suite. Already its "windows" were being capped with the battle ports, and a small brown steward was taking the pictures down from its "wall."

Cincus' yeoman followed him in. "A radio, Admiral—just received. My hearty congratulations, sir."

"Eh, what's that? You mean my girl—?" His hand was trembling as, taking the message, he scanned those two lines typed across it: "The enemy is stowed in the brig, sir. A marvelous daughter. Laura just fine. Dearest love to Dad and Roy."

The pictures were still face down on the rug, where the steward had laid them to wrap and then stow. In his sudden excitement Admiral Ackers went fumbling, himself, to find his family.

There! There was Laura smiling at him, that same impish smile which had made him her slave. She had passed one birthday before her father had ever set eyes on his first-born child, and maybe that fact had played some part in the way he felt about her now—as though she had been deserted by him when, weak and so helpless, she needed him most.

Admiral Comerford entered the office, his brows rather quizzically arched, expectant.

"Well, Tony, I've just received a promotion. Grandpa and baby both getting on fine."

He glanced once again at the picture he held and then put it down.

"Here's heresy for you. I'm glad that my girl didn't join the Navy! Look at me, married now for thirty-two years, and seventeen of those were at sea. Why in blazes a lass ever weds a sailor—!"

"Quit making me homesick. You talk like my wife!"

The Old Man laughed. He knew about that. And yet never, except in bantering fun, had Madeleine Ackers complained of her lot.

Indeed, it was she who had kept him afloat at a time when it seemed his career might be sunk. He was captain, then, of the New York yard. New York in this case meant actually Brooklyn, a section of third-rate speak-easy joints, pawnshops, sailor hangouts . . . Sand Street.

A strange sort of place for a limousine as shiny and smart as Thornt Pape's to appear. Emily Pape seemed to think so too, the way she wrinkled her nose and grimaced, glancing about as though caught in a slum. She was wrapped in furs which must have stuck Thornt as much as a captain was paid in a year.

Those furs and that car and Emily's rings had been like a blow in the face to Ackers. For he knew when Madeleine's coat had been bought, how again and again it had been overhauled, shortened one season, lengthened the next, replenished with skins where its nap was too worn.

All through dinner, the evening of bridge, his conscience kept blasting broadsides at him. It helped not at all that he could remember when Mrs. Pape was just Emmy Fulder, whose father had run a meat shop at home, or to say that twice he had licked her husband when they were both kids at the township school.

For the Coolidge boom was the wave of the future, and the dollar was king, and—to make matters worse—the Navy was just an unwanted child which Congress was trying to keep out of mind.

IT WAS while Thornton Pape was dummy that he suddenly blurted, "Well, Captain Tom"—rising and clicking his heels together and snapping his hand in a mock salute—"when're you going to quit playing sailor and start in doing some honest work?"

Ackers just grinned. He was becoming inured to such talk, to being dismissed as a parasite who joy-rode around in expensive ships which posed for occasional newsreel shots.

Thornt wanted to know how much he was paid.

"Seventy-two hundred dollars," smiled Ackers. He saw his guest wince, heard Emily snicker and then exclaim, "Damn!" as she wasted a trump.

"All right, suppose you get to be admiral—I mean, the biggest Poo-Bah of 'em all. How much money would you get then?"

"Roughly, ten thousand a year."

"Ten thousand! *Ten* thousand dollars a year!" groaned Thornt. "Why, we pay glorified office boys that. Last year I made over three hundred thousand, and I'll do twice as good in this."

Madeleine Ackers was smiling queerly a wan little smile which went straight to his heart. Her married life had been one long struggle to bring up the children and put them through school, with always the need to make a brave showing in keeping with Ackers' increasing rank.

But Thornt did not double his income that year. Eight months later the stock market crashed. Thereafter, during those fearful thirties, the pay of a captain had looked pretty good, and now men said it was "certainly soft" with nothing at all to be worried about. By then his son had entered Annapolis. He could give his wife more of the things she deserved.

And how she deserved them! With the chief of staff's words still fresh in his mind, the Old Man nodded.

"I nearly did swallow the anchor once. Schoolboy friend from the old home town called on us at the Brooklyn yard. He was the head of a corporation rated at half a billion dollars. When he offered me twenty-five thousand a year—" The lines crinkled out from the Old Man's eyes as Comerford whistled. "I thought that, too. Job would be personnel director. I was warned, however, that if I accepted I couldn't expect to take any salutes!"

"Tick, tick," went the chief of staff. "What happened?"

"Request for transfer curtly refused. When I told Mrs. Ackers I thought I'd accept, her answer didn't leave me much choice. 'Tom Ackers,' she said, 'if you dare to resign, so help me, I will quit you cold.' "

THE wind whipped up and the infinite acres of western ocean were covered with caps. At night they moved without visible lights except for the small and restricted beam on the jack staff marking each vessel's bow, the dim blue lamp which shone at her stern.

Five days, five nights the armada advanced, and on the fifth night the commander in chief was walking the quarter-deck, filling his lungs with sea-swept air before going to bed. For the first time since they had sailed he felt tense. The longitude of the Marshall Islands lay just a few degrees in the west, and a submarine two hours before had finally broken silence to tell of the enemy fleet moving north by east.

Now the moon came out from behind a cloud, exposing the darkened shapes of ships. Almost at once the flag lieutenant, hovering near within sound of his voice, turned and approached the admiral's side.

"What is it, Leigh?"

"Beg pardon, sir, there's one of our planes on the starboard beam."

The Old Man returned below through companionways where the battle lanterns shone ghostly blue. That plane's approach could mean only one thing. Somewhere out yonder, peering far down from the dark of the sky, a reconnaissance man had seen enemy vessels creeping like beetles under the moon.

The message came aft by telephone, and he summoned his staff around the chart. There was the enemy's known position at 20:15, and there—a red circle—his estimated position now. Here in blue pencil were their own ships. Six pairs of eyes regarded that chart, and the captains and Comerford said what they thought.

Admiral Ackers heard them all. Half a dozen good minds were better than one. But on him the responsibility rested, his the final decisions to make. He issued the orders and then said:

"Turley, you will take the bridge till 02:00. Waldek, relieve Captain Turley then. I'll have my bunk in the conning tower. Call me in case there is anything new. Good night, all—and peaceful dreams."

CAPTAIN WALDEK woke him.

"Dawn's breaking, sir. Visibility, clear. Wind, southeast by east, force four."

As he stepped on the bridge quick flashes of light winked from the grayness off the port bow. A blinker lamp was signaling back some urgent bit of information. From a scouting plane of the dawn patrol, hovering over the enemy's fleet, a report came through by radio waves. The Old Man entered his conning tower, when these were received, to look at the chart.

"Signal Admiral Rand: Proceed on course three three seven at a speed to engage when the light is clear. Four destroyer divisions lay covering screen. Order all planes aloft at once."

He breakfasted without undue haste. When again the Old Man appeared on the bridge the red meal pennant was fluttering down to show that the crew had just finished theirs.

The sun moved higher, dispelling the mists, and with its advance the horizon broadened. Through his binoculars Rand's cruisers were standing out nearer as he moved in. The aircraft carrier Saratoga, empty of planes, loomed larger and larger, racing full speed to take her position behind the protective might of the line.

Dark smoke was rolling alee from the stacks of a dozen battleships girding for fight. They were wetting down the weather decks and plugging the scuppers when word came back that the scouting force was about to engage.

The Old Man ordered general quarters. He heard it repeated into the tube to the navigation bridge above him. Throughout the ship the alarm gongs clanged while the signal was still being raised to the yard. The bugle sputtered. Alow and aloft men hurried to their battle stations.

"Direct column ahead. Course, three four zero. Nineteen knots . . ."

He could feel the surge of the flagship's bows as her four propellers began to lay on. She was swinging to starboard. In a short time, now, a line of battle six miles in length would stretch out astern to follow his lead.

His staff stood around him, yet he was alone. On him, not on them, would fall the blame if disaster came to the flag today.

But, even more, a nation's future and its very way of life were at stake. History turned on these next few hours, and the course it would take now waited on him and what he would think while the battle raged.

IN a way the Old Man was aware of this. But he did not give it a conscious thought. In his shoes stood not just Admiral Ackers. Captain Ackers was standing there too; and Lieut. Commander Ackers as well, who had fought his destroyer in other seas; and Lieutenant Ackers, junior grade, whose choice of a bride was so wisely made that she would not let him spoil his career for the sake of more money to buy her fur coats; and young Cadet Ackers, fresh from school, who had taken firm command in a crisis without either hesitation or doubt; yes, and even small Tommy Ackers, to whom the sea was still fabulous rumor, distracting a bull in a Kansas meadow till his terrified sister could climb a fence.

They were all with him, supporting him now. Calmly he peered across the waves at the first bright flashes of distant guns. His boy was out there, in danger of death, but firmly he shunted that fact from his mind. Dropping the glasses, the Old Man turned to see what was happening on his quarter.

His destroyers and cruisers were taking position to screen the great line from torpedo attacks. He saw the sun dance upon countless crests. Sea and air were both sparkling with beauty, warmed by that light smiling out of the east.

As the first report of gunfire reached him he glimpsed the movement of four sleek backs some few scant fathoms beyond the bow. A division, no less, in perfect formation, rolling along with his battle fleet! The crinkles appeared in the admiral's face and went rippling out from his smiling eyes.

"A lovely day," he remarked to his aides. "Don't blame those porpoises for acting so frisky."

That would be quoted about him later. It would take its place in history's tale, along with what Farragut said at Mobile. In days to come the Old Man would marvel at so much delight over commonplace words.

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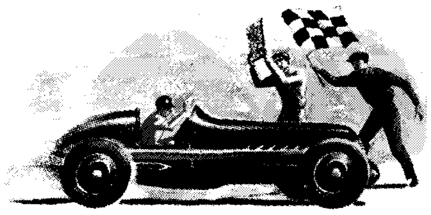
Champion Spark Plugs bring extra performance to every engine due to several structural and operative superiorities, not obtainable with any other spark plugs. The patented Sillment seal alone makes Champions your logical choice because it seals them against troublesome gas or compression leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.*

Sillment is a dry powder compressed around the center electrode and the shoulder of the insulator which effectively eliminates leakage at these two points—leakage which causes ordinary spark plugs to overheat, and results in pre-ignition, rough, uneven, and wasteful engine performance.

To fully enjoy the delightful fall motoring season have your spark plugs checked and cleaned now. If they are worn out or show pronounced leakage under pressure, install new Champions and reap the reward of better and more economical engine performance. Remember all spark plugs, including Champions, should be replaced every 10,000 miles for maximum economy and dependability.



The 1941 Indianapolis 500 Mile Race was won by a Champion-equipped car—the 17th victory for Champions in this Memorial Day Classic. 10 of the 12 cars to finish were equipped with Champion Spark Plugs.

You're always ahead with Champion! SPARK PLUGS

Our New Army

Continued from page 14

more than six and a half feet tall and weighs 235 pounds. They pushed the three beds together and Minke slept crosswise on them so the nurses wouldn't have to detour around his dogs. Minke, by the way, has four brothers; two about his size and two sawed-off shrimps no taller than six feet, three and a half inches.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

PORTSMOUTH HARBOR DEFENSE. Selectees, Regulars and Reservists of Battery A, 22d C.A., drill in an archaeological atmosphere amid Fort Constitution's crumbling ruins which seem to dwarf the few new unpainted buildings. The battery's activities are largely confined to mine-laying, because only one six-inch gun pokes its snout toward the harbor from the 133-year-old fort. The work of putting the old Army post into shape proceeds with the speed and dispatch of a rheumatic turtle. Besides Fort Constitution, the harbor defenses comprise Forts Stark and Foster, and Camp Langdon—none of which is in Portsmouth. Foster is in Kittery, Maine (home of the Portsmouth Navy Yard); the others are in New Castle. Part of Constitution's walls still stand, as does the stub of old Walbach Tower, which was built so quickly by the fort's garrison in the War of 1812 that the British retired from the harbor in a hurry. The opposing forces, reasoned the invaders, must have been ten times their actual size to have tossed up the tower in so short a time.

MICHIGAN

5TH DIV.

FORT CUSTER, Battle Creek. Names still amuse the reception-center crew—and perhaps you. Pvt. John Doe finally showed up. He's twenty-seven, from Battle Creek, and his fan mail ought to be terrific.

FROM Michigan's 5th Division, recently on maneuvers in Tennessee, comes the report that Sgt. Wilbur Vandergoot, Co. C, 7th Engineers, has been renamed Tarzan. During one of the battles down there the sergeant dropped from a tree onto a speeding tank, grabbed its commander by the neck and rode bareback on the jouncing machine until it crashed into another tank and ended the threat of a blitz against the sergeant's battalion.

ARKANSAS

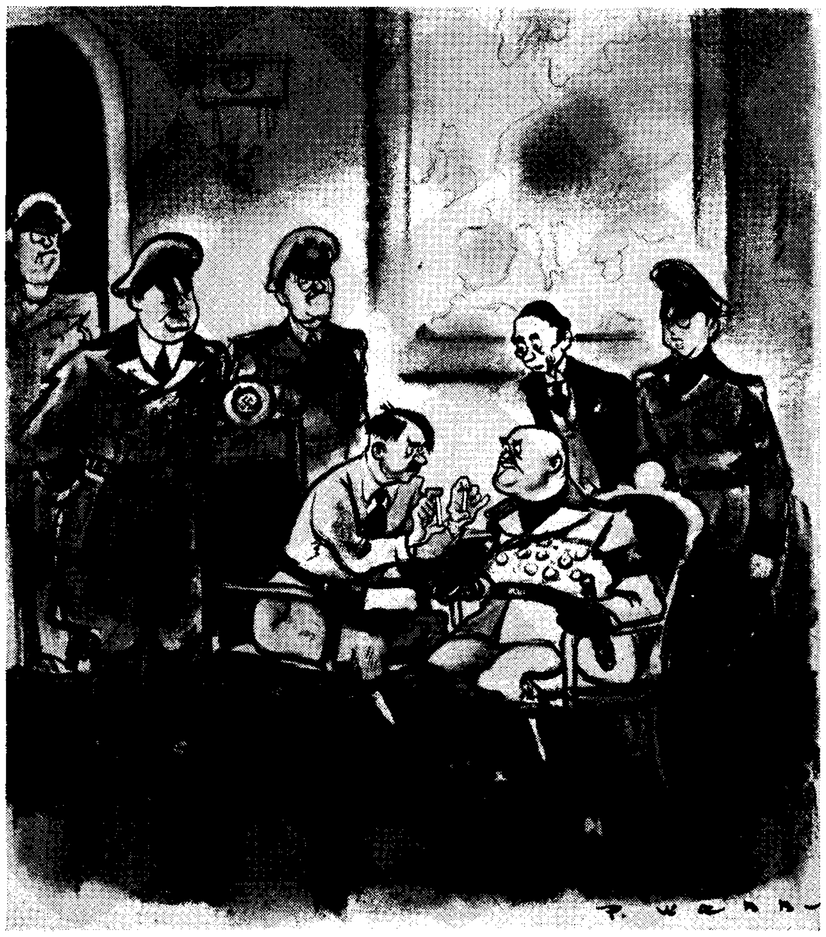
35TH DIV.

CAMP JOS. T. ROBINSON, Little Rock. In the What Next Dept. we have the sequel to the item of June 7th in which we reported that mothers' clubs in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Arkansas had started sending cakes instead of socks to their sons in the 35th Division. What followed was that Nebraska men in Co. A, 134th Infantry, recently had their cooks bake batches of cakes and cookies which they shipped home to Mother. No information is available as to who made the better swap.

WASHINGTON

41ST DIV.

FORT LEWIS, Tacoma. With the battlefield shifted from California to southwest Washington this month, the 47,000 soldiers here feel better. They came back from California with tales of tarantulas and scorpions, endless days with the thermometer reading 100 plus, and debilitating physical ailments. Only outfit that seems to have got a break was the 146th F.A. Being a 75-mm. gang, well behind the line, they never fired a shot and spent most of their time swimming in the San Antone River. Reason they give for their inactivity is that the Fort Lewis infantry pushed the opposing Reds clear back out of range before the 146th could pour out its supporting artillery fire. They swear they never saw the "enemy" and it may be news to them that one of their corporals did, and wishes he hadn't. Seems a Red armored car, firing machine-gun ammunition that didn't go anywhere but made a lot of racket, came bustling through the brush behind the line and this corporal of the guard was so carried away by the reality of it all that he drew his pistol and fired a couple of honest-to-John shots that made a couple of very real dents in the car's armored hide. Out of the vehicle popped an outraged shavetail and an umpire, and the corporal faded. The umpire, though, rounded up all the guys who had been on guard duty and finally found the one whose gun was missing a couple of cartridges. The gist of the ensuing lecture was that it was okay to be realistic, but . . .



"It means something in the U. S. Army, but our agents haven't been able to find out what" PAUL WEBB

THIS business of captured prisoners gives the mess sergeants large pains in their collective neck, because there's no provision in their supplies for feeding captives despite the fact that they must be fed before being returned to their outfits. In the California battles the 41st Division roped in 1,200 gents, some of whom were tired of wandering around in the brush at night, eating canned "dog food" and getting no sleep, and it got so that the harassed mess sergeants demanded that enemy field kitchens be included with each batch of prisoners.

THE tough 15th ("Can Do") Infantry didn't fool around with the food problem. The makings of their chow had to pass through enemy territory and brass hats ruled that trucks full of vittles were out of bounds and were not to be fiddled with. Some of the Northern troops said nuts to that, halted a few of the 15th's trucks and swiped the contents. A 15th foraging party, with bayonets fixed, raided the enemy lines that night, cracked a few shins here and there and got their grub back, all right, all right.

BIGGEST traffic problem for the artillery-range officers is what to do with the eight 155's belonging to the 144th F.A. The range can accommodate only so many outfits at a time, and the officers have the necessary impact areas figured out nicely, but the 144th has to have the whole works to themselves. The 155's throw stuff from seven to ten miles, which is about all the space the range affords. However, the 144th has only one quarter of its quota of guns and has to date fired the big shells on only two occasions, because every time one of them goes off, blooey goes $60. A day of slow firing eats up $6,000 worth of ammunition. Mostly, the boys get their practice with smaller guns—at reasonable expense.

TEXAS

8TH ARMY CORPS

KELLY FIELD, San Antonio. At the edge of the field, near the bombing range abandoned more than ten years ago, a sign reads: Keep Out—Military Reservation—Danger—Unexploded Bombs. Workmen clearing ground for the new cadet replacement center half a mile from the old bombing area weren't impressed by the warning until one of them unearthed a live 100-pounder. Uncle Sam forthwith hired the Petty Geophysical Engineering Company to debomb the place with a magnetometer, which is supposed to disclose the presence of iron or steel objects within a radius of fifteen feet and a depth of ten feet. Total take to date as follows: A rusty bucket, some baling wire and three snakes (killed by the magnetometer operator).

2D DIV.

FORT SAM HOUSTON, Houston. Getting together to talk shop, morale and athletic officers from this and near-by posts have been tossing brickbats at the type of recreation offered visiting soldiers by San Antonio. The criticism applies to most other towns near Texas camps, too: There's plenty of boy-meets-girl entertainment, not enough man-meets-man stuff. Most people, anxious to do something for the lonely soldier, seem to jump to the conclusion that the selectee is (1) slowly pining away because he's three days distant from Mother and home cooking, and (2) living from day to day only for letters from the gal back home. The theory may apply to some of the men but a great many of them aren't nursing broken hearts and can take their women or leave them alone. To be well rounded, San Antonio's recreation program needs a few stag parties, smokers, stag picnics or barbecues—anything that will give visiting selectees a chance to meet and chew the fat with leading men of the community. Civic luncheon clubs could do a lot about this.

CAMP WALLACE, Hitchcock. One of the first things called to the attention of new men is a bulletin-board list of Galveston's tabooed joints, adjacent to which M.P.'s are stationed to keep soldiers out. This moral effort could hardly be called successful, because the curious lads with a yen to get a gander at Texas night life merely jot down the locations of the restricted areas, shuck their uniforms and make the rounds in civvies. "If you want to see the town down here," one of the boys wrote a pal of his in Pennsylvania, "the Army even furnishes you with a directory."

NORMOYLE QUARTERMASTER DEPOT, San Antonio. Before Pvt. Joseph Thomasulo was inducted from Buffalo, N. Y., he worked as a hairdresser. To stay in trim, he's now persuading some of his buddies in Co. D, 55th Qm. regiment, to submit to occasional finger waves. Army veterans sneer and snort but keep wisecracks to themselves. Pvt. Thomasulo once held a state flyweight boxing title, having run up a string of 126 consecutive ring victories.

GENERAL

"MAYBE," writes Miss Sue Cutter, of Columbia City, Indiana, "you'd be interested in hearing about a long-distance poker game I'm playing with my fiancé, Ned D. Wilson, Battery B, 66th F.A., Pine Camp, N. Y. During the three months he's been in the Army we've completed just two hands, which I've won—and not because I'm dealer, either. We send the cards back and forth in daily letters and I'm now trying to figure out a system whereby my brother, Robert Cutter, stationed at Fort Benjamin Harrison, can also sit in."

CAREFUL, Mr. Cutter.

G. W.

There are times when he needs —more than anything else —*some snapshots from home*

SEND THEM EVERY WEEK

If, away from home, you've opened a letter with snapshots—you know what they mean. The letter alone can't do it all. That boy of yours wants to see your smiles. The changes around home. His pets. His friends. Only snapshots can bring him the very feeling of home.

So don't let him be the one "left out" when the mail comes in, and new snapshots are passed around. Once a week won't be too often to send snapshots from home. Shoot them on dependable Kodak Film—it makes your camera a better camera. Experienced picture takers use Kodak Film always—secure in the knowledge that their pictures will "turn out."

And be sure that your boy has a handy, modern camera—so he can share with you his new life at camp. It needn't be expensive—it will pay for itself, many times, in the comfort it brings you . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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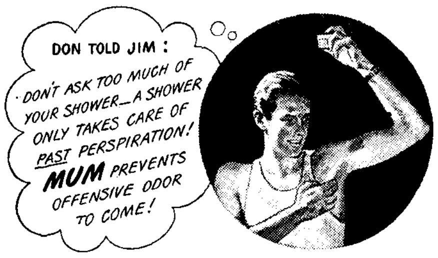
THE GREAT SNAPSHOTS ARE MADE ON KODAK FILM

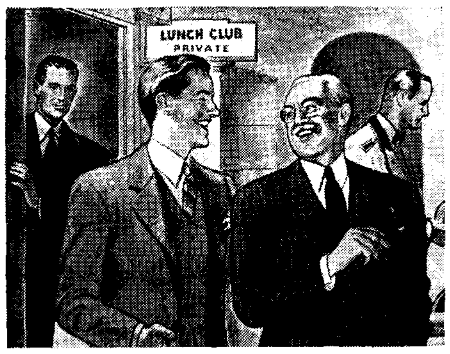
One difference between $35 a week and $3,500 a year

JIM FELT SUNK. On brains and backbone and initiative, Jim rated at least a draw with Don. But Don had just been made head of their department at about twice Jim's salary.

EVERYONE KNEW what held Jim back—except Jim. Then one day, just as the Big Boss was considering a one-man shakeup, Don came to his rescue. Taking Jim aside—



DON TOLD JIM:
DON'T ASK TOO MUCH OF YOUR SHOWER—A SHOWER ONLY TAKES CARE OF PAST PERSPIRATION! MUM PREVENTS OFFENSIVE ODOR TO COME!



JIM'S SALARY CHECKS HAVE traced a sharp upward curve—since he began with Mum. Energy and experience, brains and personality being nearly equal—the difference between $35 a week and higher brackets may very well be Mum!

● UNDERARM ODOR is bad business—anywhere, anytime! And since a man may offend and never know he's guilty—it's wise to play safe. Join the more than a million men who use Mum. A quick dab under each arm—30 seconds in all—protects against offending all day or all evening. Harmless to skin or clothing—does not stop perspiration. Get Mum today!

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Beware, Honorable Spy!

Continued from page 18

what action is going to tag them as dangerous spies. Strangely enough, in such a regimented country, each policeman has his own idea of the law and reigns supreme in his bailiwick. Embassies can't help much. They are usually the last to know that one of their people is in jail.

Since the Japanese have grown wary of being seen with foreigners, members of the different colonies have to depend on one another for company and, what with the evacuation, there aren't many of them left. The diplomatic corps has divided into cliques—none of the Allies speak to the Germans or Italians. These two, although their countries are partners, seldom meet except at official functions. The French and the British don't quite know what to do about each other. With no restaurants, no night clubs, few theaters and movies, fun must be organized at home. And that had better not be too riotous lest the noise of laughter and phonograph music attract some policeman who will knock on the door and point out that levity is not in keeping with the spirit of the times.

The Too-Honest Houseboy

Servants in every household report luncheon and dinner parties with a list of guests. The wife of an American attaché was approached after a luncheon by her Number One Boy who said: "There is a policeman in the kitchen who wants to know the names of the people here today." He was unusually naïve; apparently too much so for his own good since, about a week later, he gave notice, sobbing and leaving a garbled letter giving reasons which made no sense.

Persecution of Christian churches is to stamp out foreign influence which, through missionaries operating with money sent from abroad, has been exerted over Christian Japanese. Christians in Japan were advised to quit, for Christianity, it seems, runs against the guiding spirit of the national structure. Christian schools were ordered reorganized to conform to fundamental policies based on the Imperial Way.

The first shot was fired at the Salvation Army. It was to reorganize completely, changing its name (the word "army" grates on the ears of a militaristic nation), severing ties with the world headquarters in London, and abolishing its military structure. When all that didn't take place overnight, immediate dissolution was demanded as well as "complete repentance." Its social and welfare activities were transferred to the Japanese government. Then, to make sure it couldn't operate, the leaders were accused of espionage for the British. The Army, it was announced, was nothing but a blind to cover British spying and if it was not put out of existence a victory would result for the pro-British groups.

Sixty thousand Korean Christians have been brought into a group of a completely Nipponized nature. Christian schools in Korea were reorganized. New doctrines condemn Communism, individualism and democracy. Christian principles of self-sacrifice, being in conformity with the Japanese spirit, have been allowed to remain.

Soon after the anti-Christian campaign started, forty-eight Protestant families in a village gave an example of the "right" spirit. They built god shelves in their houses on which to place newly acquired Shinto sacred objects. Until then, they had made a point of maintaining no accommodation for Shinto gods and had forbidden their children to attend shrine festivals. Then, suddenly, the light broke and they allowed the spirit of the times to prevail.

The Religious Organizations law is bringing about revolutionary changes not only in the Christian churches but also in the Buddhist and Shinto organizations. The various Buddhist and Shinto sects have amalgamated. The same type of amalgamation was demanded of the Christians. The Japanese knew very well that Methodists, Presbyterians and Catholics would never be able to join into one loving group. Various foreign missions have recalled most of their missionaries. Once they are all gone, and the Japanese have completely taken over, the amalgamation may take place and there will be but one Christian church in Nippon.

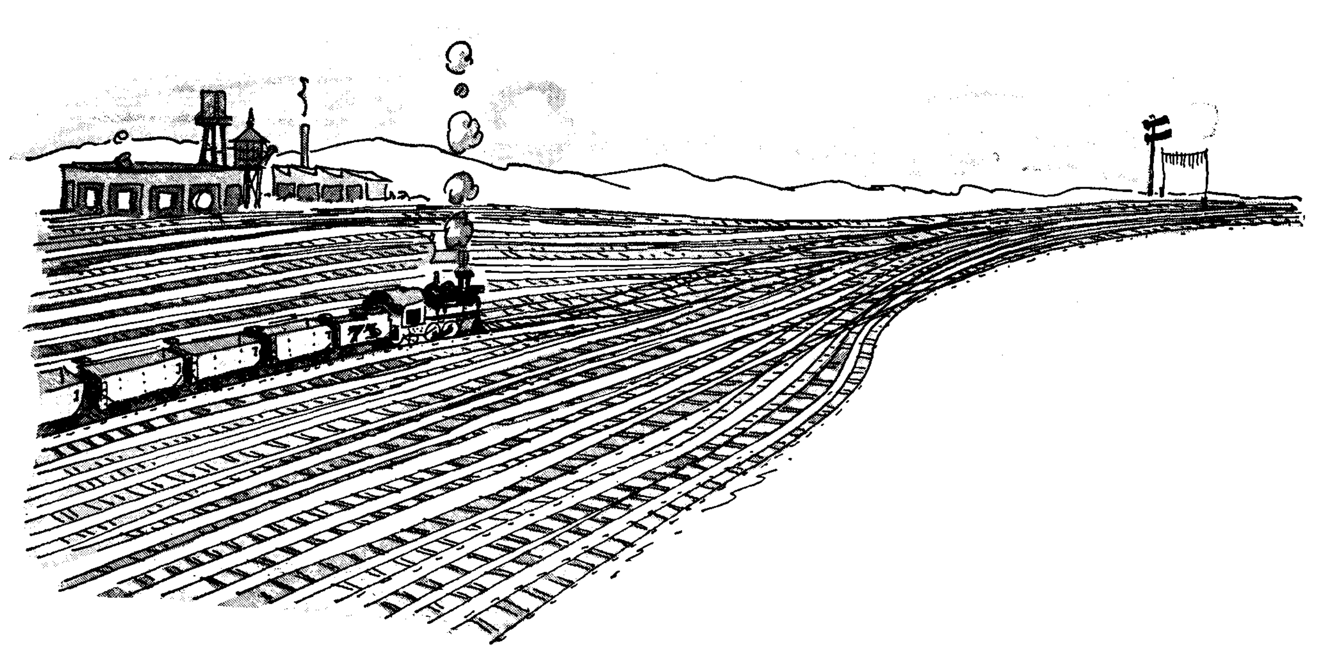
Having disposed of Christianity, the government moved on to do away with all English words in the language. It was announced that English station signs would disappear. Not only would such directions as "Way Out," "Entrance," "Station Master" and so on be removed, but also the name of the station in Roman letters. Just before the officials began to tear down signs, some practical soul pointed out that it might be a rather expensive proposition, since the Japanese characters are on the same boards with the Roman letters and it would mean putting up new signs in some four thousand stations. Regretfully, the plan was abandoned but every time a sign is replaced, there will be no English word on it.

Baseball—but Dignified

Baseball has been remodeled to conform to the New Structure. The fundamentals have been left fairly intact but American phrases, scoreboards, caps and uniforms have been discarded. However, the officials struck a snag when it came to baseball jargon. They found a phrase to replace "Prei boru" (play ball) but were stumped to find substitutes for "out" and "safe."

The newspaper Nichi Nichi went to bat for the preservation of baseball as played and spoken in Japan. "The type of baseball played in the United States," it pointed out, "is slightly different from the Japanese adaptation which is more dignified and refined. Is it not our duty to do our best to instill baseball with the true Japanese spirit and so make it one of the national games rather than condemn it because of its foreign origin?" To drive home the point, reference was made to the foreign root of Confucianism. "Should we not be proud of the manner in which our forefathers adapted foreign culture to fit our ideals?" the writer went on to ask. The final word on this habit of adapting foreign culture, inventions and customs to Japanese use was spoken by a Japanese statesman making a speech in English—a language of which he either had a firm or very slight grasp. He said, "We Japanese have always been able to borrow the best things from other countries and adapt them to our own needs through a process of indigestion."

The Nichi Nichi also urged people to be broad-minded about the use of for-



"A nickel says we come out on the third track from the left"

REAMER KELLER

eign words, and deplored the fact that a police station had taken upon itself to eliminate foreign words from speech in its area. These cops insisted that coffee be called "foreign tea." That confused people who used the word "kocha" to differentiate the imported tea from the native product. The paper likewise criticized those who would rule out such words as "stopu" (stop) and "orai" (all right), since they should be acted on immediately when issued as commands. Just to show how disastrous cutting them out of the language could be, an imaginary incident was thought up: Suppose a sight-seeing bus was turning around on a narrow road. It is the custom for the conductress to keep her head out of the window and call to the driver when it is time to apply the brakes and she usually cries "Stopu!" If, on the other hand, she has to use the Japanese "tomare," it will take her longer and the extra syllable might prove to be the fatal split second between safety and disaster.

Of course, the writer added, that problem had already been solved by the prohibition of sightseeing busses. Nevertheless, it was a good point.

Just to be prepared against any foreign menace, practice black-out periods of five days each are held for two succeeding months with an interval of three months before the next periods. Alarms sound several times during the day and night as signals for air-raid wardens and their assistants to rush about the streets, for fire engines and ambulances to start clanging into "bombed" areas, for traffic to stop and for pedestrians to squat on the pavements. The ones who don't squat promptly are pushed down by wardens. There are no air-raid shelters in Tokyo, so squatting (not lying flat) under trees or the eaves of buildings has been devised as the best means of gaining immunity from bombs.

A Touch of Realism

Before the black-out periods, newspapers instruct inhabitants what precautions to take. All households must keep on hand at least 20 gallons of water for fighting fires and a hose ready to attach to a water pipe. Besides water there must be at least three bushels of sand outside the front door for sprinkling on incendiary bombs. Inflammable materials must be put in fireproof places. Black curtains have to be hung over every window, dark shades fitted over lamps. As many members of the household as possible are to stay outside to watch for falling bombs and sound a warning on the nearest tin pan or teakettle.

Everyone with no duties at home is to report to the nearest fire-fighting unit when the warning sounds. Women are included. They pull on shapeless, baggy pants over their clothes and fall to with a will. Ladies who send their maids get an official reprimand and receive severe criticism in the newspapers, which refer to them as "sitting home in this moment of dire peril, fanning with a light hand."

During maneuvers each time an alarm sounds the keepers make the rounds of the zoo carrying rifles and clocking themselves to figure how long it would take to kill all of their charges in a real raid. Cardboard dummy bombs of different colors are dropped from "enemy" planes—red indicates an incendiary bomb; blue, a 20-pound incendiary; white, an ordinary explosive bomb; yellow, poison gas; black, poison gas time bomb, and so on. When these fall, persons living in the vicinity are expected to fling water and sand about as if combating a real bomb.

Accounts of the "raids" are published in the papers. A great play was given to the heroism of a man working with the ARP who was sent for during an imaginary raid to go to the deathbed of his child. He refused on the ground that he couldn't leave his post and was awarded a decoration. Dramatic accounts are given of how hostile aircraft have dumped time bombs on Tokyo. One of these told of direct hits on the Metropolitan Police headquarters and the Home Office. Suicide squads were promptly organized to place sandbags around the 200-pound bombs that fell in the courtyard of the police station; the bombs went off at exactly 10:30 A.M., starting fires of such magnitude that the building was declared unsafe and the headquarters were transferred to another station. Even prisoners were hastily rushed to other prisons.

Another time it was announced that the bombs dropped on Haneda Racecourse were from enemy planes who had mistaken it for Haneda Airport. Realism was carried to the ultimate degree. One day no alarms sounded. It explained that, partly owing to bad weather and partly to the fact that most of their planes had been destroyed the day before, the enemy had not flown over the city.

Excuse It, Please

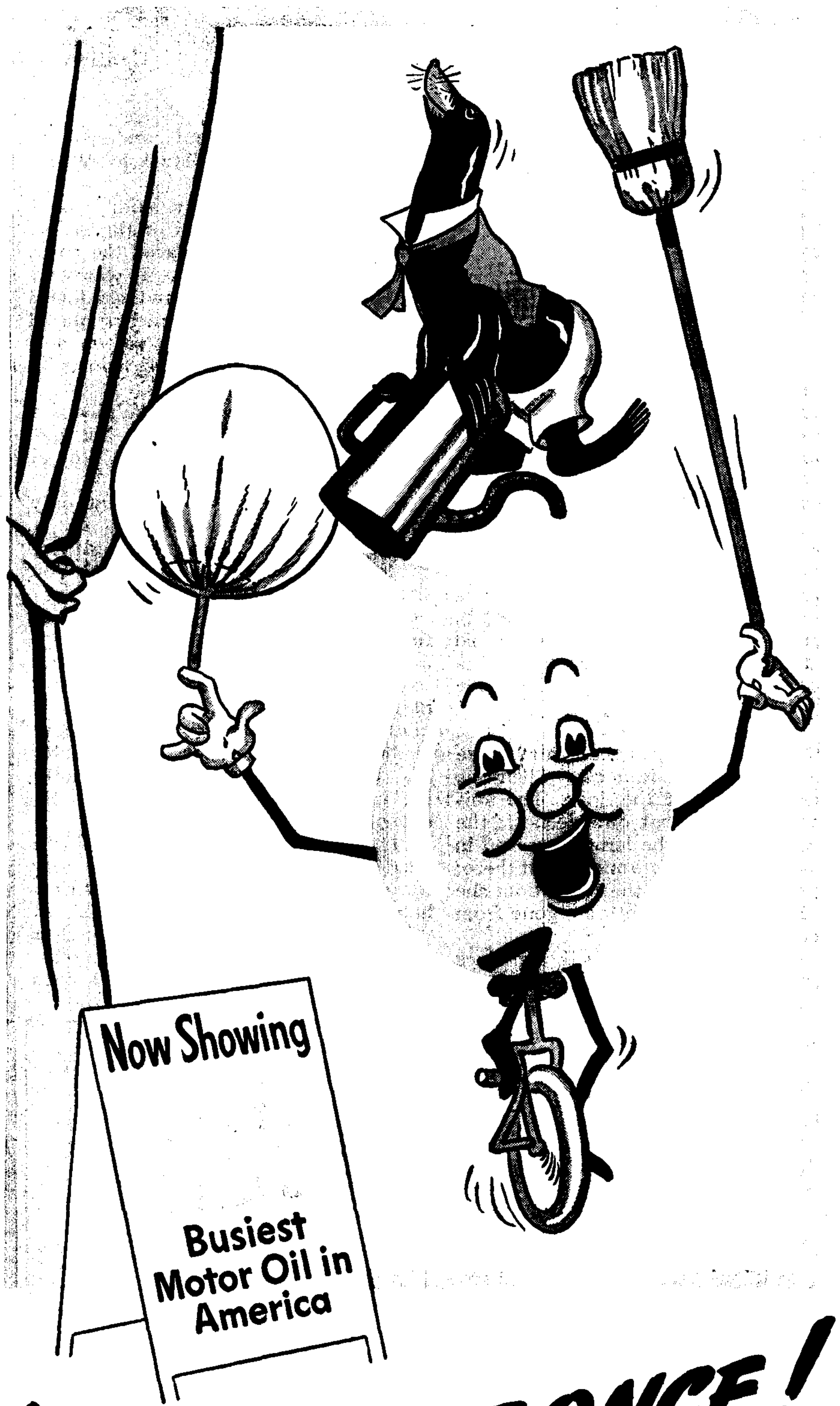
Spy scares started when reports came in that foreigners had been seen walking near a factory or some other equally inviting target during a raid. The air-raid defense and fire-prevention corps of a village near Tokyo were thrown into an uproar when, after a "bombing," hundreds of ten-thousand-yen notes were found scattered recklessly over the countryside. Putting their heads together, the officials came to the conclusion they had been scattered by an enemy plane in an effort to create economic confusion and chaos. It came as something of a letdown when it was found that the notes were make-believe money which had been dropped by a panic-stricken toy merchant.

During one of the alarms an American went to the Tokyo station and bought a ticket for Yokohama. Just as he got his ticket, a man handed him a red card and, thinking the card was necessary for getting on the train, he presented it at the barrier. The ticket-taker refused to let him through. He went back a second time, a third and a fourth with no more success. Finally, he found a passer-by who spoke English and asked him to find out why everyone else could go to Yokohama and only he had to stay in Tokyo. The Japanese explained that the red card meant that he had been wounded during the raid. He must take it to the nearest hospital and have it stamped before proceeding on his way.

However much inconvenience the maneuvers cause individuals, officials are always pleased and announce that they have been highly satisfied with the way in which the people have co-operated.

Figures are published at the end of each of the five-day periods. After the first, the following communiqué was issued by the Home Office: "Twenty-eight thousand casualties have been inflicted. These included 10,278 imaginary fatalities, 17,691 injured, 356 missing. A total of 8,391 houses were demolished and 2,593 damaged. The damage caused to railway bridges, waterworks and communications was imagined to have been frightful."

All of these goings-on don't make really good sense to an Occidental mind. But then, very little in the Japan of today does. In the end, it is probably best to proceed from the premise established by a French priest who has spent many years in Nippon: "This is a country," he says, "where two and two never make four and don't *always* make five."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"4 JOBS AT ONCE!
THAT'S ME ALL OVER!"

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1. **COOL—"I've got to carry off excess engine heat which is a job itself.**
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3. **SEAL—"I've got to seal up that little space between your pistons and cylinder walls to keep power from leakin' out!**
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"And all this for only a quarter a quart!"

SHELL

THE MODERN OIL FOR PRECISION-BUILT CARS

The Blond Nurse

Continued from page 12

nothingness, into drowsy peace. Another voice—McCoy's?—beat faintly around her. Another arm—McCoy's—straightened her shoulders.

"Drink this now," McCoy said. Something cold touched her throat. She opened her eyes; Monahan snarled at her as if she had never closed them:

"We got all night before us, sister—"

The door behind them banged open. A new voice said, "Bannister's here—he just got in from the airport. He's waitin' for you now, Monahan."

They started out after the voice. But before they reached the door she pushed out of the chair.

"I want to see him—Mr. Bannister," she said. "I want to tell him—"

"What?" Monahan asked harshly. "The way he lost his kid?"

He beckoned down the hall, and a uniformed man appeared and looked in at her stolidly. Then Monahan slammed the door; in a moment she heard the uniformed man settle himself outside it.

FOR a long while, in the chair by the desk, she sat motionless. Then she got up and opened the door. The uniformed man was not outside now; the hall was empty. The lamps were on in the living room, but no one waited there; through the panel by the street door she saw that the police cars were gone from the curb.

Ten past eleven now; two hours since Monahan had left her. Had she slept? She opened the door and went out to the street, to cool air on her face, to the whisper of young leaves in the darkness.

Her mind was confused; Monahan's voice, Monahan's words rang faintly inside her. She walked away from them slowly, as if they were imprisoned inside the house, and there was no need for hurry to get away from them. Soon, in the soft spring darkness, they were gone.

"Hold it," a voice said. "Right there, sister. Where did you think you were going?"

It was not Monahan; she was numbly grateful for that. From a car in the driveway beyond them, she saw another man get out as she answered.

"It's the nurse, Mac," the first voice said. "Goin' for a walk, she tells me. Nice and quiet now, by herself. Ain't that somethin'?"

He chuckled. McCoy's face, a vague shadow, looked down at her from under the brim of his pushed-back hat.

"I guess she can," he said, in his quietly expressionless voice, "if I go along with her. You won't need me here, Andy."

"You're doin' it," Andy grunted, with faint reluctance. She went on again, with McCoy at her side. He said after a few steps:

"This stuff is what we have to do. Don't let it get you."

"Oh, no," she said. "I won't. You've been very kind; you allowed me to leave the house."

"Mr. Bannister asked us to leave. Until he pays off, and the boy is home, he didn't want us around. I don't blame him; if I had a kid of my own it's what I'd do myself. But—well, there's a couple of us spread around here, just in case."

"If my boy friend comes back, of course. Or if I try to slip off to meet him."

He glanced sideways at her.

"I thought there wasn't any boy friend."

"That's absurd." She smiled at him; she felt oddly light and careless now. "That's just the lie I've stuck to. Who'd believe it?"

"Me, maybe," McCoy said.

They reached the end of the street, where a tiny oval park faced the river. She smiled at him again—it was very funny—with white lips and shadowed eyes. There were stone benches spaced along the bank; when she sat on one, McCoy put a leg on it and leaned an elbow on his knee.

"Listen," McCoy said. "It's nice and quiet here; no one's around but me. Why don't you bawl? I would. I'd get it all out of me. I—"

The river blurred before her, but only for a moment.

"No," she said. "Because it's all I've got left now against Mr. Monahan. You see—he never made me do that."

He flipped a pebble off his thumb into the water. He said:

"I never thought of that; but you got to have something, don't you? Monahan sees things a certain way; the only kind of people he knows anything about is the kind he had to bulldoze all his life. He's been a cop a long time; nothing is going to change him now. He doesn't understand—"

"I had an idea about policemen once," she said wearily. "That they were very clever, very brave. That they helped people in trouble."

"Well—" He moved his shoulders slightly. "Some of them do, maybe. There are different kinds. Tough ones like Monahan; smart ones like the inspector; plain ones like me."

For a while she did not answer. A tug hooted twice, far off down the river; the North End bridge hung low across the water like a string of yellow beads. Presently she asked, very low, "Will they hurt the child, McCoy? Will they—"

"Not if they get the money. He's only three—he would never remember their faces. With somebody older they might be—careful. But the way it is they're safe with a kid like him."

"Do you think—Mr. Bannister will believe what they say? That I neglected Joel night after night, whenever he was away?"

"No," McCoy said. But he sounded uncomfortable. "Why should he?"

"The others will, when they read their papers, McCoy. It'll be in them tomorrow, won't it? The blond nurse—they'll call me that in the headlines. And they'll look at my picture and smile at each other, thinking of the boy friend. Thinking—"

"Not everybody," McCoy said. "Not me. Don't I count?"

HER voice shook slightly, despite the way she tried to control it:

"Yes. I think you do, McCoy. Now, more than anyone. I tried to help the others—I even tried to help Monahan. Because I've got to help, McCoy—it's the only thing that will save me now. If I had stayed with Joel last night, if I hadn't gone out—nothing would have happened. That's the thing I can't forget."

"You'd have gone out some night. They'd have waited."

"Yes." She closed her eyes and leaned her head back on her arm. "But—oh, I'm quiet inside now. You did that; I don't know how. I could talk to you here. I could— Would you let me do that, McCoy?"

"You're a queer kid," he said, looking down at her gravely. "Talk if you want. How about a cigarette? Sometimes they help."

She took a cigarette, and his matches, and her fingers worked on the cover, folding it over, crease on crease, as she spoke. Behind her lids she saw the man in the chauffeur's cap again, his dark narrow face half turned to her in the car. Twenty-five, she said. Not very tall. Slim. Black hair. A flat voice—he might have been disguising it. There was nothing else about him she remembered.

"It isn't much," McCoy told her, rubbing a thoughtful knuckle under his chin. "But we know a couple of things—that he had the layout of the house down pat—you and the Hansens and Mr. Bannister. After eleven, when the Hansens expected you back, he knew they wouldn't look in on the boy. All they had to do was get you out of the way—then they had all night to pull off the job."

"But if they knew all that, McCoy—how did they find it out?"

"Easy enough. Say one of them got friendly with a maid in the block—they'd pick up plenty of dope that way. Everything they needed. Safe enough too. Now the girl would be too scared to talk."

"Yes," she said. "Monahan thought so too. Only I was the girl."

"MONAHAN." He snapped the last of his pebbles across the rail. "Forget him. That guy—" The look in his eyes finished the sentence. "What about the car? You remember anything at all about that?"

At first she didn't. Black; four doors; nothing else. He was silent there; no questions came. When she looked up at him he was staring out across the water. She said slowly, the silence, the cool air, deepening about her:

"That's all. The dashboard was lit dimly. There was something round, not a clock, just right of the steering wheel. There was a little bulge in the seat beside me—an arm rest, I think, that had been pushed back."

"An arm rest—not many cars got them," he said. "And that something round—that would be the speedometer. I know only one car that has it right of the steering wheel. That's the Stevens. And they got an arm rest too, in their four-door jobs."

"That's something, McCoy. If we know it was a Stevens—"

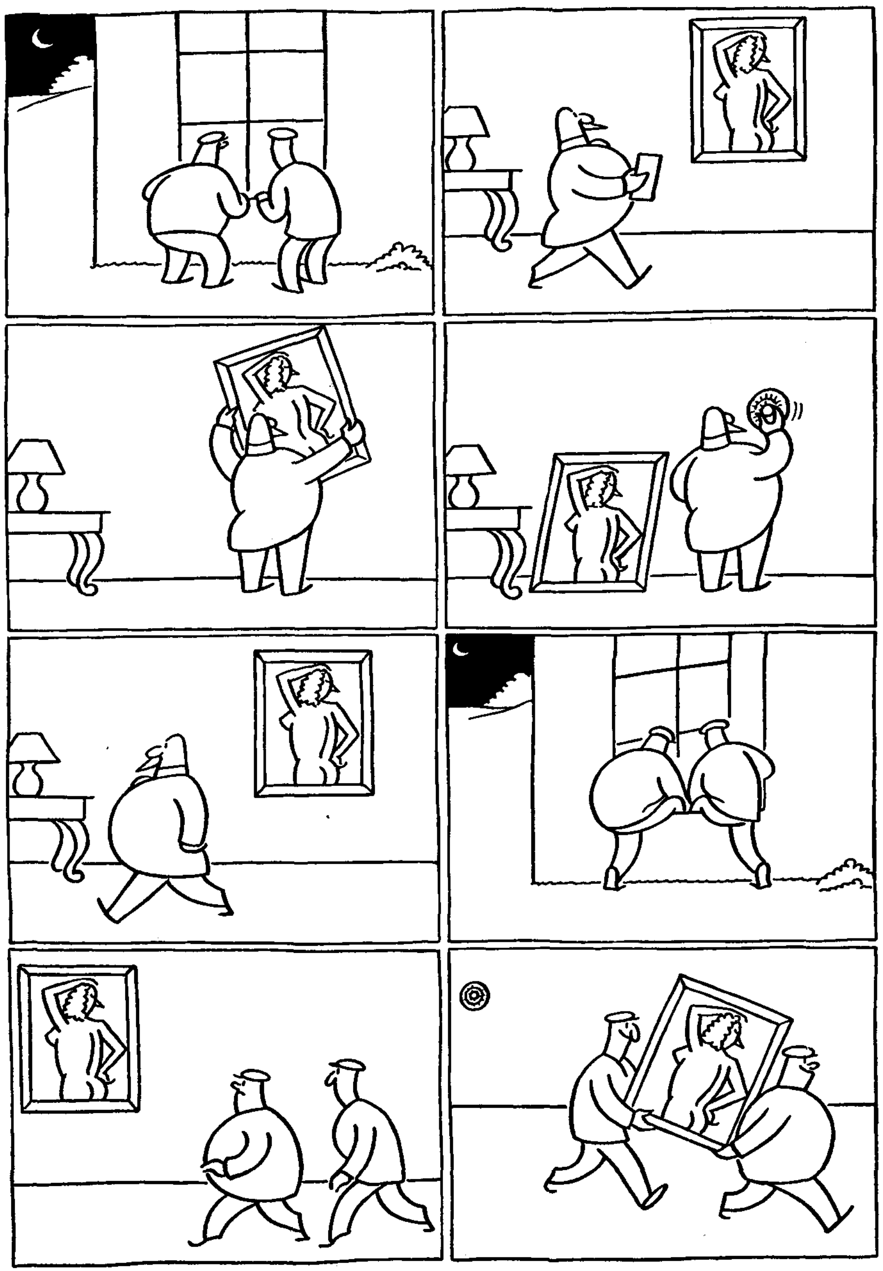
"Yeah." He grinned wryly at her. "We narrow it down right off to ten or twelve thousand cars. At that it's a lead."

He took out his cigarettes again and reached for the matches she still held. The cover was ruined then; she had crumpled it back in thin, exact folds.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I do that all the time. Whenever—"

She stopped so suddenly that McCoy's gray eyes narrowed at her across the match flame.

"I did it last night, McCoy—in that car, with a bit of paper I found in the crack behind the seat cushion. I was



OTTO SOGLOW

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● *Actual color photograph—Otis Rucker inspects a fine, light tobacco leaf, before aging.*

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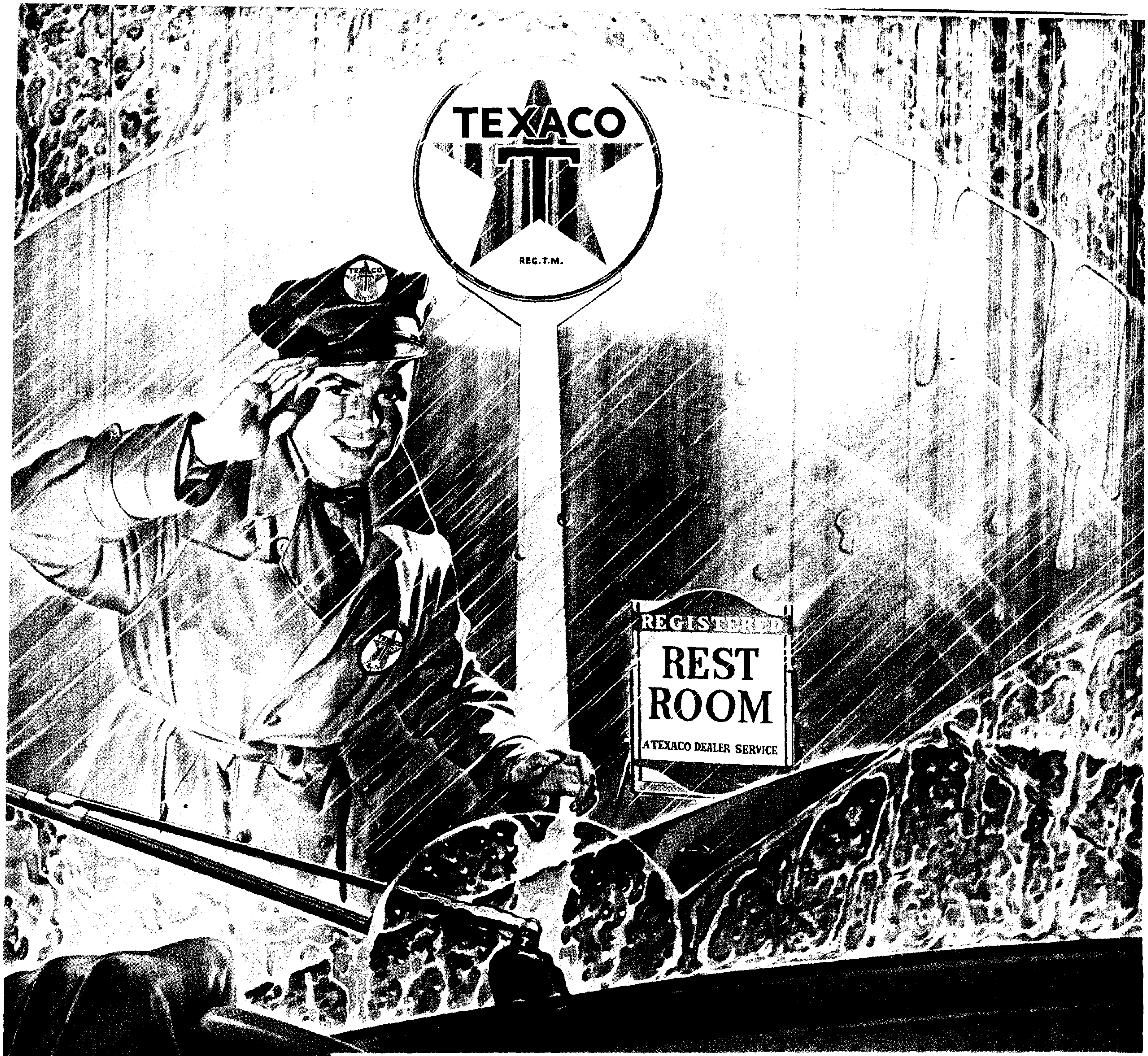
LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE



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"Here it is!"

JOHN GROTH

doing it when he told me to get out. I'd forgotten it till now. I never thought—"

Stiff-fingered, she groped in the pocket of her jacket, the jacket she had worn last night. But it was empty. Nothing at all. A compact in the other pocket; a wisp of handkerchief; a bit of stiff gray paper, last of all, pleated in tiny folds like the match cover.

McCoy flared a match over it. She saw black letters spring out: "Sam's Reliable Parking Place, North and Jefferson. Two hours 25c. All day—"

"Don't get excited," McCoy said. "It mightn't be his, understand; some guy might have dropped it there. But if you felt like taking a little ride—"

He had his own car a half block away—a cheap coupé that rattled them across town in ten minutes. The parking lot was on the corner, with only a few cars on it now, and one dim light shining in the wooden shack beside the entrance. When McCoy drew up there and honked, a huge black man ambled out through the doorway.

"There's a guy comes in here," McCoy said, "driving a Stevens—the big four-door job. He's a guy my age—skinny, dark-haired. I want to find him."

For a moment big, solemn eyes blinked at them.

"A Stevens, boss? There's a lot of folks drive that car. I wouldn't—"

PAULA spoke, the slim figure vivid in her mind. Last night even the uniform had been dapper on him; in the daytime then, in his own clothes—

"He's a small man," she said. "I think he'd dress very well. He wouldn't be higher than your shoulder."

The black man scratched his head. "That one," he said, "that one, ma'am—he come in here two, three times a week, if he's the one I think. I take care of him, but I dunno him. Not his name."

"The license plates," McCoy broke in. "You notice them?"

"Not the numbers. We got no call to mark them down."

McCoy murmured something softly. No, Paula thought, it wouldn't happen as simply as this. Not—

"I see him," the black man said, pointing with one hand down the street, "in that diner sometimes late—drinkin' coffee there when I'm goin' home. I dunno about tonight; I ain't been down there yet. Ten minutes to my quittin' time."

She looked at her watch. Ten to twelve. McCoy grunted, "Thanks," and drove on half a block to the diner, a narrow, spotless affair bedded in glittering tile. There were only four cars parked outside it: a roadster, two cabs, a battered yellow coupé.

"No Stevens," McCoy said, parking behind them. "But I guess he'd ditch that tonight. He'd want to play safe. I'd say he'd come back here, to a joint where they knew him by face, if not by name. They'd never look at him twice here, and that's just what he wants. It's a chance, all right; but it's a chance that's got sense to it. He'd show up about now, the same time as usual. He wouldn't change anything at all."

She got out with him. Then she stopped and whimpered like a child, "I can't go in, McCoy. If I saw him—"

"If you did," McCoy said, very quietly, "we'd have the boy back in an hour."

She walked beside him, the muscles in her thighs jumping and quivering; she went in with him, down the long counter, past the booths. His hand on her arm held all her strength; McCoy, McCoy, McCoy, echoed over and over in her head.

There were five strangers at the counter, three others in the booths. When they were sure of that McCoy looked down at her white face.

"Go out to the car," he said gently. "I'm a clown to put you through this. I'll call the precinct now; they'll have men here, and at the parking station, from now on. I guess it's what I should have done before we started."

She obeyed numbly, looking back at him from the door. The phone booth was in the corner, behind the tables; through the glass upper half of it she could see his face tilted impatiently upward as he spoke. A long face, bony, solid, real. She thought, "He believed me; he made me a human being again. McCoy—"

She went out to the street, toward his coupé, toward a man in a gray hat and a natty gray topcoat who was just coming around from behind it. He didn't have the chauffeur's cap on tonight, but she didn't need that; she seemed to know him before she saw his face. When he saw her he stopped quickly, his hands moving down, his eyes racing to the diner window.

FOR a moment she stood frozen, her throat a rigid muscle through which no sound could force itself. Collins only needed that moment. In it he swung her around before him, his left arm across her waist, his right hand clamped over her mouth.

"Don't move," he breathed savagely, against her ear. "Don't try to squawk. Who told you I came here? Who's with you?"

There was no way then to warn McCoy. She thought of him, coming out in a moment, carelessly perhaps, no alertness in him. Her head shook once under the numbing pressure of the man's fingers. No one, she wanted to say; no one is with me.

He did not try to understand her. Clumsily, her body held like a shield across his own, he drew her back from the diner entrance. There was another car, his car, behind McCoy's now, a foot or two away from the curb, its motor still running. It was a dark roadster five or six years old—not the Stevens. McCoy had been right about that too—snub-nosed and powerful-looking in the length of its hood. One of its head lamps glared with light, while the other stared out blankly, like a dead white eye.

When they had reached the door his arm eased away from her waist. "I got a gun," he told her, in that hurried, deadly whisper. "I'll use it if you yell. Get in there—get in fast. Keep quiet and you won't get hurt."

In a moment he had forced her in before him, jackknifing his own small bulk behind the steering wheel instantly after. One hand jammed up the gear lever into reverse; the other wobbled an automatic at her across his thighs. They veered back fast to clear McCoy's coupé, then stopped, jerked and rocketed ahead; in a flash of time they were past the diner; the last thing she saw there was McCoy coming briskly down the three steps from the door.

A block on, against a red light, they roared into the boulevard, the river beside them now, the black bulky mass of Edison Park spreading away on their left. Watching the rear-view mirror, he drove very fast—so fast that she had a sudden wild hope of McCoy. Had he caught a glimpse of them when they passed? Did he follow them now in the coupé?

They rounded a turn, swaying over with the rush of their speed. There, before them, a narrow road shot off from the boulevard into the leafy darkness of the park. With a whine of brakes the roadster slanted toward that, until, in the crazy wobble of their single headlight, she saw the wooden trestle that barred it twenty feet in, and the truck, the heaped-up mounds of earth, that loomed ponderous and solid at its back. Collins saw the trestle too, just in time. They swung right again with a squeal of rubber, back to the wider road, straightened out and picked up speed once more.

She knew what the trestle meant. With the river on their right, they'd have to go all the way around the park now. The thought of McCoy would not down in her mind. Could he catch them on the straightaway in his little coupé? And even if he did—

Collins gave a satisfied grunt and took his eyes away from the mirror. "You've been smart," he said, the gun still pointed toward her. "Don't spoil it now. Don't try anything."

As he spoke his foot let up on the gas pedal, easing off the harsh, incessant whine of the motor into a steady purr. She understood why he had slowed the pace. There was no one behind them now. The car that had worried him must have turned off or stopped—sweethearts, she thought, parking on that dark road clear of traffic. McCoy back there still at the diner, looking for her, thinking—

She knew what he would be thinking—McCoy, the only one who had believed her. She did not open her eyes for a long time, not all the way around the great concrete road coiled like a hoop about the park. Not until they were past the last park exit, and had reached a straggling row of suburban houses.

There were no street lights here, no lamps shining from the curtained windows; the only car she saw was far ahead, a twin red blur of taillights. Collins followed it for half a mile, not drawing up on it, and slowing just beyond a crossroad. He turned in then, onto an overgrown driveway beside a small frame house that showed no glimpse of light. The single headlight clicked off; they rolled on gently into a wall of black that would be the yard.

THEY stopped. He got out before her, still holding the gun. Silently they went up wooden steps, through a door he unlocked, into a kitchen. Then through another doorway to a room lit dimly by an oil lamp, with a table in it, and a chair, and a cot by the wall.

Joel was on the cot, a small figure turning restlessly under the heavy coat thrown across it. She had him in her arms, the coat still wrapped around him, before she saw the other man in the room—a man older than Collins, taller, with a flabby unshaven face and a felt hat pulled down to his brows. For a moment Collins spoke to him in hurried, low tones by the door; while he did, the flabby man, thumbs hooked in his belt, stared at her across the shadowy room.

"She wasn't alone," he said. "She's

lying to you." He pushed Collins aside and came around the table, into the faint glow of the lamp. His eyes were gray and cold, a blurred color paler than the stubble of beard that covered his cheeks.

"There was somebody with you," he said. "A cop, wasn't he? Somebody that followed you here?"

"Yes," she said. Could she frighten them? "Yes, there was. He knows where you are. He—"

"Does he?" the flabby man asked. "Does he, sister? Then figure out something in your head—figure out what's going to happen to you and the kid the minute he shows his nose."

Collins moved jerkily behind him.

"Ben," he said. "Listen, Ben—nobody followed us. I watched out for that in the mirror—"

THERE was a sound outside, a faint, thin wail. When it came Collins swung around, his right arm, outthrust and rigid, knocking over the chair by his side.

"If you make another sound I'll kill you," the flabby man said. He had not moved at all. His voice was venomous: "It's the kid next door yelling for his bottle. Did you call up Bannister? Did you find out when he'd have the money?"

"He's got it now, Ben. It's all set—he told me that."

"I got clothes upstairs," Ben said. "Get them together. Your stuff too. Don't miss anything. We'll pull out of here now before you got every stinking cop in the city on our heads. Go on."

"Yes," Collins said. "Yes, Ben." He slipped out quickly, while the flabby man went over to the shade and raised it an inch from the sill. Paula could see through it too—a lighted window next door, beyond it a corner of a kitchen, a woman there in a dressing gown, yawning, heating a bottle at the stove.

Joel whimpered sleepily into her shoulder, as if the wailing across there had roused him.

The flabby man was watching her, his eyes half lidded. "After we got the money," he said, "you and the kid'll be home in an hour."

She knew he was lying; what McCoy had said came back to her. Joel was safe, because he was too young to remember them. She—

Her thoughts went no further. She did not seem to matter now; all she felt was the small body in her arms. There were quick steps on the stairs, and Collins looked in from the kitchen.

"I got it, Ben—everything."

"Okay," Ben said. "Get out to the car and start it up. We'll be with you as soon as we hear the motor."

The blurred gray eyes never moved from her face. She had a sudden quiet thought while they watched her: would McCoy ever know? Or would he think the things the others would, that she had known the men here all the time, that she had slipped off to be with them, that they had killed her to be safe? She knew now the flabby man would kill her. He would take no chances. In the way he watched her there was no more pretense.

Next door the baby had stopped crying; it had the milk now. And the mother held it as she held Joel, smiling at it, feeling it rosy and warm in her arms. So near—so far away!

The starter ground outside. At the sound the flabby man hitched up his belt, so that briefly, against the cloth tight pressed across his thigh, she saw the bulge of his gun. She whispered in a very clear voice, "Don't hurt Joel. When you kill me—"

The flabby man looked away from her; he was not all iron. "Come on," he said, turning out the lamp, fading away from before her in the thick upward rush of the shadows. He allowed her to hold the child; he would not kill her in this room, where people might hear. Somewhere else—a quiet road out in the hills. And McCoy—had she thought once that McCoy could never fail her?—McCoy would look down at her tomorrow, his eyes perhaps narrowed a bit, his mouth very straight. Monahan might nudge him. "Didn't I tell you how it was?" Monahan would ask him. "Don't I know her kind? Didn't I try to show you—"

"Out here," Ben said. "Quiet, sister."

She went by him into the kitchen, a thinner darkness there, a vague shape that would be Collins coming in from the steps. Something glittered in his hand—a gun. Was it Collins who would do it, here, before they left? The sight of him touched her as something wrong, an obscure surprise. Wait, she tried to say. I've got the boy here. Take him first. Wait—

He didn't wait! The ragged sound he made breathing came to her across the room. Then, for the first time in her life, she heard a gun—a flat report, not loud at all. She felt nothing. Joel was still in her arms. But it didn't hurt at first. You never—

There was a crash behind her. She looked back and saw the flabby man on his knees, beating a shattered arm against the door. His gun was on the floor at her feet, shining there; she kicked it away as he reached for it. In the darkness McCoy's face, distorted, took shape beside her, his arm caught her shoulders.

"Here," McCoy said, in a voice not half so easy as he tried to make it. "Here now—you didn't think you'd gone and lost me?"

She swayed against him, big, bulky, solid, more comforting in the dimness than an army with lights. There was nothing much else that she remembered for a while.

LATER—much later—she said good night to him at Bannister's. He had told her how it had been then—how they'd only started to rip up the park road back there at the Y, and how he'd knocked over the trestle and ruined a couple of hundred yards of city grass getting past the mess. It had been all right after that, though—he'd saved two miles through the park and come out ahead of them.

"He had only one headlight," he said. "Maybe you noticed that. I rolled along at five miles an hour till I saw it pop up in my mirror. Then I pushed on ahead of him—it was the only thing I could do. He'd never suspect anybody ahead of him, and if I'd tried to make a race of it he'd have lost my car in two miles. I kept him in sight till he turned in, and then I swung around and drove back. I was wrong on the house, though—that's what kept me so long. I didn't get it right till the little guy came out and started the motor. I slugged him in the yard—nice and quiet I guess. Then I started in and met you and the other bird. He didn't spot me right off; he must have thought at first that I was his pal."

"Didn't I?" she asked, her breath catching in her throat. "But when you spoke, McCoy—when I saw your face—oh, I seemed to have known somehow, all the time, that you'd be with me in the end. It seemed then that you'd been with me all my life."

He didn't say the obvious thing he could have said; from the walk below her, grinning faintly, he just gave her the sober wink again. She watched him get into the little coupé; she wasn't worried. She knew already, the way a girl always knew, that he'd be coming back.

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Oil City, Pennsylvania

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

flights; down to Argentina, Colombia and Brazil without even a minor mishap.

We now have a program of 500 bombers a month, a great many of them four-engined, and where are we going to get 10-year, 2,000-hour airmen to fly them? Well, we just aren't, so that is why the boys who used to sulk in their quarters on rainy days are the happiest in the Air Corps. All they need is 500 hours, a year and a half of continuous duty as an active-rated pilot, and the qualification of principal pilot of a multiengined bombardment-type airplane. To insure a steady flow of multiengined bomber pilots, 14 new Army schools giving instruction in twin-engined ships have been established.

PILOTS heretofore have had no way of knowing the amount of ice they were carrying at night except to estimate it by what was on the windshield. Now lights are being installed in the engine nacelles to illuminate the leading edges of the wings for ice inspection by both pilot and copilot. This will help until an indicator is developed to tell the pilot not only the amount of ice he's toting, but, more important, the rate at which it is piling up.

AIRLINE travel is superdeluxe and it costs the companies a lot of money to provide passenger comfort and convenience in the form of hostesses and stewards, linen and food, and other little touches which mount up. Obviously these are reflected somewhere in the price of the ticket. Without all these trimmings, and with an airplane of less luxurious equipment than our current ships, there seems to be a possibility of a new type of service being developed for an entirely new public market. However, it is still in the talk stage.

AS ARMY and Navy pilots grow older and obtain higher rank, they change little—oh, the fuselage is thicker and the take-off and high speed are reduced. But mentally, those who continue to fly as they did when young lieutenants are still the same. You see, flying day after day with your tactical organization is like the colonel doing the manual of arms with his troops—he never loses touch.

Even when General Arnold and Admiral Towers, Chief of Naval Aviation, are at the controls of their own planes, they receive no more consideration than that 35-hour civilian pilot putt-putting along, or that young ensign or lieutenant in a single-seater. In fact, enlisted men give them permission to get in the air—first at the weather desk and second from the control tower. And when those enlisted men say they can't take off or land just that minute, their word is final.

There's a difference in rank between the young and old in the air services for organizational purposes. Beyond that, they're all birds of a feather.

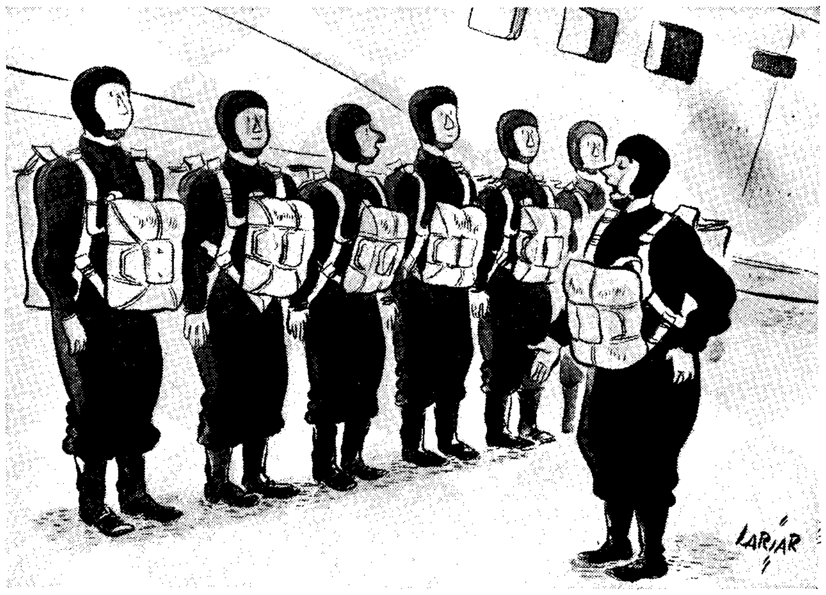
EVER been in an airplane when the rain came down in torrents? Ever worry? Well, our research experts of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics have, but from an entirely different viewpoint—the possible effect of an increase in drag and weight on the modern airliner sufficient to force it down or even to interfere seriously with its normal flight. So they made studies and have concluded that it is "highly unlikely" for an airplane to be forced down from moderate altitudes by the effects of heavy rain on the aerodynamic performance of the airplane.

Next time, let it rain and forget it!

THE government has begun negotiations with a certain West Coast glider manufacturer for the design of troop-carrying gliders to be towed by Air Corps planes.

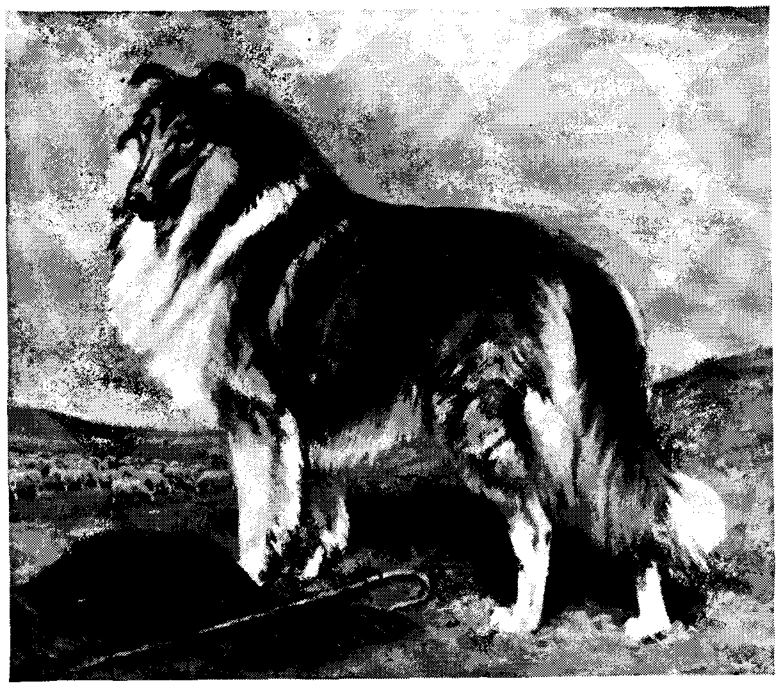
TO GO after more performance in an airplane usually costs something, assuming, of course, that the ship is so aerodynamically perfect that there are no built-in headwinds or other useless things to eliminate. There is one way of getting something pretty much for nothing—moving your best performance at your best altitude up another thousand feet or two, which is what everybody wants—all through the design and location of the carburetor air intake. You've seen these pipes sticking up out of engines, some crude, some highly streamlined. Well, by careful design and placement of this air scoop in the slip stream, the air can be rammed down into the carburetor at a much higher pressure so you can operate at higher altitude without sacrificing power. This might help to clear up that double-talk you overheard when the man said he got 2,000 feet of ram out of his new scoop.

F. R. N.



"And remember, if at first you don't succeed, never mind"

LAWRENCE LARIAR



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Yankee Wings in Britain

Continued from page 13

machine tools in his factory, he himself can do the job done by every one of his employees. I told him I'd like to walk around the plant. "Sure," he said cheerily, "I'll go around with you."

Being a reporter is sometimes very hard on the feet, but the walk was well worth it and, for an American, an exciting experience. There is a certain glamor and a tenseness about a wartime factory that is lacking in the ordinary peacetime commercial plant. At present only the Flying Fortresses and the larger bombers are flown from America. The fighting planes and dive bombers are crated and shipped across. One of the marvels of the industrial age—according to the factory boss—is the way the packing is done back in Buffalo or Long Island or California.

"Airplanes have been coming here for nearly a year," the boss explained, "and we haven't had one case of damage through faulty packing. When we unpack the airplanes we find a very good use for the crates."

He led me through the barracks where men who are on duty twenty-four hours a day do their sleeping. They were neat, long barracks, looking a bit self-conscious in their camouflage war paint. They could sleep five hundred and in addition there was a recreation room.

"All made from the crates sent over from America," the boss explained. "Wood is none too plentiful. We don't believe in waste around here. Anything that comes from America is too precious not to use." As we walked out of the barracks a sudden roar broke the silence of the quiet summer day. Instinctively I looked up and prepared to duck. But these weren't Jerry bombers. Two hundred yards away were four "test beds." In them four Allison motors were being tested. The throaty roar of them filled the air.

The Allison, which is made in Indianapolis, goes into the Tomahawk, the Lockheed fighter and the Bell Airacobra. They arrive almost entirely assembled. Then they are put in the "test bed" for an hour. American engine experts listen to the sound of these giants and adjust them to top-notch performance.

These Motors Stand Up

"It is seldom we find anything wrong with them," the boss man explained. "Come into this shed and I'll show you something interesting."

Hundreds of machine parts were lined up on a large working bench. Two men were inspecting the various parts and testing them on strange-looking machines.

"This is an Allison motor," the boss explained. "It has just flown one hundred and thirty hours. We have taken it entirely apart in an effort to discover if it had any structural weakness."

"Did you find any?"

One of the mechanics waved toward the bench. "Look for yourself. We're just cleaning it all up and then putting it back together. In a few days it'll be ready to fly an airplane."

The next shop we visited looked like a university laboratory. Motors were mounted on heavy wooden platforms. In addition to Allisons there were the Pratt & Whitney motor from East Hartford, Conn., and the Wright Cyclone with Paterson, New Jersey, on its rump. There was a blackboard at the end of the room. "This is our school for ground crews," the factory manager said; he was obviously proud of this shed. "All motors are more or less fundamentally alike but all have minor and a few have major differences. Each week we bring a hundred or so men from combat airports. They are the mechanics who take care of the airplanes. They do all minor repairs right there at their front-line airdromes. Often they have to work in the dark. It is essential that they know every bit of every motor so they can almost repair them by a touch system. After a week here they know just about all there is to be known about these motors. We have American technical experts here to help train our instructors. Those Americans know their motors. I wish we had twice as many of them here but I suppose with stepped-up production they are needed at home."

We walked into the largest shed of all, a huge, low-ceilinged wooden factory. War production factories are built as close to the ground as possible. High buildings throw shadows, which stand out sharply from the air. That's why so many cathedrals in England have been hit. From the air only a large shadow can be seen and the German bomber, thinking he has found a big factory, lets go. England can spare cathedrals more than she can factories so there has been no indignation in regard to the bombing of even the most venerable church edifices. This implies no disrespect. It is merely common sense. "Every time an American aircraft is shot down over England," the boss explained, "it is sent to us here. No matter how badly damaged it is we always manage to salvage some parts."

805
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Gregory d'Alessio

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

The wrecks of a dozen airplanes lay disconsolately on the factory floor. Ugly, gaping holes in the fuselages; broken wings and drooping rudders; broken noses and smashed undercarriages—everything was inspected, tested and, if found to be in good working order, brought to the other end of this remarkable industrial hospital. At this end a dozen slightly wounded airplanes rested. They needed a few new parts which had been shot away. One big Douglas Havoc had sixty bullet holes in its fuselage and its cowling was badly dented. Just under the "greenhouse," where the pilot lives, there were painted eight small black swastikas; evidence that this proud airplane had done valiant service for Britain.

"With parts salvaged from those wrecks we'll have this airplane in the air by tomorrow and she'll be fighting the day after," he explained.

A third large shed told its own interesting story.

Here were fifteen of the Douglas Havocs. They arrive in England equipped according to their specifications as day fighters. However, the Havoc has had such a success as a night marauder that most of them are immediately modified for night use. In all sixty-five modifications, none major, are necessary. These changes nearly all come in the hush-hush category. Typical of the changes which must be made is the one very obvious one—the airplane must be blacked out, flame dampeners are put over the exhaust pipes. The Havocs are painted black and so successfully are they blacked-out that ten seconds after one takes off you lose all sight of it even on a fairly light night. I have seen this at night-fighter airdromes.

The Havoc arrives at this factory looking rather gay in its day camouflage—it leaves looking sinister in its black paint. When modifications are made, the night-fighter Havoc is one of the best armed fighter airplanes in the world. No German plane, no matter how heavily armored, can stand up for a moment against the firing power of this flying arsenal.

Another low building housed the machine shop. After 240 flying hours a motor is given a major overhaul. Five hundred men and women were working here, and I mean working. They worked with a strange intentness. These were no careless workers just going through the motions of their job. They were performing delicate mechanical duties and it was evident they took their duties seriously.

"They don't look as if they make many mistakes," I said to the boss.

He pointed grimly to a large sign that hung from a wall. It read in big block letters: "Faulty work or a covered-up mistake may cost a brave man his life."

"Until eight months ago," the boss chuckled, "these fellows were garage mechanics who had never seen anything more than a hundred-horsepower motor. We trained them and now they know their way around the biggest and best motors we have.

The girls? Some were secretaries, some shopgirls, some were—but let's ask one." A serious-looking blond girl was bending over an odd-looking machine. I noticed the stamp "Sioux City, Iowa," on it. Her quick, deft hands kept moving even as she talked to us. I asked her what she was doing and she looked pityingly at me.

"Grinding valves, of course," she snapped, "anybody can see that."

"How is that machine?"

"All American machine tools are good," she said proudly.

A Valve to Beat Hitler

She might have been a native of Sioux City instead of Leeds. She said that she had formerly worked in a silk-stocking factory.

Did she like this job better? "What do you think?" she said scornfully. "Every time I grind a valve I'm helping to beat Hitler. That's all I want to do. I once had a family in Leeds."

She bent over her machine again and we walked away. The airport outside was huge, one of the largest in England. It had to be large. Two-way traffic went on all day and all night. Airplanes came from America, stopped for a breathing spell and then went into combat. We watched ferry pilots taking off in Mohawks and Tomahawks and Havocs and Bostons and, dwarfing these, a Flying Fortress circled the field gracefully and set down as easily and lightly as a gull lighting on a bit of driftwood. The crew climbed down and stretched themselves. The chief pilot, a Canadian, came over and shook hands with the factory manager. "I brought you some newspapers," he said, handing him a bundle. The boss opened the bundle and handed me a paper. It was a Montreal newspaper. "But this is yesterday's paper," I said, amazed. "That's right," the boss laughed. "Where did you think that airplane came from—Vichy?"

I opened the paper and saw that the Brooklyn Dodgers were a game and a half out of first place.

The pilot of the big airplane and I talked about baseball and it didn't seem a bit incongruous to stand there talking baseball, surrounded by American airplanes flanked by big factories filled with American machinery. Except that the pilot was a fool. He actually tried to convince me that Cincinnati would beat out my Dodgers for the pennant.

Three Loves Has She

Continued from page 16

cousin Cleo and Gramps. Gramps is her mother's father and hence her grandfather and she calls him Dad and backs him in his hobbies. She also backed brother Fred in a roller rink. To keep the place going, she bought tickets for all her friends and sent them down. The instructions were that Fred was never to be told the truth. But the auditors soon told Lucille the truth.

"The joint was broke," says Lucille, still a bit bewildered. "The only money it was taking in was what I was sending in."

On another occasion she took up tennis with Ginger Rogers, paid the instructor for ten lessons, took only two of them and quit. Two years later the instructor came around to the studio and said he was in great trouble. Lucille wept a few sympathetic tears and handed out $500, hoping the gentleman wouldn't feel insulted.

Once on a personal-appearance tour in Buffalo a lady made out a horoscope for Lucille and refused to take payment for it. A year later she turned up in Hollywood and Lucille immediately adopted her, bought a chicken farm and installed her.

When she wasn't picking up waifs, she was acquiring stray dogs that wandered into her life. On the theory that good dogs always had friends, she specialized on mutts, invariably having a couple of horrible samples around the house.

"Not much on looks," Lucille used to admit, "but look at that sad and beautiful face."

Lucy Makes the Grade

In the meantime she was getting forward with her career, doing a good stint in Stage Door, getting another type of fame in Dance, Girl, Dance and then really wowing the boys with her job in A Guy, a Girl and a Gob. That took her into Look Who's Talking, where she has been fighting for her life against such scene stealers as Charlie McCarthy and Fibber McGee and Molly. Her next, the most exciting for an ex-chorus lady, is to be with Charles Laughton in Through the Thin Wall. In brief, the kid is making the grade and the future looks all right.

With that settled she has been busily making a home for Desi, the Cuban flash who made his first American success in Too Many Girls and is now being primed for important musical roles at RKO. For her honeymoon Lucille accompanied Desi to Florida last winter where he was filling night-club engagements. They worried about that because it seemed pretty certain that she would be in Hollywood and he would spend most of his time with his band on tour—but the RKO contract for Arnaz solved that.

But with all her adoration she also has her sense of balance about Desi, as was proved on a trip to northern Michigan last winter. M. Arnaz, as an amateur photographer, was snapping everything in sight. When Lucille was going through the finished product, she pulled out one scene of a lake surrounded by a sad line of trees and said:

"That's my Desi. Tops in everything. There is the *dullest* picture ever taken by a citizen of this continent!"

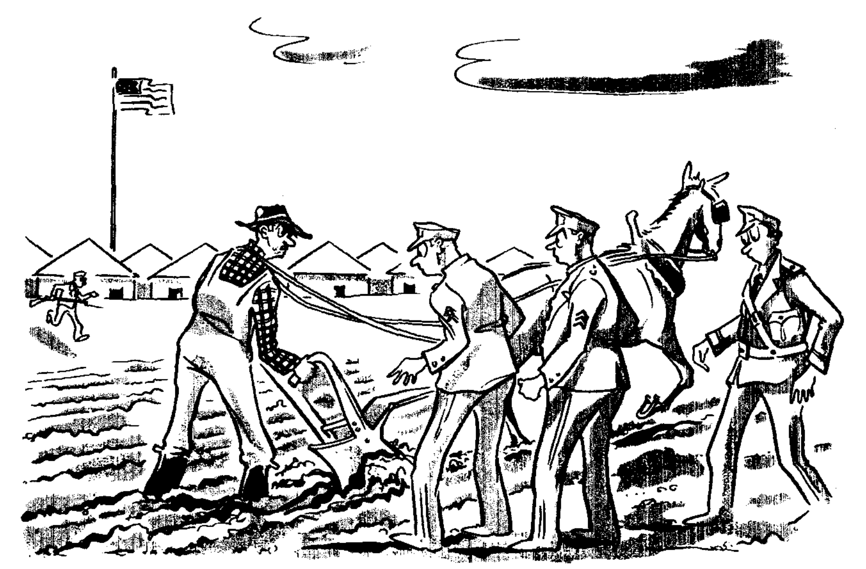
They were spending the spring hunting for a house, finally deciding on a four-acre farm in San Fernando Valley and running around in amazement at the thought that anything like that could happen to them. For their housewarming present, they made everybody bring a tree. When it came to stocking the ranch with chickens, Lucille ended up by buying a hundred of the finest instead of the dozen she wanted.

She has been bolstering up her confidence lately by insisting that she is a great comedienne and the fact that she had achieved stardom after a pretty hard climb gave her a sense of importance, but her maid Harriet brought a degree of balance into the proposition by a remark made during one of Lucille's personal-appearance tours. She had arrived in town just before the show went on, had little time to rehearse and enjoyed the services of the house manager acting for the first time as a master of ceremonies. He had killed a couple of good gags because he missed the timing, forgot his cues and suffered rather grievously from stage fright. Lucille came into the wings boiling mad.

Miss Ball was bristling all over like a wet hen, taking her own nervousness and fright out on him and mumbling under her breath about conditions in general, when Harriet threw her wrap over her shoulder and whispered in her ear:

"You know, Miss Ball, you loused it up a little, too."

This is what makes it so interesting in Hollywood when you fight your way up from the depths. Reverence? No reverence.



"A couple of your tanks cut across my cornfield and ruined it, so I figure we'll be about even after I plow up your parade ground!"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

"I lost my heart to a Railroad"
"Honestly, I never knew I could go so far, see so much, ride so restfully—and all for 2¢ a mile via New York Central!"
"I visited West Point—and danced with a cadet!"
"I gasped at the splendor of Niagara Falls"
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NEW YORK CENTRAL

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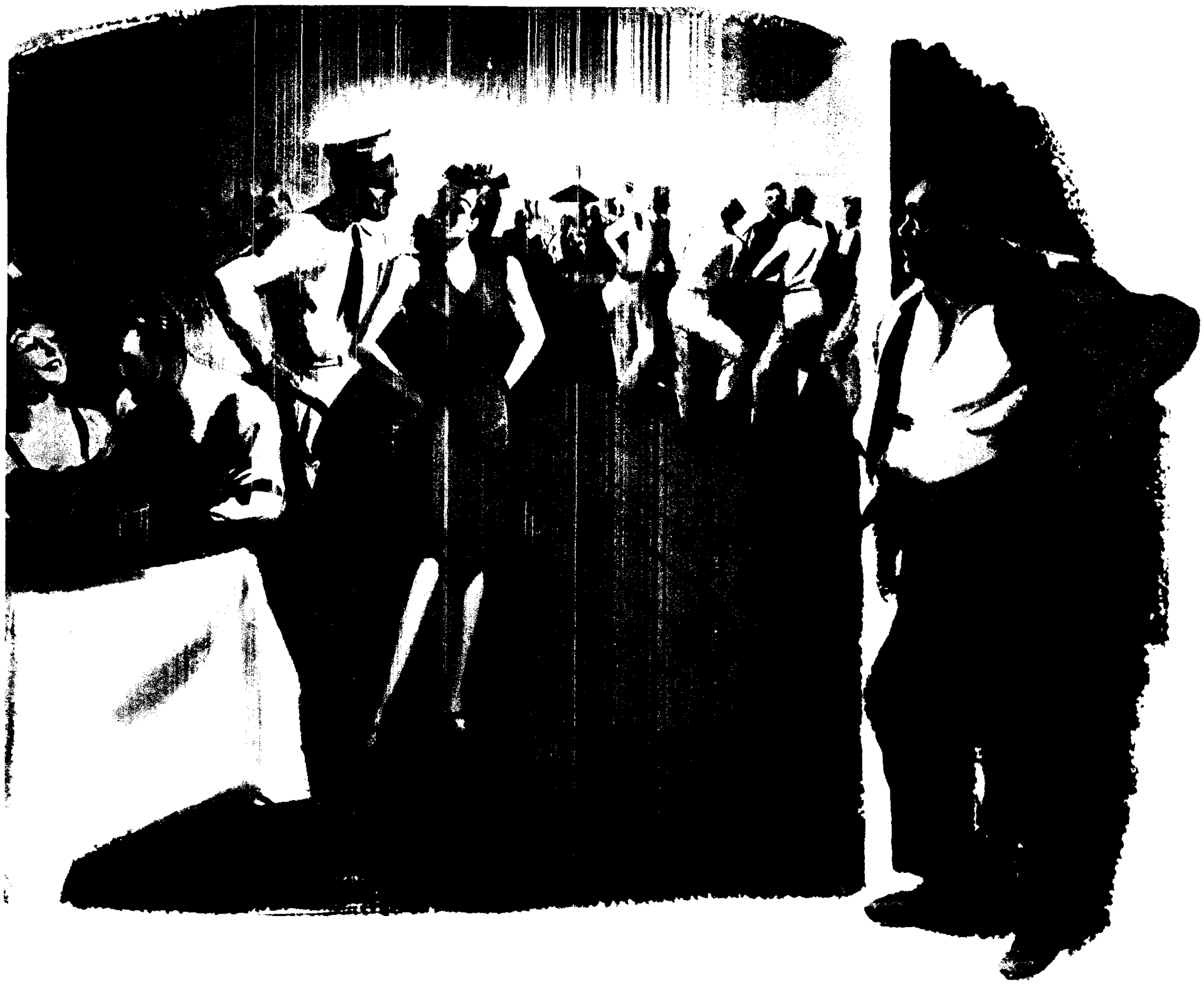


Soldiers and Sin

By Jim Marshall

[illegible] THERE ARE NO PHOTOGRAPHS [illegible] THIS ARTICLE

[illegible] expect this piece to be illustrated by photographs of [illegible] houses, bars, plug-uglies and soldiers. We [illegible] blithely enough by sending Staff Photographer [illegible] Thomas to Phenix City, Alabama. Military [illegible] to go with him to the joints and see that he [illegible] while making the shots. But at the last minute the Military [illegible] couldn't go. "Influence [illegible]

Later a medical [illegible] Thomas around in [illegible] entrance to the resorts [illegible] group outside a place [illegible] town thought Thomas [illegible] their dive for they [illegible] ahead and forced the [illegible] with guns drawn [illegible] demanded the camera [illegible] armed, drew their [illegible] out. The surprised [illegible]

Mr. Thomas [illegible] the Phenix City [illegible] Gramatky made the [illegible]

THIS piece gets pretty frank in spots. If you shock easily, better skip it. It is about our new Army and what is called "vice." It tries to tell the truth about what the soldier is up against, what the Army is doing about it, how civilians and their churches and organizations are helping. It answers, as well as it may, questions asked by mothers, fathers, other relatives and friends of boys in the service.

A good many headlines recently have announced that "vice is rampant" around Army posts. This is a reasonably meaningless phrase, because few people agree what vice is, and the dictionary gives eight meanings for "rampant." If the headline means there is prostitution, gambling and drinking going on near Army posts, it is correct. If it implies that most soldiers are drunken, immoral bums, it is untrue. If it leaves the impression that the folks in cities and towns near camps, or Army chiefs, are indifferent to conditions, that is untrue, too.

If you inquire around Washington Army circles as to where the worst conditions exist, chances are that Phenix City, Alabama, will be near the top of the list. So we will go down to Phenix and have a look at things as they are in fact, and not as gossip and rumor paint them.

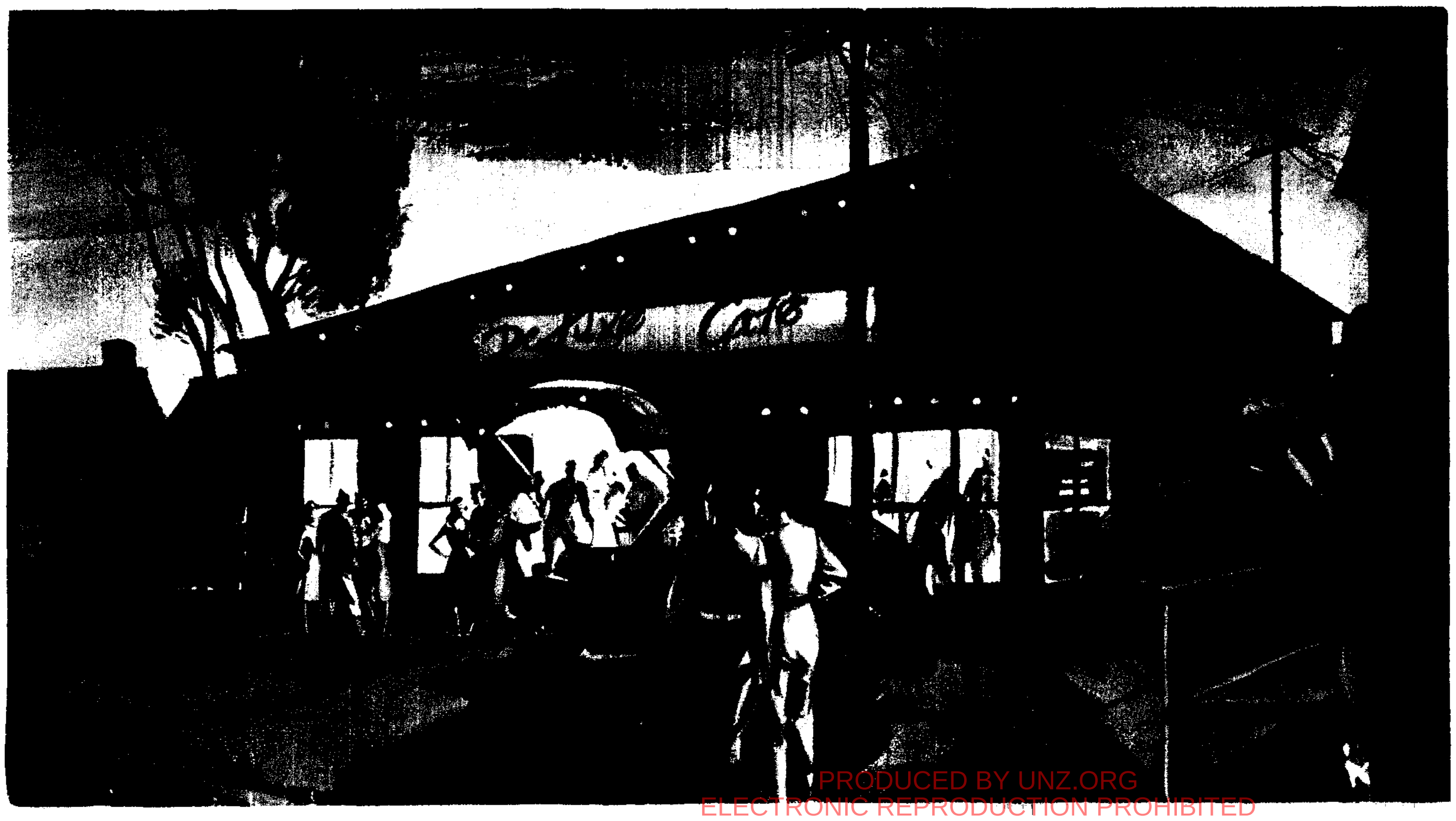
Near the western border of mid-Georgia is Fort Benning, a sprawling, fast-expanding Army post, part rolling hills and piney woods, part dusty plain where, a few months ago, were cotton fields and corn patches. Not long ago Fort Benning was mainly the Army's Infantry School, to which officers went for training. The school still operates, but fifty thousand recruits and draftees have poured in to make it a minor section of a vast camp—parachutists, tank gunners, mechanics, truck drivers, medical corps men, artillerymen, all the varied tradesmen of sudden death that a modern army must have.

Soldiers off duty always make for the nearest city to find what they want in the way of relaxation and amusement. From Benning the boys travel a dozen miles to two cities: Columbus, Georgia, and Phenix, Alabama. Columbus is in Muscogee County; Phenix is in Russell County, across the Chattahoochee River, which is the state line. In the two counties, including the cities, are perhaps a hundred thousand people—probably fewer. Perhaps 75,000 of these are whites.

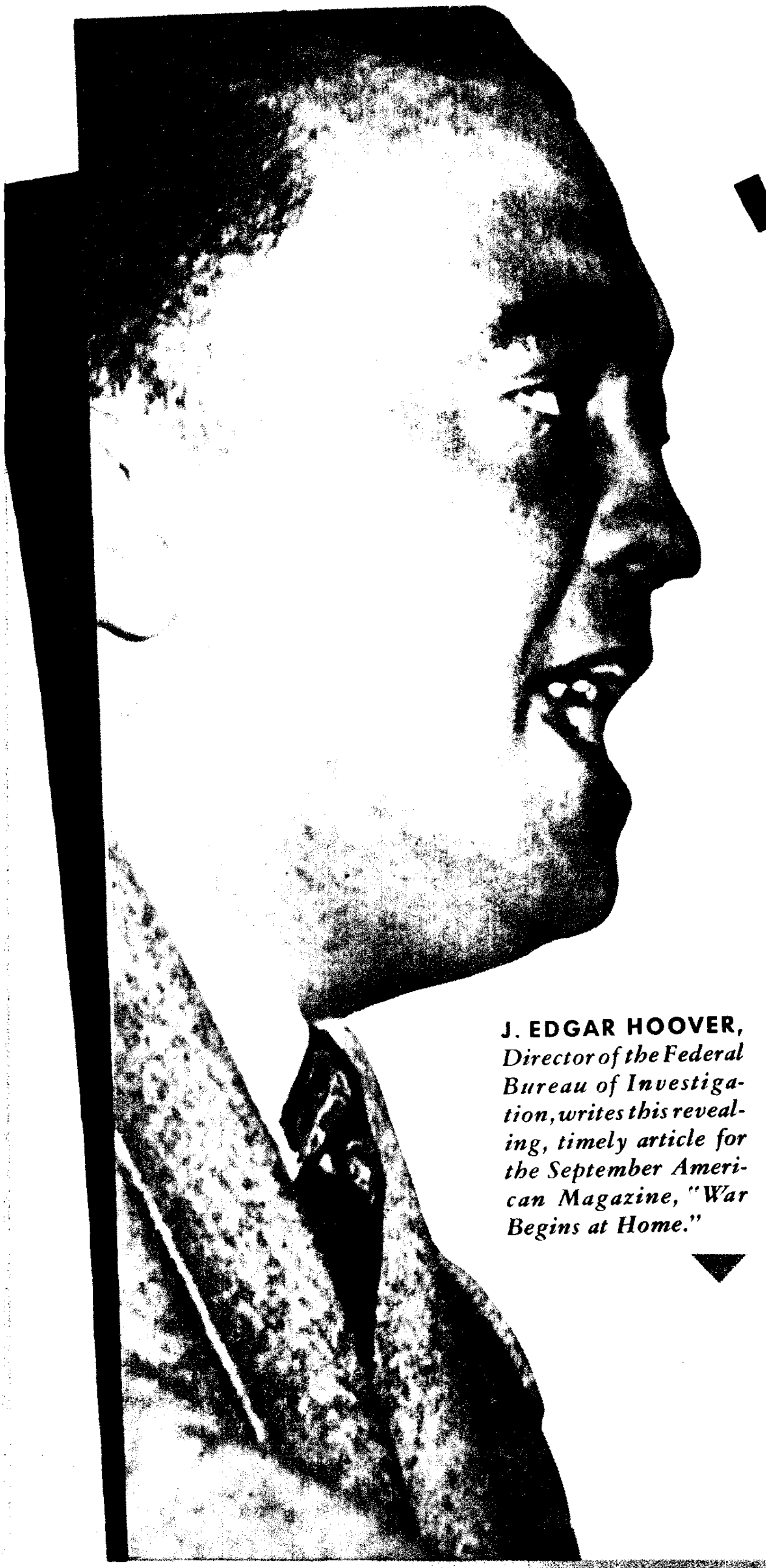
A year ago the amusement, sports and restaurant facilities of Columbus and Phenix were sufficient to take care of the population. Suddenly this population began to grow—fast and furiously. Rents went sky-high, and officers who had to pay them grew bitter about profiteering. The rank and file poured into town on pay nights and overwhelmed the place. All sorts of frictions developed. For instance, some few Northern soldiers, who knew no better, started friendships with colored girls and tried to take them into white theaters and restaurants. This offense to Southern convention didn't help—although Southern boys in the Army soon straightened out things, often a bit drastically. For a while there was not the best of feeling between Army and civilians—in fact, today, there are places where soldier trade is not particularly wanted.

Columbus is a bright, progressive cotton-mill city, with broad streets and good stores and a typical Southern atmosphere. It has a normal amount of political graft and inefficiency; although there is a law against serving drinks, you can walk in and be served openly right over the bar, with a cop strolling by outside. But there's nothing unique about that.

(Continued on page 56)



"WAR BEGINS at home"



J. EDGAR HOOVER, *Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, writes this revealing, timely article for the September American Magazine, "War Begins at Home."*

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IRON GLUE
AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENGTH

Kenai Guide

Continued from page 19

before them, beating its chest, Andy turned to his companion for approval. The photographer, evincing a sudden total lack of interest in the proceedings, had sunk down on the ground, his face bright green. "I got to go back to camp," he moaned. "I just swallowed my plug of tobacco."

On the other hand, Andy insists it is purely a coincidence that the sportsmen he guides invariably bring back such magnificent pelts. "All I do," he says, dragging soberly on his pipe, "is just find out where the bears are hibernating, and go up to their dens and turn 'em over two or three times during the winter, so's they won't wear out their fur sleeping on one side . . ."

Andy knows human nature, too. That's part of his job as a guide. He knows it back and forth, across and sideways and upside down. For nowhere is human nature more cussed human than after it has been bitten by a swarm of Kenai mosquitoes, or worn a blister inside its boots, or fallen into an icy glacial stream, or spent a night siwashing in the rain.

Jim Jeffries, for instance. Andy took him sheep hunting once, back in the days when he was heavyweight king; but Jim soon discovered that an Alaskan sheep trail is very different from a level training-camp track. He collapsed in the middle of the hunt, and refused to go any farther. Now, halfway up a bare mountainside, with a storm coming on, is no place to spend the night; but arguments and pleas were of no avail. Andy resorted to a desperate measure. "You big stuffed shirt," he howled suddenly at the heavyweight champion of the world, doubling his fists and dancing up and down, "you couldn't lick your upper lip." Jim rose with a roar like an angry bear. Andy shadowboxed nimbly up the trail just ahead of him, calling rich Scandinavian insults and feinting and ducking as he lured him the remaining way to camp.

"We're both fast friends today," Andy adds thoughtfully, "only I'm still a little faster."

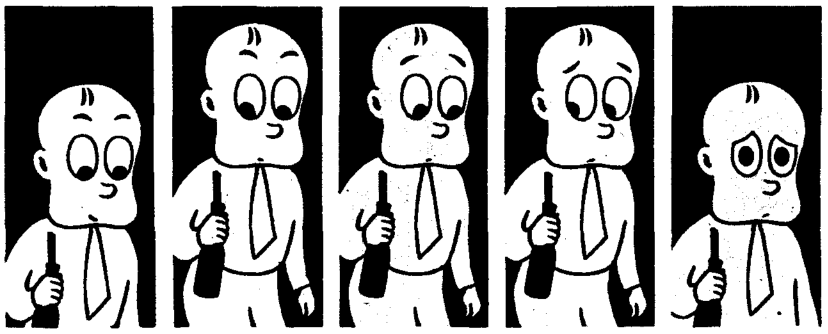
And Never Mind the Doctor

But the elderly New York banker he guided a couple of years ago presented a different problem. He was a frail and timid little hypochondriac, the harried victim of Park Avenue physicians and neurologists and specialists, but something about him touched Andy's heart. They sat smoking together by the campfire late one night. "All my life," the old man confessed wistfully, "I always dreamed of coming to Alaska and getting a mountain sheep, but . . ." He sighed. "I waited too long, that's all. Doctors say I *can't* stand any steep climbs. The old ticker, you know," resignedly. "So I'll have to be satisfied with getting a moose."

Andy sucked his pipe and nodded in silence. There was a heavy fog next morning: so heavy that they could barely see the trail in front of them as they walked. They walked for several hours, and at last they sat down to rest. While they were sitting there, the fog began to lift, the clouds parted, the old man sat forward suddenly with an exclamation. Then his eyes fogged for a moment; because some five hundred feet below him, within easy rifle range of the mountain ledge on which they had halted, were seven magnificent rams. Andy avoided his glance. "I don't believe it'll hurt your heart any," he murmured, "walking back downhill. . . ."

Your experienced guide has little ways of sizing you up, at the outset of a trip; certain things which he observes about you instantly, and which tell him what he has to know, for your safety and his own. You do not realize it, of course; but his blue eyes are boring through you, as he greets you on the dock when your boat arrives at the Seward wharf, and he is noting at a glance whether you have brought ten times too much duffel, whether your boots already show signs of rough wear, whether you're in shape to stand the gaff, or must be hardened to it gradually, and in particular what rifles and camera equipment you own. The sight of a 30.06 usually makes Andy feel more comfortable.

He watches you narrowly as you glance over the sample grub list he has prepared for your approval: are you fussy, inclined to criticize, inexperienced in making out on the trail? Usually, the first day out, he persuades you to indulge in a little target practice around camp—"just to check your rifle, and see if the sights are lined up right." It is highly important for him to know how good a shot you are, whether it will be necessary to back you up with a second rifle at crucial moments.



Double Play

CROCKETT JOHNSON

A guide's work starts long before you show up on the scene. Once you have contacted him—this is done best, if you are planning a hunt in Alaska, by writing direct to the Alaska Game Commission at Juneau, an impartial organization which will put you in touch with the proper guides for the particular kind of game you desire to hunt—he starts making arrangements for your trip. Weeks and months before you are due, he scouts by plane the country you are planning to hunt, locating the range of a band of sheep, perhaps, or spotting moose and brown bear. In order to save you time, he may send in a pack train with wranglers and cooks and tents, as much as six weeks ahead, so that camp will be set up and everything ready.

He divides up the Kenai carefully with his fellow guides in order to avoid having another party cross your trail and interfere with your hunt. He corresponds with you, answers your questions, advises you what to bring—proper clothing, sleeping bag, rifle. He is there when your boat arrives: a quiet, stocky figure in heavy shirt and boots and curved pipe, hand extended, grinning: "Glad to meet you. Pile your duffel in back, we'll start right away. No need wasting any time in town. I got everything ready . . ."

Which, to a sportsman, are probably the sweetest words in the world.

There is only one thing that rouses Andy out of his usual calm; and that is the future of the Kenai. Like most guides, Andy is at heart a sound conservationist. And he feels that the future of the Kenai is really dark, unless proper protection is provided at once. "Not just for my own sake. I've had my share of enjoying it. But how about the others, the youngsters who are growing up and who will be looking some day for one last unspoiled range of big game? Once the Kenai's destroyed, once we've let it go, we'll never be able to bring it back. And it's going." He *reaches into the fire for a charred stick.*

Roads and Game Don't Mix

With the point of the stick he draws a rough outline of the Kenai Peninsula in the dirt. He scratches a deep line across the center.

"That's an automobile road. They want to build it right through the Kenai. They use the old stall of national defense. Well . . . if it happens, that's the end of your game." He draws other and smaller lines back and forth across the map. "And those are trails. You know what trails do to a game country. Take Crescent Lake here." He jabs the stick into a point on the map. "There used to be a flock of two hundred mountain sheep, a couple of years ago. The Forest Service built a nice trail up to the lake, and now they're building another." He shrugs. "And that's the end of the sheep.

"And now they're talking colonization again. For years they've tried it, and for years they've failed at it. Back in Kenai village in 1891—that's known as The Year the Bull Fell Down the Well—the government tried to establish a farm colony there. It failed. They've been pouring money into the Kenai, off and on, ever since. It's always failed. The Kenai simply isn't meant for farming. But still the settlers come here, and the first thing they do is get a hunting license, so they can have free meat to eat." He shakes his head. "Now, maybe a moose is worth at the most a hundred dollars as meat. But to a sportsman with a gun or a camera, spending his money in the territory, each moose on the Kenai is worth over a thousand dollars to Alaska." He sighs: "That isn't good business."

Andy flips the stick of wood onto the fire. It lands with a shower of sparks, and shadows shift across his face.

"The game's been going down," he says, "going down for fifteen years, a little at a time. I can see the difference. If it keeps on, some day the Kenai will be as bare as Iowa." He sucks his pipe. "There's only one way to save it. Have the whole Kenai withdrawn by the government and set aside as a managed game area. Then we can still hunt our game, under proper control, and at the same time we can increase it for the future. We want to keep the Kenai what it is: the finest recreational area in North America, the only thing of its kind. But we've got to act now, before it's too late."

Dina Cashman

Continued from page 17

might I have a chance?" Andy, tall and lean and burned of skin, his hands plunged into the pockets of his big coat, stood facing her.

"I—I never thought of it," she said, April color in her face. "I never—I never thought anyone like you—as nice as you—"

A silence, while they stared at each other.

"I'm late," Dina said nervously then. "Rogers will be waiting. We'll have to hurry."

"It's only three blocks, but all steep." He glanced up at the most formidable of all the city's hills. "Here, we'll grab this taxi."

They did not speak again. But in the taxi she slipped her gloved hand into his and he held it tightly.

FIVE minutes later Dina went into the dressing room of the hotel and busied herself with powder, lip-red, pocket comb. She took off her hat and seated herself at a mirror; pushed her dampened hair into smooth rings and waves, working miracles about her eyes and lips with powder puff and lipstick. Then she stood up and covered her face with both hands and whispered, "Andy, Andy, Andy!" with her eyes closed, and the light that never was on land or sea in her face.

When she went out into the great square foyer she bought herself a corsage of creamy gardenias and pinned them on the brown fur of her coat. She had just finished this operation when Rogers came in at the revolving door, and they walked toward each other, smiling.

"Nobody ought to look as fresh and sweet in November as you do, Dina!"

She caught at his hand; they went into the dining room and took a table by the high windows that command the whole stretch of the bay.

"I bought myself some gardenias," she said, glowing.

"As a reward of virtue for letting Lane hurt you?"

"As a bucker-upper for having missed him completely. It was only to be about ten minutes, Rogers," Dina pleaded in self-defense, "and I can go in before the symphony, if you like. I telephoned his nurse and she said it would be all right."

"But what were you doing?" He was conscious of admiring glances for her beauty from the tables all about, but Dina was unaware of them.

"Well, I got Margaret's dresses. I got only four because she grows so fast. And then I sent flowers to Mrs. Pierce and telephoned Miss Hoey about Vera—remember the waitress who wanted a reference? And then I sneaked in to see my picture. I'm ashamed to say it sort of fascinates me."

"Many there?"

"Nobody at all except Andy, talking to Mr. La Motte. But he said there are crowds every afternoon." His name set bells ringing in her heart; she turned her attention to her salad.

"And how did it look?"

"Lovely. And then, before I left," Dina said, after a pause, "Caroline came in—with Vere."

"With Vere!"

"Yes," Dina said with an anxious little frown. She did not meet his eyes.

"You've not seen him before?"

"Oh, no. I knew he was here; the paper said so. But I thought he might be going south as he did last year."

"What possessed them to come into the gallery?"

"Caroline said he wanted to see the pictures."

"I see. Talk?"

"Just a minute. Andy spoke to Caroline and Vere asked me how I was, or said he heard I had been sick—or something, I don't remember."

"Isn't it just as well you met him?"

"I suppose so."

"Did he say anything about seeing you again?"

"No. But he mentioned that there was something he wanted to speak to me about."

"What'd you say?"

"I talked about one of the pictures—Morning Trio. He was down at Palm Springs when Andy was painting it."

"A-hah? How'd you feel?" Rogers asked the question after a moment during which he had proceeded vigorously with his lunch.

"Awful. As if I was going to faint. And then as if—as if it somehow didn't matter. I mean as if it had all happened to someone else long ago. I wanted to get away; I couldn't say anything and I couldn't think clearly. But not—not the way it was at first."

"This was in the gallery?"

"Yes. And it only lasted a minute. And then we went up to Chinatown."

"You and Vere?"

"Oh, no. Andy." Again the wave of dizziness enveloped her and for a second her senses swam. "Oh, and Rogers," she said, leaning toward him, her blue eyes very serious, "Aline has left him."

"Left *Andy!*"

"Sunday. He says she's been talking of it for some time."

"What's she framing up now?" Rogers said, as if to himself. He was silent a moment, folding a lump of butter into a bun, disposing of half of it at one bite. He picked up his coffee cup, drained it, set it down again.

"He's serious, I suppose?" he asked quietly.

"He said *she* was."

"H'm!"

"You saw her only a few days ago. Didn't she say anything?"

"She talked vaguely about it. Nothing definite. Where d'you suppose she is now?"

"She went to Mrs. Rutherford, Mrs. Pierce's daughter. Andy says they're thinking of going to Honolulu."

THE man was silent for a few moments. Then he said:

"She told me she was thinking of it as long ago as July. But she's always said she'd not do anything to hurt Andy. Well, I guess it had to come. Poor Aline! She'll be criticized for this. I don't know but what it's the honest way out. Did he seem broken up?"

"No." Another burst of skyrockets in her heart. "Perhaps he knew it was coming, too," Dina offered.

He pulled out his watch.

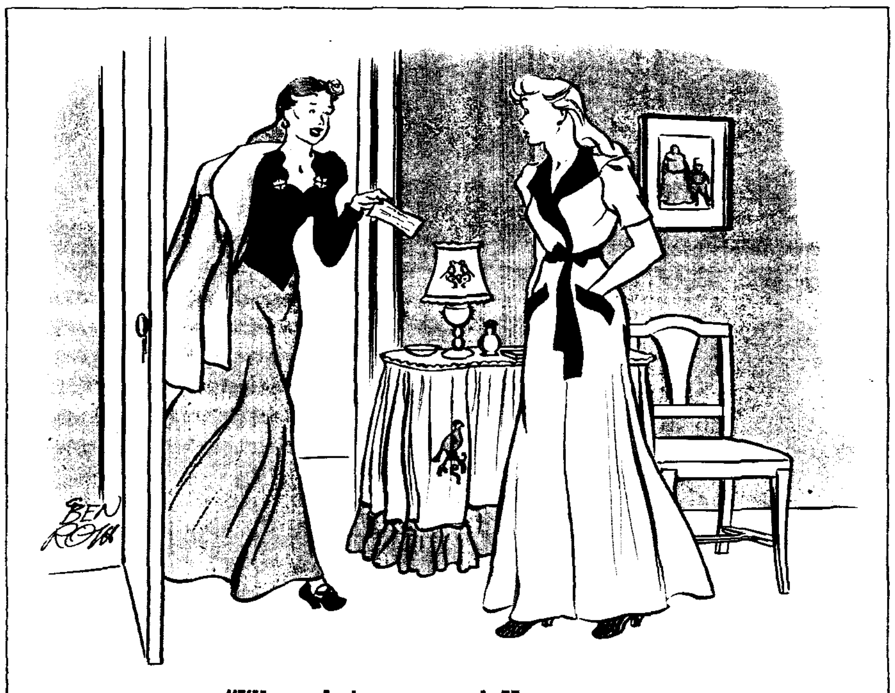
"Symphony," he said briefly. "Come along! Andy may come in late to the box this afternoon, by the way. I met Meg Brown—she was hurrying along Post Street with Billy Salter and Bill happened to mention that Meg had asked permission to invite him. She and her mother are running that Christmas charity affair and they want him to donate one of his canvases. They've got a gall, if you ask me!"

Andy might be in the box this afternoon! Dina heard nothing else for fully five minutes, and later when she found herself in the gracious great half-circle of boxes in the opera house, with the lights dimmed, and the rustle of frocks and murmur of voices silenced for the beginning of the music, her one thought was consciousness that at any minute he might slip into one of the empty chairs behind her. She would see him again today! She would hear his voice!

It was like discovering a sixth sense, this thought of him. It was an emotion so powerful that all other sensations and emotions were sublimated by it. She could think of nothing but Andy, and she had no desire to think of anything else. She knew now that for a long time he had played an all-important part in her life. There was nothing new in today's situation; what was new was her discovery of it, her realization of it.

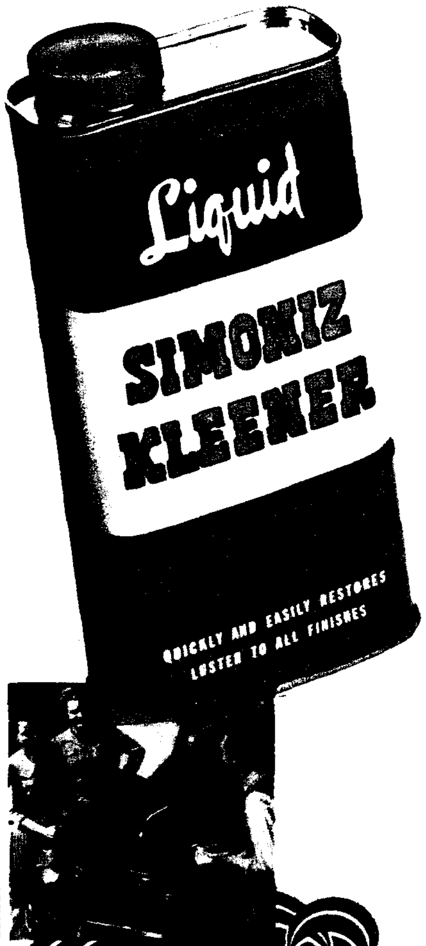
Presently there was a whispered monosyllable to Rogers, in the back of the box, and a man took the chair directly behind her. Instantly there was complete silence and immobility again; but she had heard the "Sorry!" and she knew the voice. She need not turn her head. Nothing could rob her now of a few minutes' talk with him during the intermission.

But when the music had risen to a magnificent finale and the house was filled with the noise of enthusiastic



"I'll say he's generous! He gave me a blank check and let me sign it myself"

BEN ROTH



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clapping, she turned to find the chair behind her empty. Everyone was drifting into the corridor behind the boxes now, and Andy was gone; Meg Brown and Billy Salter had gone, too; only Rogers sat, still rapt, in his chair; his hands automatically clapping and his eyes blinking tears.

"Oh, that was beautiful!"

"Wasn't it!"

But she felt blank, bewildered and bitterly disappointed. As he rose she stooped to drop her purse and program on her chair and they went out together.

The wide corridor was filled with drifting couples and groups; the air was sweet with perfumes and the scent of violets and gardenias; women in furs were standing chatting; youngsters were elbowing their way through the press in a mad search for friends; the broad stairs were a river of figures ascending and descending. Dina's eyes found Andy at once.

HE WAS leaning against the wall deep in conversation with a long-haired, stout, foreign-looking little man who, from his constant glances at the program he held and the gestures of his hand, was evidently analyzing the interpretation of the symphony they had just heard. Andy's expression was one of indulgent amusement. He saw Dina and waved, but he did not interrupt his talk, and with a sinking heart she strolled beside Rogers among the shifting groups.

"You're coming up to us for cocktails; Vanucelli is going to be there!" said Mrs. Hunter Jackson.

"Not tonight, I'm afraid. Dina mustn't use up her strength too fast," Rogers answered; "we've got to get back to the country."

"And to that baby. I hear she's adorable," Mrs. Jackson said. "I've just been asking Vere what he thinks of his new aunty," she added, laughing.

"Is Vere here?" Rogers asked.

"Yes, he's with the Livermores. What's he going to do, Rogers? From something Aline said I guessed he failed to pass his bar exams again. Isn't that awful? I should think Van would be wild. Listen, Rogers," she added, "I saw Ethel Rutherford at the club this morning, and she said—"

She drew him aside; Dina heard the warning bell, went swiftly back to the box. Andy might be there!

But he was not. She settled herself in her seat; Meg Brown and Billy Salter came hurrying in; the orchestra was already in place, awaiting the conductor's entrance. Andy did not return.

"Have you heard of any trouble between Aline and Andy, Dina?" murmured Meg Brown, her lips at Dina's ear.

Dina half turned. Their eyes met in the dark.

"I did hear she had left him."

"Everyone's buzzing about it," Meg Brown said. "If it's true, I think it's outrageous. I thought there was something queer when he came in; he looked—different, somehow. He said he couldn't stay except for that one number; he's catching a plane, I think. I don't blame *him!* I don't know what Aline thinks she is, playing fast and loose with men this way."

The baton tapped. An instant hush fell over the house. Dina stared ahead blindly, sick at heart.

THREE days later she and the baby were in the library enjoying a late afternoon scramble. Margaret was on a rug; Dina had been encouraging her to turn over, but Margaret made only half-hearted efforts and returned comfortably to a stomach position on all fours.

"You're lazy. You have no ambition," Dina told her. Hearing a step in the doorway she turned from her sitting position, to smile over her shoulder. "Rogers," she said, "she all *but* does it, and then she welshes on it—"

She stopped. The man who had come into the room was not Rogers but Vere.

Dina scrambled to her feet, catching up the baby.

"Lily," she said to the maid who had ushered Vere in, "take her up to Ida, will you?" She caught up the blanket rug, folded it, and put it over Lily's free arm. Her face was pale and her voice cold as she added: "Sit down, won't you, Vere? Rogers ought to be here any minute."

Vere had watched the baby out of sight. Now he turned, took the fireside chair she had indicated and spoke hesitatingly:

"I wanted to see you."

Dina, seated opposite him, made no answer. She had known that they must see each other sooner or later; she had dreaded unspeakably what must be said.

"Will you let me talk to you for a few minutes?" Vere began.

"Oh, yes," Dina answered simply, clearing her throat.

"I've been saying this to you in my mind for almost a year, since I went away," he said. "I couldn't write it. I tried to write it and tore everything up. I suppose what I wanted to say—and what I'm trying to say now—is that I'm *terribly* sorry! I acted like a—oh, well, a rotter! I didn't want to believe what they told me, and mother assured me it wasn't true. Father backed her up. They said you were trying to hang something on me; they said lots of fellows got into similar scrapes—you know what I mean—"

"Yes. I know what you mean," Dina said thoughtfully. Her mother's squalid kitchen in winter darkness and rain, her own young body sick and cold and weak, her nineteen-year-old heart burdened with the heaviest fears a woman ever knows—this was her share of the "scrape!"

"I'd be awfully glad if you could say you'd forgive me, seeing it's all turned out okay, and that you married Uncle Rogers," Vere was saying.

"Mother was wild when you married Uncle Rogers," he went on, trying to laugh, trying to get over the bad moment. "I was always a favorite with him—Mimi and I are the only kids in the family—and he always said that when I got married he'd see that I got started—and he used to hand me out a couple of hundred now and then—"

He floundered, explanatory, nervous, attempting to carry her along with him, stopping short.

"As far as forgiveness goes," Dina said, "there needn't be any question of that. When that sort of thing happens one person is just as much to blame as the other. I've always felt that," she ended, in an undertone, as if she spoke to herself.

"Lord, you're generous!" Vere said. But something in his appreciation was lacking, something had gone flat. "It isn't as if—" he went on uncomfortably, "it isn't as if that sort of thing wasn't happening all the time."

"So much has happened there doesn't seem any use discussing it," Dina said. "It's as if it all had happened many years ago. Your uncle has been terribly good to me."

"Well, everyone says he's waked up, and Lord, he certainly seems to like it!" Vere said. "And hardly anybody knows anything—I mean anything about you and me," he went on eagerly. "You see, my father and mother aren't especially anxious to talk about it. Mother"— He laughed. "—Mother still feels sore about Uncle Rogers marrying you," he said, "you can see that she feels the whole thing was a sort of frame-up. And now that you—that everyone likes you so much, and Andy Havens has painted your picture and everything—"

A SILENCE. Dina looked at the fire. "You're certainly prettier than ever!" Vere said, with an awkward attempt at lightness.

To this she did not even raise her eyes, nor change the grave expression of her face.

"I'm glad you came to say this, Vere," she presently said; "it doesn't make it right, maybe, but I'm glad you said it, just the same."

"I didn't—I didn't know what I was

"I intended to bring a basket of peaches. That would give you something to go by" BARBARA SHERMUND doing," Vere stammered. "You don't know what it means to me to be friends again with you."

"Not that," Dina countered with a nervous look. "We needn't hate each other, but you and I—we mustn't see each other—I don't want that—"

"Some day maybe you'll take that back," he said, trying for his old confident air.

Another silence. Vere cleared his throat to speak; said nothing.

"Say, could I have a drink?" he broke out suddenly, as if the solemn quiet of the shadowy big room was affecting his nerves.

"Not until your uncle comes." She was mistress here, this twenty-year-old girl in the brown woolen dress. There was a bell on the table close to her hand; she did not touch it.

She seemed more than a year older now; she seemed ten years older!

"You can bet I thought of you a lot on that trip we took," Vere presently began. "Here's what happened. Did my mother tell you what happened? Here's how it was: Chester Worthington—you know, whose sister is Kathryn Worthington—she's just about the most popular girl in that Philadelphia crowd—her uncle's Senator Hosworth. It was her grandfather Hosworth who left her a pot of money. When she's twenty-five she can write a check that would buy and sell her father ten times over! And it was her brother that was tubercular, they thought. Well, the doctor recommended a long rest and a sea trip for Chet, and they were going to send a nurse along with him, but Chet said, 'Um-umph; no soap! I don't go!'

"I happened to be down there that Sunday—they were playing court tennis at the club—and I said to Mrs. Worthington—she's a peach by the way, Kit's mother!—that if she could talk my father into it, *I'd* go and keep an eye on Chet, see that he rested and all that. I was just fooling, of course, but, by golly, if she didn't have Dad on the phone in ten minutes, and say! we had some fun getting ready to sail in two days!" He laughed briefly in recollection, recalled himself and grew sober again.

"Did you have a wonderful trip?" Dina asked levelly.

"Well, yes," he answered with an air of admitting it reluctantly; "Barbados, you know, and Pernambuco, and then Rio. It was quite a journey—on one of his uncle's freighters, you know."

"The senator?"

"Nope. His father's brother."

"And did he—Chester, get better?" As if she cared!

"His lungs today are as good as mine. And, Lord, what that family did for me! His father gave me the swellest gun I ever saw in my life!"

"Then you went to Maine with them in the summer, Rogers told me."

"I was up there six weeks. They've got a dandy speedboat."

"And what is the sister doing now?"

"WELL." Vere's face flushed as he looked at her and he laughed a little awkwardly. "That's—I guess that's partly up to me. She's the swellest girl I ever saw, and I guess they think that she and I—that is, I guess they sort of expect that we like each other!" Vere floundered on the confused phrases, but Dina could see he was proud and happy.

"So you're engaged?" She could say the words, but she could not put life into them.

"Well, not exactly. They want us to wait," Vere confided further. "But Kathryn's accustomed to having her own way!" he added, with a fond laugh, "and if she doesn't want to wait—that's *that!*

"Well," he went on leniently as Dina did not speak, "that's all right with me. I talked to my father and he'll kind of see us through and I told her Uncle Rogers was a regular prince about things like that. Say, he let your family have the old Forrester place, didn't he?" he asked, his thoughts going off at a tangent.

"In Stockton. Yes, they moved up there last spring. My father and Art both work in the factory now, and Myrna has a job too."

"So my mother said. Well, I thought if I told Uncle Rogers about Kathryn and me it would sort of please him to know about it first," Vere pursued artlessly.

"Will you live in the East?"

"Oh, well, we don't know. Nothing's settled. You know, Dina," Vere went on, "I told them—Kathryn's father and mother—about us."

Dina winced as if she had been struck. A hot wind seemed to scorch her body, head to heels. She sat immovable, shrunken down against the deep cushions, but she felt the muscles of her fingers tense as they grasped the chair arm.

"No names of course," continued Vere. "Lord, I should hope not! But I wanted to start square. I thought it over and thought maybe I ought to tell Kathryn's father, but then I was talking to them both one night, while she was dressing for a party upstairs; I got into it and I thought I might as well go through with it! And was I glad I did?" he added with a little shiver and a reminiscent laugh. "They were simply swell about it. They asked me about you, where you were, you know, and I said you had married. Well, that made a hit!"

HE STOPPED, lost in his own thoughts now, and quite unconscious of Dina's silence.

"Kit's mother," he resumed, "said right away, 'Thank God for that!' and then the old man said, 'Mudsie, don't let this be too much of a shock for you. It's not unusual. What is unusual,' the old boy said, 'is Vere making a clean breast of it.' We all call Kit's mother 'Mudsie,'" Vere interrupted himself to explain.

Dina did not move a muscle. Her eyes were on the slumbering coal fire behind the polished steel rods.

"Then she said something about Kathryn always having been so well protected, never going to public schools or anything," the boy went on, still lost in his own pleasant thoughts. "And she said she would never want Kit to know anything about it. And I said—oh, you know, whatever you can say: about my respecting Kit and having too much respect for her to worry her if they thought it was all right, and they said sure it was all right, and Mudsie said that she had *more* respect for me for being honest about it. But she said if you *hadn't* gotten married then she'd like to feel that you and I *would* have been, and I said that we surely would, and then Kit came down and we went off to dance. So I thought I'd like to tell you that much and that it was all right."

"Well!" Dina said, rising with an air of terminating the interview. She was suffocating. Her legs were trembling under her, her throat was dry.

"Say, wait!" Vere urged her. "I've got to see Uncle Rogers!"

"Mrs. Havens to see Mr. Holland," Hinz said from the doorway, as Aline came in. She nodded to the two at the fire, dropped into the chair that completed the half-circle.

"Hello, Dina. Hello, Vere. What time did you kids break up last night?"

"We had breakfast at Morgan's," Vere confessed with a grin. Oh, he was very handsome and young and sure of himself, smiling there in the firelight, his body bent comfortably forward in his

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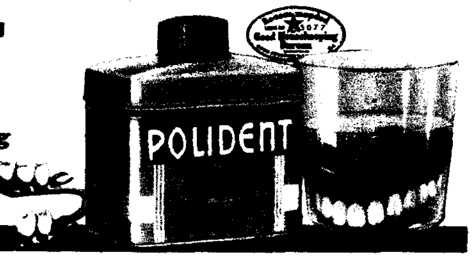


low chair, his long brown hands loosely locked and dropped between his knees.

"Lovely party," Aline said absently.

"Andy there?" Vere asked.

She looked at him steadily but without embarrassment.

"I thought you knew that since a week ago Sunday Andy and I are not making engagements together," she observed.

"So? Mother said something about it, but I didn't know it was official."

"It's absolutely official," Aline assured him briefly and unsmilingly.

"I'm sorry. I kind of like him," Vere said.

"I like him extremely," Aline said with a superior air. "Where did you get the idea I didn't? We were getting on each other's nerves, that was all, and I decided the kind thing to do was to give him a clear field."

Vere chuckled. "You certainly bust up their lives!" he murmured.

"I certainly do nothing of the kind, you rude boy." But she liked the rudeness. She leaned back in her chair, her furs loosened, her long-coated suit of black velvet fitting her slim body as a sheath fits a sword, her hair, as smooth and shining as black enamel, only partly hidden by an absurd cockaded hat. "For eight years," she said, "I put up with a man whose own intimate friends pronounced him crazy. Nobody knows what I went through. His own mother told me that he had been subject to fits of ungovernable rage since actual babyhood. Eight years of it! The doctor told me he didn't know another woman who would have put up with it for eight weeks! The first thing they did after the divorce was pop him into an institution, and high time. Frank Pollock was shut up for three months. Now he's married to a poor little meek creature who can't call her soul her own, and that's the sort he should have married in the first place. His own brother told me—we were on the same ship cruise a few years ago—that in his heart Frank Pollock has never loved anyone but me. That's how mean I was to *him*."

SHE brooded on the situation for a silent moment. She and Vere had completely forgotten Dina. They fell into talk of their own group, discussing recent parties, an approaching wedding.

"Somebody order me a gin cocktail!" Aline then said abruptly.

Dina rose, went to the table, rang the bell. "Hinz," she said when the butler appeared, "Mrs. Havens would like a gin cocktail and Mr. Vere Holland will have one, too. Mr. Holland didn't telephone, did he?"

"He's just arrived, Madam."

"Oh! Tell him where we are."

"Dear me, we are very much the mistress of the manor, aren't we?" Aline smiled.

Dina merely looked at her. She turned to the door to meet Rogers, who came in cold and ruddy, pulling off his gloves.

"Hello, Geraldine, bridge party off for tonight—on for tomorrow," he said. "Three fellers."

"I'll have Chong save the partridges," Dina said.

"Hello, Vere." Rogers was at the hearth. "Hello, Aline!" he added, peering through his strong glasses at the other visitor. As he recognized her, his voice at once grew warm.

"I had to see you," said Aline, simply. Her eloquent eyes, as she gave him her hand, said the rest. The look of confidence, affection and sweetness upset him for a moment, and he laughed nervously and stammered for sheer pleasure when he spoke.

"Well, of course, of course! Glad you did. Tremendously glad you did! What brings you here, Vere?"

"See you," Vere said with his endearing, impudent grin.

"Care to buy a defense savings bond?" CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

"See me, eh? You've—you ordered something, Dina?"

"Vere and I were waiting for you. But we had just asked Hinz for cocktails when *you came in*."

"Dina is quite the housekeeper," said Aline's ivory and silver voice. Rogers glanced at her.

"Indeed she is!" he agreed.

"So I see. How nice!" But Aline did not see it at all and she did not find it nice. Her voice was cold and bored. She looked at the toe of her shoe.

"I wanted to tell you that Kit Worthington and I are—well, we're practically engaged!" Vere began with an embarrassed laugh. "Nothing settled, but I wanted you to know before anybody else did."

Rogers looked at him from under his brows, sampled the drink that Hinz had just given him.

"Her uncle's Senator Hosworth, you know," Vere said.

"Going to live on her money, eh?" Rogers said. Dina glanced at him, startled. It was the tone she remembered from her first visit a year ago, sneering, cynical, challenging. She had not seen Rogers in so disagreeable a mood since. "Her father lost everything he had in Tobasco Oil," he muttered, looking into the fire, "but she'll get Granddad's money when she's twenty-five. What are you going to do for five years?"

Vere was silent, abashed. There was an ugly pause.

"Nothing's settled," Vere said then, sulkily.

"I should hope not!" Rogers growled.

"I'll go tell Chong about dinner," Dina said, rising; "just the two of us, Rogers?"

"Evidently we're not to be asked, Vere," Aline said lightly.

"You're always asked if you'll stay," Rogers told her.

"I can't, Toppy. But I don't know how Dina knew it."

DINA glanced at the other woman with a completely blank expression, and without speaking left the room. But her senses were in an uproar. Automatically she talked to the cook, automatically put Margaret through her little night routine, found herself presently in her room, at her mirror, working away with brushes and creams. Anything rather than think!

Anger and shame and resentment swept over her in waves, washing her thoughts and emotions this way and that, making it hard for her to breathe, closing walls about her.

"Oh, I can't bear it!" she said half *aloud*.

On her feet, she went blindly to the window and stood there, hidden in the bay behind the great looped curtains, trembling, looking down into the blackness and the night. She saw Vere's roadster, the very car that had taken a boy and girl up to Paradise Valley a year ago, parked on the drive, its lights tunneling two yellow spearheads into the gloom. Near it was Aline's neat sedan—Aline, who so much needed Rogers' advice now that she had discovered she and Andy were incompatible!

WHILE Dina watched, Vere came out, climbed into his car and drove away. The red taillight dwindled among the trees and was gone. She stood very still, breathing a little hard, looking after it.

So he had told "Mudsie" about their affair, and had been praised and forgiven! Since the unfortunate girl in California, the girl who had led him astray, had married, then everything was all right! Kathryn, the protected Kathryn who mustn't be distressed by the ugliness of life, was to be kept in ignorance of course!

"Mudsie, don't let this be too much of a shock to you, it's not unusual!" No, no, boys must have their fling, and older men, decorum itself in happy family life, could make allowances! Vere, penitent and complacent, had been the hero of the moment! They thought more of the boy for his honest confession of human weaknesses! And the girl was safely married to someone else, thank goodness!

Her face blazed. Her throat felt dry and her hands cold. All those dreadful weeks of worry, of rising in the bitter winter morning to the cold, disorder and odors of the house in Railway Flats, of dragging fear about with her through the dark winter days, had cost Vere not one second's doubt or misery! Rogers' half-amused, half-insulting and admittedly spiteful proposition of marriage, the long trip to Reno, her recurring spasms of weakness and nausea—all hers to bear, and hers alone!

The end of dancing and flirting for her! Quiet, long days in the strange, big, dark house; hesitations, timidities and loneliness; the odd glances of Rogers' friends; their barely concealed curiosity—all hers! And hers the long day that brought Margaret into the world, the sweat-soaked exhaustion, and the first agonies of mother love and mother protectiveness! The first tiger loyalty toward the precious scrap of babyhood that must never know shame or doubt!

While she had lain, week after week, in the big old-fashioned bedroom, unable to walk, dependent upon the others even for a glance at her child, Vere had been off camping with the Worthingtons, taking the impeccable Kathryn to dance at the hotel, idling through sunny mornings on the shore, coming up to her flushed and triumphant on the tennis court, his white shirt and white shorts only emphasizing the magnificent brownness of his young athletic body! He had been winning the golden opinions of her people—that nice boy from California whose uncle Daddy knew, the boy of whom their ewe lamb Kathryn was unquestionably growing fond, the boy who had finally clinched their respect and confidence by his manly confession!

They had looked on with a deepened complacency when the unsuspecting Kathryn—the girl whose young hand could "write a check that would buy and sell her father ten times over"—had descended ready to start for the dance, in the smartest of summer dance frocks of course, with just the right white silk wrap and white bag. Mrs. Somebody would be chaperoning, and Kathryn would be safely delivered back to her own people at some given hour, to sleep deep in dreams of partners and moonlight, laughter and fascinating Vere Holland!

DINA hated her! Hated Vere—Vere who could sit there so smugly reviewing the situation! He and she had perhaps been foolish last year, but what of it, everything was "okay" now, and he was going to marry a fascinating young heiress, and Dina was safely married to Uncle Rogers!

Sickness of resentment shook her. Dina felt that physically she could not bear it. She could not go on; she could not live with herself! She wanted to tear herself to pieces, to lie on the floor and hammer it with her fists!

The worst of the mood passed and she could be calm again.

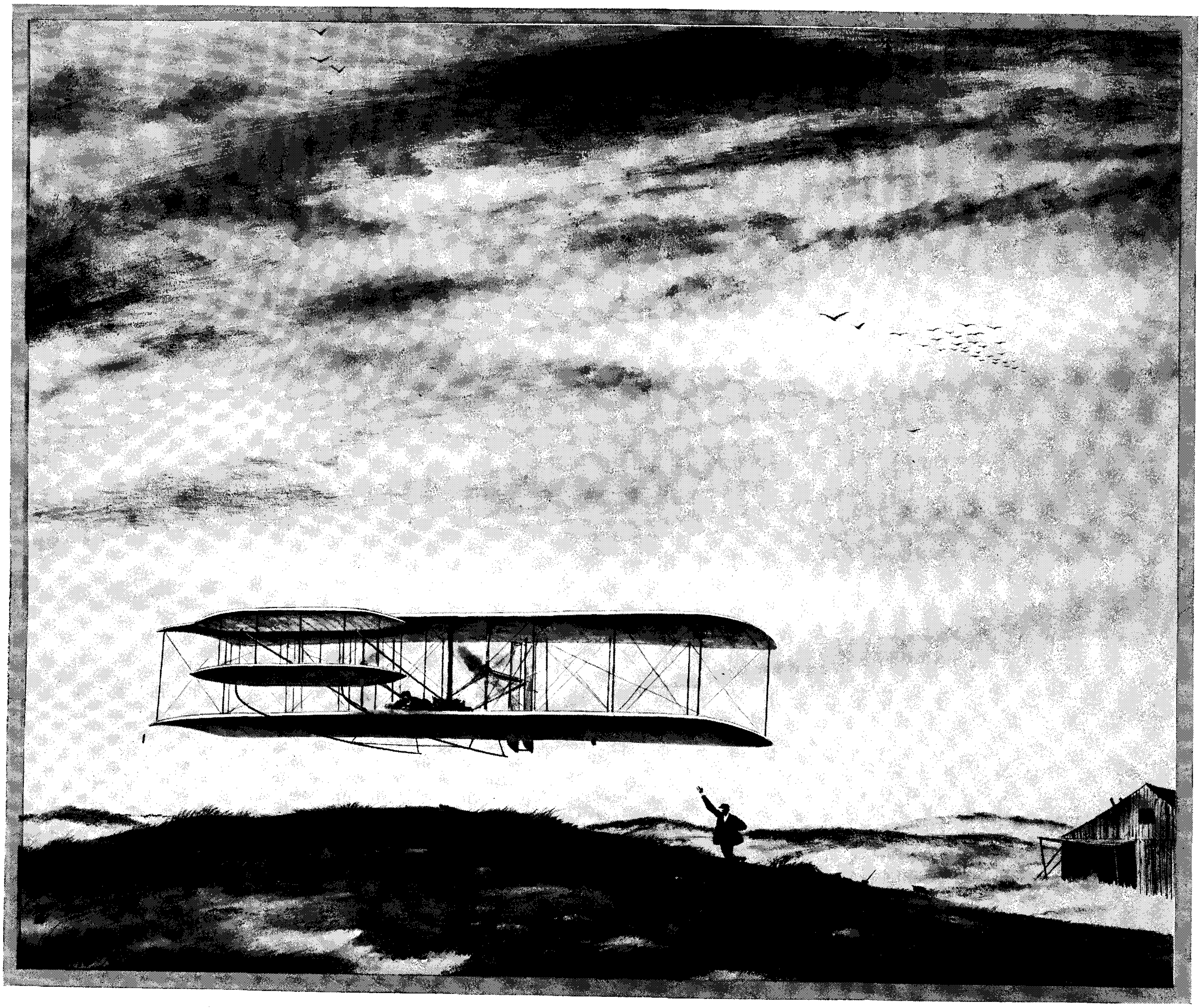
Half an hour later, dressed in a reconstructed old brown frock whose plain organdy cuffs and collar always gave her a feeling of being trim and neat, and with her hair freshly brushed, she descended to the lower floor to wait for the announcement of dinner.

The big stairway and the square, enormous entrance hall were dimly lighted; Dina always liked the quiet of the house at this hour, the sense of orderly rooms and generations of dignified living. She was not thinking now, not letting herself think. She was living each moment for itself, not going back, not going forward, just pleased that there would be a fire, a book, a good dinner, and presently a game with Rogers. On the score they kept going month after month, he was some thirty games ahead, but of late she had been winning and she determined to fight hard for victory tonight.

At the door of the library she paused, hearing voices within. She could stand in the shadow and see them without notifying them by sound or presence of her movements: Aline and Rogers, deep in talk.

There was only one light in the big room—one green-shaded lamp making a dim pool of illumination by the reading table. For the rest, except for an occasional pink glow from the fire when a log settled in the grate, everything was dusk and shadows.

But Dina could see their two figures



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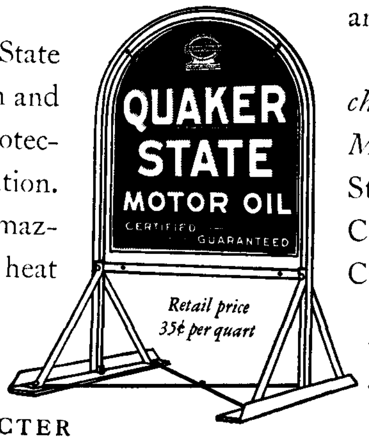

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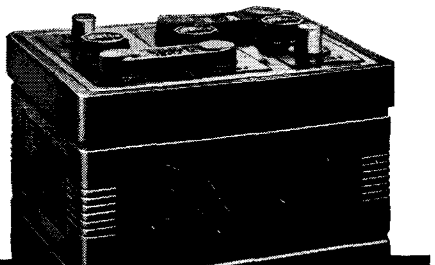


Exide

plainly: Aline in one of the large fireside chairs, Rogers beside her on the hassock which brought his face below the level of hers. Both her hands were in his; their faces were not far apart.

They were murmuring, murmuring. Dina stood rooted to the spot, listening.

At first much of what they said was indistinguishable; now and then laughter broke into it, Aline's quiet, silvery note of mirth and Rogers' gruff and eager echo. But after a moment of silence several phrases came out clear and audible:

"I can't bear it, Rogers. After darling Aunt Mag and poor Anna, to have her queening it here! She ringing a bell for Hinz—"

"You little idiot," Rogers broke in fondly, "you had it all right in this hand of yours. *You* didn't want it!"

"I've always loved it; I've always loved this house as I've loved no other place in the world!" Aline said. "It kills me to have that girl—that factory hand—posing here as your wife!"

"As a matter of fact, she *is* my wife," Rogers said quietly.

"Oh, I know, I know! I shouldn't have said that, and I know too, you're mad when you crinkle up your darling, ugly mug like that!" Aline said quickly. "But truly—the airs! She'll go tell Chong about the dinner!—What does she think she is?"

"What a jealous little devil you are!" Rogers reproached her mildly, her fingers against his lips. "Geraldine is a fine girl and I am extremely fond of her."

MORE of this, but Dina could not catch it. It was interrupted by Aline's impatient "I don't believe a word of it! Where'd she get them? 'All the instincts of a gentlewoman,' indeed! I've never noticed them. I didn't notice them a year ago when you asked Andy and me to dinner and she never opened her mouth! I tell you, Toppy, I can't bear having her here. For you to go off and marry her in that hole-and-corner way was—well, you'll never know what it meant to me!"

"*You'd* just done something of the kind."

"Oh, I was a fool, I'll admit; I'm the sort of woman who'll always make a fool of herself."

The man laughed at this and their voices sank again. Dina noiselessly moved away.

She went upstairs, into her room and sat there, working away desperately at her desk with her Spanish grammar, determined once again not to let herself think. She was so working, penciling busily, turning pages, when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in, Mrs. Bucket," she said. Sometimes the housekeeper came upstairs to announce dinner if either Dina or Rogers ignored the gong.

It was Rogers who entered.

"Geraldine," he said, "dinner's ready, but if you don't mind I'm going off with Aline. She and I have been having a heart-to-heart talk and she's all upset. Lord!" he broke off to exclaim on a deep breath, "we've had the most amazing talk I've ever had with anyone in my life! For the first time—for the first time I feel that she—she likes me and needs me! No fooling this time! You don't mind my running off?"

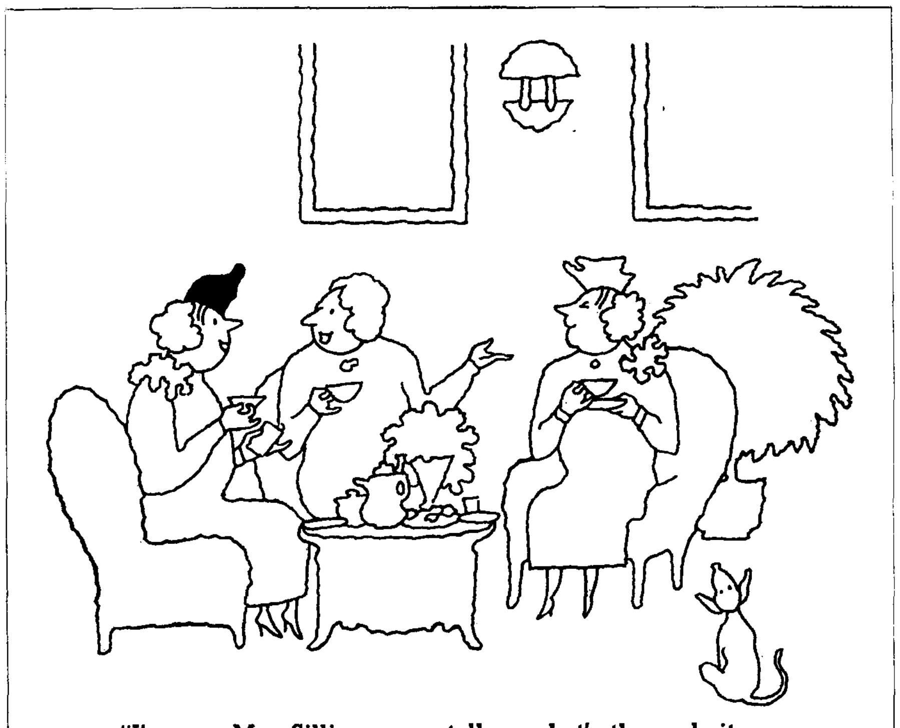
"Certainly not!" But she had an odd, sinking feeling just the same, and a fear of what he was going to say next.

"I don't know what the plans are or what they will be," Rogers was going on; "you understand the whole situation perfectly, and you know what this means to me. I've always—" He was like a boy in his new delight. "I've always thought—" he began again, stumbling. He dropped his head, shaking it bashfully, looking away. "She's wonderful!" he finished. And then suddenly remembering Dina's own problem he added: "By the way, don't take that engagement talk of Vere's too seriously. Pierce Worthington wouldn't let that kid get within ten miles of his daughter unless someone came through with about a hundred thousand a year. I know that outfit! He's trying to get his father and mother and me to help out, send them away on a honeymoon. Let him babble along for a few months and then we'll see how his plans fit in with mine. If you were free again there might be another setup entirely. Good night, my dear! You don't mind missing our game?"

He was gone. Dina stood for a long time motionless, one hand resting against the doorjamb, the other on the knob. Her eyes were half shut, her forehead wrinkled. Moments went by; everything about her was quiet, spacious and dark—the dimly lighted hall, the great vault of the stairway.

Hinz came up to announce dinner and Dina thanked him in an absent voice and went slowly downstairs.

(*To be continued next week*)



"I'm sure Mrs. Sillinger can tell us what's the real situation in Europe. Mrs. Sillinger has a son at Fort Dix!"

GARDNER REA

Ticket to Canada

Continued from page 15

you're doing is fine. It's great, Jeff."

"But look here—I want to see you. Will you have dinner with me?"

"It would be wonderful, but I don't know whether I can or not. I'm a student nurse, and—"

"You're a what?"

"A student nurse. I finish in June, and then I'll probably go overseas with a Red Cross unit. I wouldn't dare risk anything that would spoil it, and I'm supposed to be on duty tonight."

"Couldn't you get somebody to take your place? Please. I'm leaving tomorrow."

"I'll try my best," she said, "and I think maybe it can be arranged. But, of course, I can't promise."

"Where can I come for you?"

"At the Nurses' Home, East River Hospital. About eight o'clock."

"Eight o'clock, right."

"Goodby," she said abruptly, as if she had been suddenly summoned. "Goodby, Jeff."

Alan had finished the last of his papers—he never read anything but the theatrical news and the gossip columns—and now he was looking at Jeff with amusement, his comedian's face marvelously eloquent.

"It's a little unusual to hear the Great Lover doing the pleading—"

"This is serious, Alan. I knew this girl's family before I went out to Hollywood. She was just a kid in school then, and now . . . she's a nurse, or will be in a few months. Going overseas."

"Splendid," said Alan cynically. "I imagine how the scene will build up. Young Doctor Geoffrey Lane . . ."

"If you insist on being a ruddy fool," Jeff said stiffly, "no one can stop you."

"Sorry. I have it all wrong, anyhow. It's young Captain Lane, off to the wars, according to the latest literary masterpiece of our friend the remarkable Ryan, who has now definitely linked your name with Aileen Renwick's."

"What is all this nonsense?"

"My gleanings from the evening papers."

"Nobody pays any attention to that stuff," Jeff remarked.

"You'll like the angle about the war. From whatever Third Avenue dive supplies him with the Irish whisky in which his soul is marinated, Ryan has sent a dispatch to the gazettes, informing one and all that you are planning to skip over the border to Canada and enlist."

"But we were expressly told that we shouldn't do anything of the kind. What—"

"Read it for yourself. It's a touching tale. Aileen bathed in tears, but you very firm, very much the hero, until at the end you appear to yield to her entreaties. But it is only a blind, mark you. The intimation is clear that actually nothing will stop you, nothing could stop you, not even the squad of private detectives set to guard you from your own folly by Consolidated Pictures."

"Good Lord, this makes me look like an awful fool," Jeff complained, glancing down the column. "What on earth is Ryan thinking of?"

THE Nurses' Home, where Jeff's taxi pulled up at a few minutes before eight, was a row of converted brownstone dwellings, just around the corner from the tall, blocky mass of a modern hospital. The entrance was in the center house of nine exactly alike, with white net curtains at the windows, and subdued light showing from the rooms within.

The driver made change slowly. "Anybody ever tell you, buddy, you got quite a similarity to this guy, Geoffrey Lane?" he asked. He pronounced the first name with a hard "G," as though it were spelt Ghee-oh-free.

"Frequently," said Jeff. "Here's half a dollar for yourself."

That was true. Some trick of light, a camera illusion fostered by studio technicians, transformed him on the screen, so that he was not easily recognized in private life, although people often pointed out a certain resemblance. This saved him a good deal of annoyance, when he was not in places where movie stars are expected to be, but at the same time it infuriated him as another proof that there was no relation between himself and the pictures he made.

He went up to the door of the home, a box of gardenias held under one arm, and rang the bell.

Miss Constance Caswell, said the girl who opened the door, was unexpectedly busy, but asked him to wait.

THE parlor where he sat down was brighter, with painted wicker chairs, flowered cushions and the kind of sepia prints that are useful to cover cracks in the wall, a place, he guessed, where the student nurses entertained their boy friends. And where their men were weighed up and found wanting, he thought with amusement, by the other girls passing through the hall.

He was wondering whether it would be all right to risk lighting a cigarette, when Connie came in. She was breathless and sorry, and there was a moment of confusion when he stood up, and his hat and flowers slid from his knees to the floor. She was taller than he had thought, and extremely pretty, in an unstudied way. Even in her coarse, stiff uniform, with plain shoes and cotton stockings, he found her wonderfully attractive, with a kind of radiant vitality he had never seen in any other woman.

"They're lovely," she said, when she had opened the box and taken out the spray of white, fragrant gardenias. "But the news is I can't come to dinner with you, Jeff. In fact, I have to be back at the hospital in a few minutes."

Her eyes were as fine as ever, with a warm light in them that changed with every shade of her thought. "That's outrageous," he protested. "They're working you too hard. Couldn't anyone take your place?"

It wasn't that, she told him, pinning the flowers to her cloak. She had an unexpected chance to assist in an operation. It was something that would give her valuable experience, something she could not afford to miss. "And now I'll have to run," she said. "I feel like a wretch, but there you are. You do understand, don't you? A case like this doesn't come up every day even in New York."

"I suppose not. Let me walk over with you."

"That would be very nice."

They went out, into the cool darkness, and as they passed the street light at the corner, he looked at her serious profile. "You must find your work fascinating," he said.

"That's hardly the word." A sudden smile brightened her absorbed face. "At the moment, I'm simply petrified for fear I'll make some mistake in the operating room."

"But you wouldn't miss it for anything."

The evening air was chilly, and she pulled her cloak around her with a little shiver. "To be perfectly honest with you, I'd a hundred times rather go somewhere and dance. I'm afraid I'm no Florence Nightingale, but then, they do need nurses, don't they?"

"I suppose they do," he agreed.

They came to a side entrance of the hospital, and Connie paused. "I started it, and I must finish it the best I know how," she said, with another quick laugh. "It sounds like a dreadfully moral maxim, something I ought to work into a sampler, and frame, but you know what I mean. In a way, Jeff, it's like your going to Canada to enlist."

The light from inside was in back of her, so that he saw her face only in a mysterious half shadow, but clearly enough to make plain the emotion in her expression. Their eyes met, and then their lips, very briefly.

"Damn that story," Jeff said.

She took a deep breath. "Now I really have to run, Jeff. But I'm through at seven tomorrow morning. When does your train leave?"

"I'm not sure yet."

"I'd like to wave goodby. That is, if you don't mind."

"Mind? Why should I?"

"Of course, I really meant Aileen—"

"Now that," he said violently, "that really is a publicity story."

"I'm glad."

"There's nothing to it, Connie." He was silent for a moment, and then went on: "I'm buying my ticket tonight, so I won't know until later just when the train goes. But I'll phone and leave a message for you."

"All right, Jeff. Just the time and place will be enough. I'll understand."

Their lips met once again.

AS ALAN MEARS said later that night, people don't make serious decisions quite so casually. He and Jeff were standing at the bar of a place in Fifty-second Street. At a table in the main room, under the papery palms of a fictitious jungle, were Aileen, her mother and Ryan.

"Look," said Alan patiently, "you talk as if you'd taken a binding oath. You haven't done anything yet that can't be undone. You've shown me a ticket and a Pullman reservation, and I understand you've told this girl you're taking the 7:20. Well, telephone again and say you're not."

"It's not as simple as all that," Jeff said stubbornly. "Don't get the idea that Connie swept me off my feet. I didn't do it to impress her."

"Then why on earth—?"

"Well, suddenly it seemed to be the thing I've wanted to do for months. Maybe it's no more than being fed up."

"That isn't much of a reason," Alan pointed out. "Don't go temperamental on us. What about the show? You can't walk out, and leave a lot of people high and dry."

"But I'm not," Jeff said impatiently. "It isn't as if it were a legitimate production. Everybody in it has a movie contract that will go on whether I'm there or not. You have one, so has Aileen, so have the others. The whole business was designed to build up Geoffrey Lane. Now Geoffrey Lane is building himself up, and that saves the rest of you a lot of trouble."

"What I don't see," Alan remarked, taking a new tack, "is why you think it necessary to throw over your career in this way. One man more or less carrying a spear, or whatever they cart around these days, isn't going to win or lose the war. Whereas, in pictures, merely from a propaganda point of view—"

"I know all that, Alan. It's not good enough."

"Then, what about yourself? After

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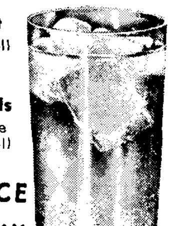


all, Jeff, you know how it is. When you're riding a big wave of popularity, that's the time to cash in on it. If you don't, you'll paddle about in shoal water for a long time before another chance comes your way. If ever."

"Especially as I'm not much of an actor."

"I didn't say that."

"You didn't have to. I know."

"All the more reason for not taking this ridiculous chance, then. I don't get it. Look here, we'd better have one more drink before we go back to the table. What's yours?"

"Plain ginger ale."

ALAN took another Scotch, and drank half of it before he returned to the charge. "This is rather a delicate subject," he said diffidently, "and if you don't care to discuss it, simply say so. I mean, by any chance is this a sudden rush of patriotism to the head? England, my England, that sort of thing?"

"There might be a little of that," said Jeff. He spoke defensively, as though bracing himself to meet an argument whose power he feared. Alan and he, along with a whole generation, had been accustomed to speak slightingly of the empire builders, the Henty heroes, the stout fellahs. "Any objection?"

"Don't get on your high horse. But, frankly, I don't see it. You've said yourself a hundred times the dear old mother country gave you nothing but a kick in the pants to get on with. Why back into position for another? Now, take my lot."

Jeff guessed that Alan must have had four or five highballs. His round jowls and curved, fleshy nose were beginning to bloom with a rosy flush, and now he was starting on his family. It was a tale familiar from long hearing, the saga of the Mears-Caldecott tribe, who were in the peerage, the stud-book, as he liked to call it. Listed in one of the minor branches, younger sons of younger sons, was "Mears-Caldecott, Charles Alan Urquhart, killed in action, the Somme, 1916." That was Alan's father, and if you followed up that side of the genealogy, according to him, you found only well-meaning fools who got themselves into fatal trouble all over the world in the name of the British empire.

"That's why our side of the house was always so poor," Alan went on. "But that wasn't true of the other branch, the homebodies, the right honorable viscounts. The family castle and the town house were good enough for them."

"What do you suppose they look like now?"

"I don't know. But if somebody has put a firecracker under the stately seats of Old England, they'll have to deal with it themselves, as far as I'm concerned."

JEFF, who remembered in his own boyhood one particular house in a long, gray, solid, industrial row, with his father and brother on the dole, and a sister who took tickets in a cheap cinema, heard this aristocratic complaint unmoved. "Calm down, Alan," he said. "Nobody's trying to get you to take the king's shilling."

"No fear."

"And if I want to go to Canada, that's my business."

"Quite true. Later on, when Hollywood doesn't want you, and you're looking for something to do, the clean-cut, young ex-officer, public-school type, sell motorcars on commission, go anywhere, do anything, just remember Alan Mears, the old gypsy, told your fortune one night in the bar of the Safari Club."

"I'll bear that in mind."

At this point, Jeff, looking past Alan's shoulder, saw Ned Ryan coming toward them. As always, he looked as though he had been pumped into his well-cut dinner clothes, with perhaps a thought too much pressure at the valve, so that his neck rolled over his tight collar. His broad, intelligent face wore a benignant and political smile.

It was impossible to dislike Ryan, in spite of his fantasies, and the cold-blooded way in which he distorted private lives for business purposes. On this score he defended himself shrewdly, arguing that it was a mere convention that classified Hollywood gossip as news instead of romantic fiction. In constructing his releases, he acted merely, he claimed, as a detached demiurge, with no more prejudice or pity than a surgeon. At times, he could become embarrassingly emotional about Ireland, and even in public places was not above pulling out his shirt to show where a Black and Tan bullet had plowed a furrow through the flesh under his heart.

"I don't know whether I can stand the remarkable Ryan tonight," Jeff said in an undertone. "I think I'll duck back to the hotel. If he mentioned the Emerald Isle and the troubles, I might burst into tears."

"You stay here," Alan protested, holding him by the sleeve. "Don't be so exclusive. You can't monopolize all the fine sentiments. Hello, Ryan."

"Hello, fellows," Ryan said, putting a solid hand on Jeff's shoulder. "Which one of you feels in the mood for a rumba with Aileen, just to give the house photographer a break?"

"After a while, maybe," Jeff stalled.

Alan put down his glass. "I'll volunteer."

When he had gone, Ryan ordered an Irish and plain water, and came to the point immediately. "I hear you're taking the 7:20 to Canada. Track 16, Car 287, Compartment B."

Jeff looked at him in astonishment. Except for his telephone message to Connie, he had told no one except Alan. "Where did you get the information?" he asked.

"A little bird told me," Ryan said coolly. "A little bird with gravy spots on his vest, and a private detective's license."

"I see. Now what am I supposed to do?"

"I don't know. You tell me. It looks as if I've put enough ideas in your head." With the butt of his glass, very studiously, Ryan made a row of damp circles on the bar in front of him. "Only I think you're making a mistake."

"You would," said Jeff savagely. "Now give me the sad story of the treacherous Sassenach—"

"Ah, come off it," Ryan protested good-naturedly. "I'm not tight enough for that. Wait till I've had a couple more. I'll tell you another story, if you like. About a kid seventeen—myself—getting into something he had no more notion of than flying in the air."

"I'm well past seventeen," Jeff reminded him.

"Sure you are. You must be twenty-four or twenty-five. I'm not talking about age so much. What I have in mind is temperament. War's a rough business—I mean, when you're any good at it, which I wasn't—and if you can do your share and a bit more, in an office or on a sound stage, damn it, I don't see why you don't stay there. You're no killer."

"And I suppose you were?"

"I told you I wasn't. If they had an army union, I couldn't draw helper's wages. And neither could you."

"Maybe not," said Jeff softly. "But it isn't all killing, is it? They must need a lot of fellows to get killed. Or do you have to take a personality test for that, too?"

RYAN looked at him quickly. "Very neat, my boy. You got me there. We'll just have a drink on that."

"No, thanks," Jeff said, preparing to leave. "I'm going back to the hotel, and catch a little shut-eye."

"No hard feelings?"

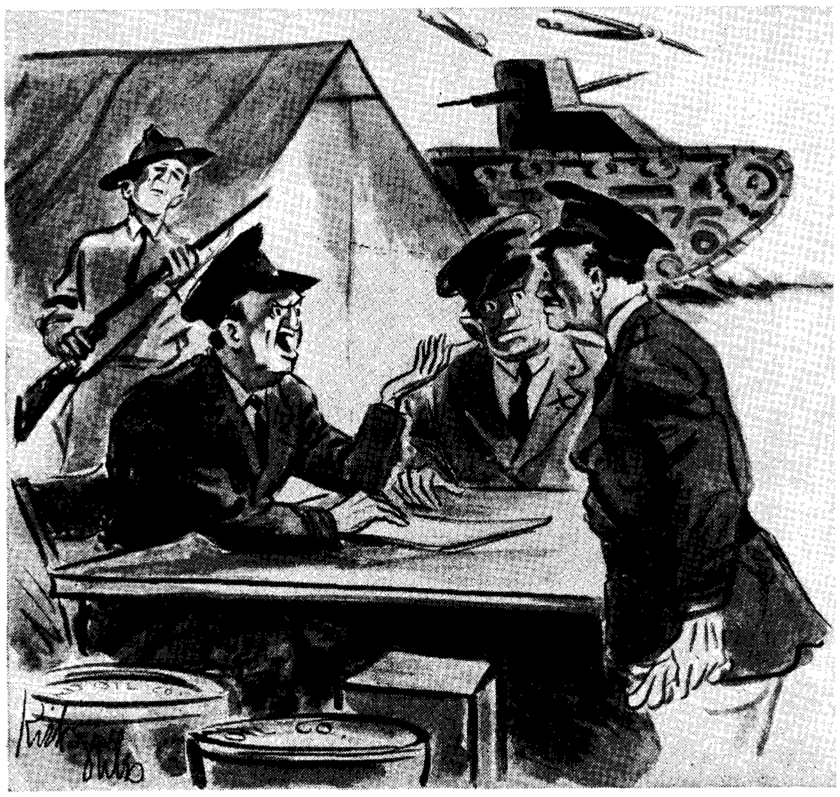
"Not the least in the world."

"If it's bothering you," Ryan went on, by way of farewell, "you might like to know that I tore up that detective's report. You're strictly on your own from now on."

"Thanks."

"And if you change your mind after you're on the train, you can always get off at 125th Street. That would give you all the thrill of leaving for the wars, with no more inconvenience than a long taxi ride home."

"That's a lovely thought," said Jeff, and went out.



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There wasn't much to do at the hotel. His trunks, still unpacked, could be kept in storage, and the few things he intended to take with him went easily into a small valise. He left a call for five-thirty, and turned in.

HE HAD gone to sleep relaxed and confident, his mind made easy by a decision definitely taken. But when he awoke, he felt doubtful and confused, as if during the night his resolution had weakened of itself. It's this weather, he thought, looking out the window, as he went to shave. The sky was a leaden gray that almost defeated the sickly dawn, and a thin drizzle of rain slanted before a gusty wind.

Try as he would, he was not able to shake off a gloomy foreboding that gave new value to all the reasonable arguments against what he was going to do. In his talks with Alan Mears and Ned Ryan, the night before, he had been buoyed up by a lighthearted confidence, but now that was gone.

Going downtown in the taxi, through the empty, still, sleeping streets, he found only one clear spot in his mind. That was the prospect of seeing Connie, and when he caught sight of her at last, his spirits soared. She was standing by the information desk, waiting, a small, bright, beautiful figure under the great, vaulted arch of the station. Her head was turned half away from him, until he had nearly reached her side, so that her lifted chin and the line of her throat made a single pure and youthful curve, infinitely touching.

Then she heard his footsteps, and a moment later, was in his arms. When he kissed her, he saw that she had been crying. "Here, this won't do, Connie. What's the matter?"

"It's nothing."

"I didn't keep you waiting?"

"I've only just arrived. Let's walk around, shall we? You've only fifteen minutes before your train goes."

He got rid of his porter with a half-dollar and the number of his compartment, and they wandered into one of the side corridors, now beginning to fill with early commuters. "Did anything go wrong at the hospital?" he asked.

She shook her head. "It's not that, Jeff. Things didn't go particularly well, but it wasn't my fault. It's just that I can't bear to think of our separating again—so soon."

HE LOOKED at her profile and saw that her lips were pressed tightly together in a desperate effort at control. In a sudden flash of memory, five or six scenes came back to him, from films in which he had played the part of a young soldier leaving for the front. Then the words had been smoothly combined, exactly fitted to the well-managed emotions. But this was different, too charged with the reality of life for any words to say what was in his heart, as he would have liked to say it.

With her face against his shoulder, she wept unashamedly.

"But you're going, too. A little later, that's all."

"I wish I weren't. Why can't the war leave us alone?"

"Connie, listen—"

They were standing in a tide of new arrivals from a suburban train. A short man, with an open newspaper held in front of his eyes, walked straight into them, apologized absently for the heavy collision, and circled, still reading, to disappear in the crowd.

"We'd better move from here," said Jeff, "although you'd think we'd be conspicuous enough. Are you all right?"

"Yes, thanks." Connie opened her handbag and dusted powder around her eyes and on her nose. "I'm sorry I was such an awful fool."

"But you weren't at all," Jeff said urgently. "You mustn't think that."

"You're sweet, Jeff."

"I felt exactly the same way," he went on. "And I'll always feel that way. You know it, don't you?"

"I know."

They were walking toward the train gates now. "I could put this off for a few days," he offered tentatively. "After all—"

She was plainly tempted, but shook her head. "It might be even worse then. I don't dare—" She stopped short, her hand raised to her cheek in panic. "Jeff, look at the time! You've got to fly!"

The hands of the clock allowed him less than a minute, and they broke into a wild, sliding run over the smooth marble of the floor. Dodging among the crosscurrents of humanity, he kept her with him, but in the end there was time only for their lips to brush briefly in farewell.

AT JUST that moment, the hot, white flash of photo bulbs blanked his eyes, and he saw two or three photographers lower their cameras, as he plunged through the barrier and down the ramp to the waiting train. A conductor, watch in cupped hand, looked at him bitterly, and motioned him into the first open door.

Making his way forward to his compartment, along the moving train, Jeff had Connie's face clear in his mind and her voice even more clear in his heart. It was too early to feel the pain of parting. Now he knew only that everything had come miraculously all right, and that his depression and doubt of an earlier hour had completely vanished.

The next vestibule led to the club car, and here he paused, unwilling to believe his eyes. Facing him at the first table was Alan Mears, and the broad back of his companion could belong to no one but Ned Ryan.

He went inside and stood over them, shaking with rage. "What's all this?" he demanded. "I suppose you think you've found some way to stop me?"

Alan glanced up from his menu. "Sit down," he said coolly. "We can argue this out sensibly. You might as well have a bit of breakfast."

Ryan turned his heavy head from the window, and nodded. "Come on, Jeff. Quit hamming."

Jeff pulled out another chair, and sat down, but he could not trust himself to speak. What if they had discovered some legal dodge? A clause in his contract, or more likely some flaw in his immigration status or his income-tax returns that they could use to delay him? You couldn't put anything past Ryan, even if you had counted on Alan as a friend.

"You can't get away with this," he said at last. "I'll—"

While he hesitated, Alan cut in sardonically. "The rest of the line is 'I'll break you if I have to crack this town wide open.' "

"Ah, quit it," Ryan said roughly. "Tell the lad the truth. Admit you've softened up. Explain to him, if you can, which I doubt, just why you're fool enough to go fight for a country you've been denouncing for the last ten years, to my knowledge."

"Just a minute," Alan said hotly, losing his composure. "We've been over all that. I've worked it out all right in my mind. I'm satisfied. But what about you? Pull up your shirt and show us where the Black and Tan drilled you, and then give some reasonable notion of why you're going to Canada with us."

While Ryan advanced the idea that as an Irishman he was exempt from logic by birth, Jeff drew a long breath, and expelled it slowly. "Boys, boys," he said. "Mustn't fight! There'll be plenty of time to settle everything. Meanwhile, we could all do with a little food."

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Soldiers and Sin

Continued from page 44

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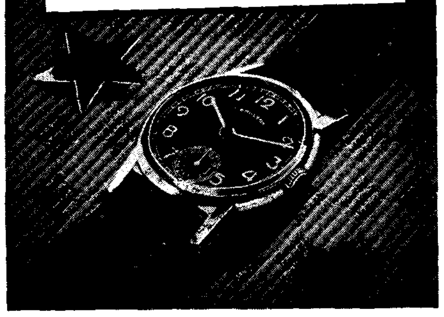


Phenix is another story. Its only industry is catering to the Army trade. The place is in receivership, it has no mills or factories and it gets its revenues by licensing dance halls, beer parlors and the like. At one time Phenix and Girard, next door, were separate towns, each at one time or other with a reputation for general wildness and hell-raising. Now they're combined in one city—and the reputation sticks. As a matter of fact, the great majority of Phenix's seventeen thousand people are quiet, respectable folk, like those anywhere else.

Both Columbus and Phenix get the blame for "vice conditions" outside their limits, in the counties. Most of the criticized resorts are out along the highways. For some time the general locality has had the name of being one of the Army's toughest problems. A fair statement today is that the problem is being licked. It is being licked by the Army, through education of both soldiers and civilians; by the townsfolk, through co-operation; and by the politicians faced by an Army threat of boycott unless things are kept under control. One fifth of Columbus is "Off Limits" for white troops already; the Army command could just as easily make it all of Muscogee and Russell counties, and stop the spending of an Army dime in either city.

Soldiers are Good Risks

Storekeepers and businessmen know that and use their influence to make the politicians toe the mark. They want the Army's trade—and have a good opinion of the soldier as a credit risk. One of them, a music-store man, says he gives credit to any man in a uniform; sells from sixty to a hundred instruments and portable radios every payday—and has just two delinquents on his books. Got transferred and forgot, maybe, he thinks.

Out at the Fort you have tens of thousands of boys from civil life, with its free and easy ways, learning discipline the hard way. They have the tar worked and exercised out of them, get stuffed with good food, are taught to be clean and look after themselves. A few weeks of this and they become hard-minded, tough-muscled youngsters full of more pep and vinegar than they ever had before. Keep them in camp a month, without the customary companionship of mothers, sisters, girl friends; without the chance to mop up a few beers. Then pay them off—mostly at $21 a month—and give them passes to town. What happens? Well, you know as well as anyone else. Eighty per cent of them, according to Army estimates, surge into town and proceed to work off their surplus energy with great enthusiasm. They'd be less than men if they didn't.

To see just what was happening, your correspondent chased the "vice is rampant" theory in the wake of the Army one summer night. It was just after payday and vice was going on in Phenix and the surrounding country—as probably it was in a million other towns from Aalborg to Zanzibar. There were juke joints and dance halls and beer joints and gambling places, and combinations of them. There were prostitutes. Taxis dropped loads of soldiers at resorts and went back for more. Our driver asked what we wanted and offered to see that we got it—as some taxi drivers will do in Podunk or New York.

In the resorts, which were not very glamorous, soldiers were drinking at bars, cuddling girls, playing poker. The girls weren't very glamorous, either. One place looked like a setup for prostitutes. But nothing highly exciting was going on; vice seemed pretty unrampant to a reporter who has seen western lumber and mining towns and a few water fronts. So we cruised around the county, up and down dirt roads in search of "prostitution trailers," said by the gossips to be parked by the dozen through the piney woods. Nary a trailer. Next morning, we asked Lieutenant Colonel Herbert Laux, long-time provost marshal at Fort Benning, where they were. He said he'd heard the story, too, and had asked his M.P.'s to investigate, without any luck.

A hardboiled M.P. sergeant said that, every payday, girls *did* drive down from Atlanta and that some prostitution took place in cars and the woods. He added that, in a few cases, taxi drivers took loads of girls out into the woods, returning later to take them back to town. So we went poking about, and found more juke joints and beer halls, some reputed to be tough. Nothing very horrifying took place while we were there, although some of the places had star-bearing, gun-toting bouncers in attendance. It was as plain as the nose on your face that "vice" was going on; that some politicians probably were grafting; that there was a more or less organized traffic in girls, rather less than more. These things are horrible, of course, but they are not peculiar to Muscogee County, Georgia, or Russell County, Alabama.

Things in both counties seemed to be under Army control, through civil authorities. The Army calls it co-operation—but always in the background is the Army's ". . . or else!" That the Army has not invoked its power to bar every soldier out of the counties is proof, to some extent, that conditions are not intolerable to the medical corps or the commandant at Benning.

To get a drink a soldier must go off the reservation. No hard liquor may be sold in any Army camp; whether mild beer is sold is largely up to the camp commander. Fort Benning is bone dry. By the time a soldier has paid taxi or bus fare and had a few beers the cost is pretty steep. The amount of beer, transportation and "vice" he can buy for his $21 a month is not great.

We went back to Columbus. The theaters and restaurants were full of soldiers. No "vice" there. Soldiers stood on light-flooded corners in the hot Southern night, shooting the breeze with pretty Georgia girls—and nothing wrong there, either. In the Palace bar they downed beer and frankfurters and shot pool—and what's wrong with that? Some of them got drunk.

When one got drunk a city patrol car, carrying one cop and one M.P., stopped and picked him up. When the car had a load it went to the police station. When twenty or so boys were rounded up, an Army truck loaded them aboard and trundled them out to camp to sober up. These boys were always under Army supervision; the cops just helped.

As around every post, the toughest period near Benning is the ten days after payday. For the first few nights Army trucks travel around the streets. When their crews find a soldier in trouble they pick him up and take him to camp. It's a regular service.

Maybe it sounds uncouth in the telling, but the records show fewer than one half of one per cent of soldiers in town get drunk. Turn ten thousand young civilians loose after a month's hard work in dust and heat, and you wouldn't have a record as good as that.

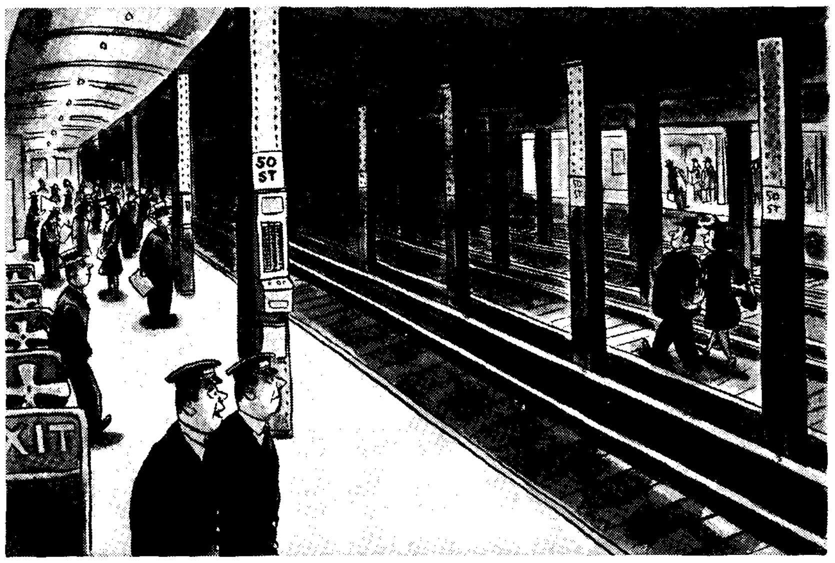
Protection, Not Punishment

The cold figures, from Army Medical Corps records at Fort Benning, tell the "vice" story: A year ago the venereal rate at the post was 4.6 per cent. In May, 1941, with 40,111 men under observation, the rate was .41 per cent—less than one tenth what it was in the summer of 1940. The reasons: Education of the soldier, by the Army; co-operation with the Army by city authorities and plain everyday citizens.

In the last war the Army punished a soldier who contracted a vice disease. Today it doesn't; it punishes him for not reporting it so that he can be cured. If he goes to a hospital for treatment, the time he spends there is automatically tacked onto the end of his enlistment period.

"Our object isn't to punish men, but to protect and help them," said a medical major. "Same here," said Colonel Laux, who has had a world of experience as a provost marshal from Hawaii to New York. Until recently Colonel Laux's police force at Benning was fewer than a hundred men—to handle nearly fifty thousand soldiers.

This force, working with the cops in Columbus and Phenix, was responsible



"It's such a nice day they decided to walk" ROBERT DAY for cleaning up what was admittedly a bad situation. It was bad for several reasons: Most of the soldiers were new and discipline sat lightly upon them; the townsfolk were overwhelmed by sheer numbers; there was no system for handling the sudden influx of single men with normal—and supernormal—appetites for amusement, restaurant food, drinks and other things.

So, of course, there was friction. Many citizens, clubs and churches wanted to help, but nobody told them how. Some people opened their homes to soldiers—but soldiers seldom feel at ease in strange homes, and it didn't help much. As time went on and Army heads and civilian leaders got together, plans began to take shape, not only in town, but at camp. Today every church and club in Columbus and Phenix is working at the job. In a typical week this summer, for example, seventeen churches—Episcopal, Jewish, Catholic, Methodist, Baptist—put on socials and programs for soldiers, the Army providing free trucks for the boys. Then there is the Columbus Defense Service Committee, putting on plays and vaudeville through the Civic Theater.

Once in every war it comes as a complete and shocking surprise to many persons that soldiers are soldiers. In fact, they have been for five or six thousand years. The problems of General George C. Marshall are precisely those of Genghis Khan, Hannibal, Julius Caesar, Alexander, George Washington, Napoleon and Pershing. Some solved the problem one way; some another.

The problem goes back to the fact that ours is a people's army. With us, the country runs the Army; elsewhere, it's vice versa. We like our way better, and it works—but it puts the Army on the spot and in the spotlight. That is not new. Rudyard Kipling let the soldier tell his side of it years back—hitting at the notion that a soldier either is a noble, spotless-souled hero, or a bum. The Army, heaven knows, doesn't want its men made into plaster saints. It wants them to be hard-hitting, clean-living fighting men full of what is called morale. Morale and morals are different things, but there is a vital connection. The old Army of ours built morale on the famous Three F's—Fun, Frolic and Fight. And interpreted fun pretty liberally. It did this following out Napoleon's dictum that "Morale is to matériel as three is to one." In modern warfare, General Marshall says, it's six to one. You might say that morale is a healthy, optimistic outlook on life, together with a nice, scrappy disposition in combat. This is what the Army, with the help of civilian organizations, is trying to build into its new men. Necessarily it has to make fighters out of them, because you can't fight a war with regiments of philosophers and yogis.

Angels Can't Fight

Neither, says the Army, can you build a fighting force out of men whose natural instincts and appetites have been suppressed. If suppression goes too far, what you get is an army of—well, let's say neurotics.

While Army men believe these things, they know they are up against a public demand that soldiers should be moderately angelic until actually under fire—when the public doesn't care how hellishly bloodthirsty they become. One grizzled general summed up the dilemma with: "If you make angels out of men the wings'll get in the way when the shooting starts."

One of the Army's top problems is prostitution plus venereal disease. The Army is prevented from solving this problem, first, by the national belief that sex can be abolished, and second, because Army regulations, following this belief, direct all commanders to eliminate it. Our Army is the only one in the world that does not recognize and control prostitution; orders are to destroy it utterly. Being trained to obey, the Army tries to do what it's told, while realizing the futility of the attempt. Publicly, Army chiefs speak in grand, vague phrases; privately, they wish to heaven for more realism on the part of the public.

"Down here in Georgia," said one energetic medical major, "we have the situation in hand; we can't clean it up permanently because regulations won't let us. In Columbus we work with the police and the county medical society. Girls are continually rounded up, taken to the station and given an examination. If they are healthy, they are set free; if they are diseased they are held and treated until they become noninfectious. So far, so good. But then what happens? Under the rules, the girls are forced to leave town. Then somebody telephones to Atlanta or Birmingham for more girls—and our patrols and the police and the doctors have the job to do all over again. To put it bluntly, we exchange clean girls for diseased ones. Technically, we may be 'eliminating' prostitution—or trying to. Practically, we're getting nowhere."

It is true today—and this is important for the morale of the soldier and the peace of mind of his folks—that no soldier will contract a venereal disease if he obeys Army orders. If he does, through carelessness, the Army will cure him, rapidly and permanently.

The Army Does Its Share

With civilians organized and working in near-camp areas, the Army itself is providing more and more amusement and recreation at its own posts. This is being done in co-operation with a Joint Army and Navy Committee on Welfare and Recreation. There are movies and traveling vaudeville, dramatic shows and baseball—all sorts of things to fill in the time between the old-fashioned Army standbys: Beefing about the Army and shooting craps. Within a few weeks the Army expects to have more than 600 chapels, costing $21,220 each, with 600 electric organs. The chapels will accommodate four hundred soldiers apiece. About 1,500 chaplains—nearly all of them good scouts, too—build a lot more morale than they get credit for.

The Army operates seven recreation camps along the Gulf Coast, and is building five more. Soldiers are taken to these camps in Army trucks on Fridays and turned loose. They're on their honor to behave and are completely free until Sunday, when trucks roll them back to their own camps. With a five-dollar bill a soldier can have a swell time for three days.

In the last war the Army rolled its own barbershop chords, but this time there's an official songbook, containing the words to sixty-seven pieces—well, some of the words. This book includes Yankee Doodle for the Northerners, Dixie for the Southerners, Anchors Aweigh for the ex-gobs—and, nicely enough, it omits Marching Through Georgia. The Army, though, still does most of its singing extempore, using words made up by its own poets and paying little heed to the hearty "goldurns" of the printed versions.

So there's the picture. If you've been reading horror tales leaving the impression that the boys wallow in vice and drunkenness every payday, forget it. There is more healthful recreation and amusement for the lad in the Army than ever he got outside. On the other hand, remember that single men in barracks still don't turn into plaster saints.

And thank your lucky stars they don't.

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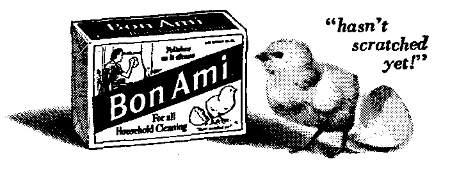

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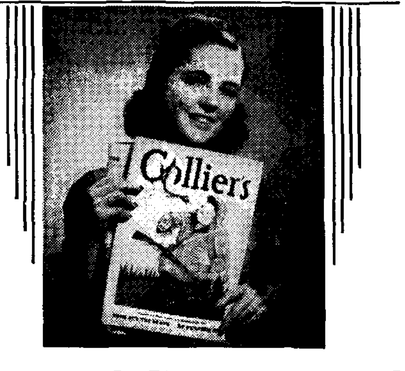

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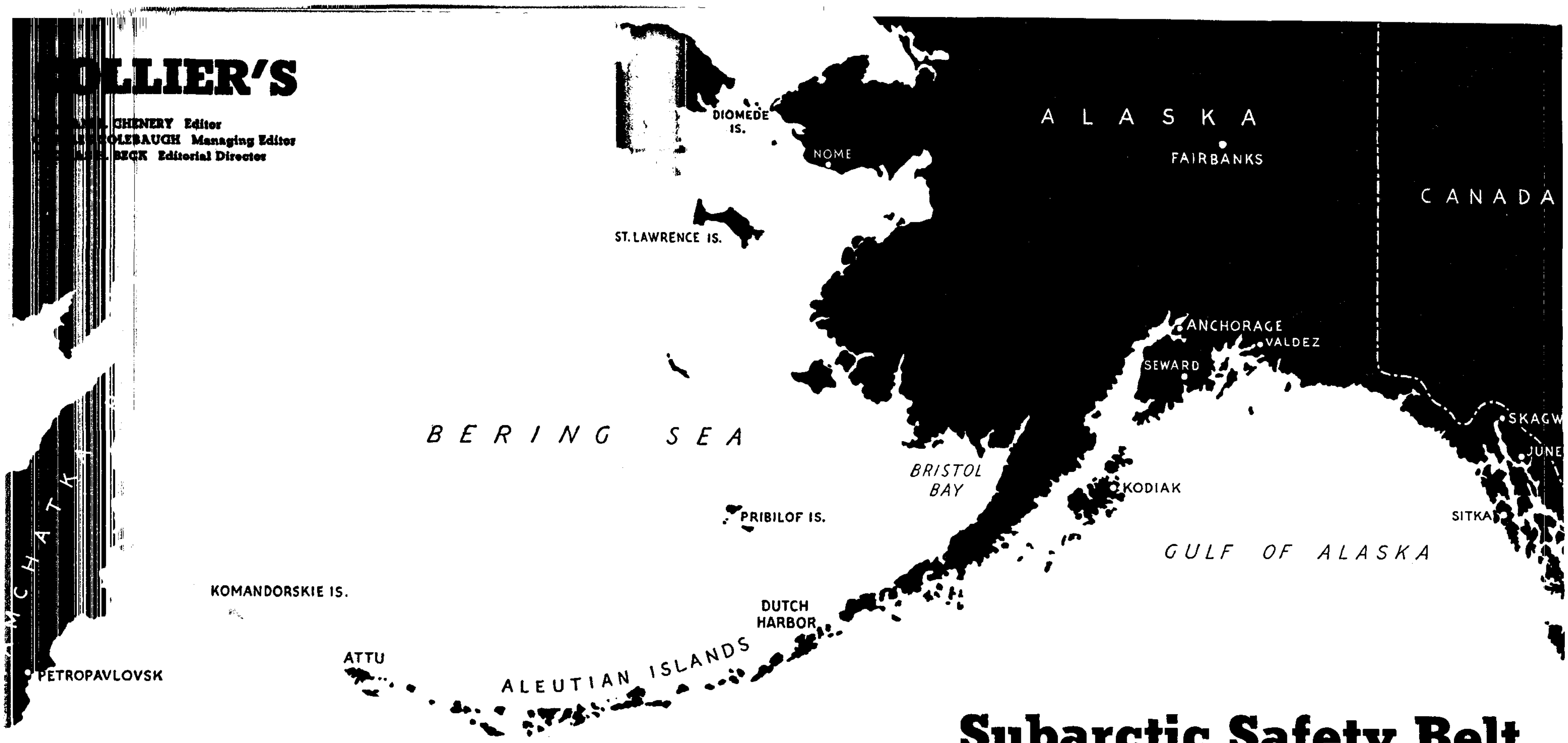

Subarctic Safety Belt

NOW that we've taken out an accident insurance policy on the northeastern approaches to Canada and the United States by occupying Iceland, how about giving some more thought to our northwestern approaches?

We refer to our Aleutian Islands, which curve 1,100 miles west into the North Pacific from Alaska's long southwest snout. We're rushing fortifications and airfields on the Alaskan mainland; but are we doing right by the Aleutians as regards our defenses and Canada's?

Suppose these islands were studded with an appropriate number of fleet, submarine and air bases, with adequate ships, pigboats and planes always in service there. They would be useful for hemisphere defense in several ways.

In case Hitler should ever plant his flag on the Bering Sea and try to realize those rumored ambitions of his to strike into the Western Hemisphere via Alaska and Canada, a strongly fortified and equipped Aleutian chain would be invaluable to us. The islands could be used as bases and taking-off points for ships and planes to slash at the flanks of any invading forces. The same if Stalin should shake Hitler off his neck and try to realize the often rumored Russian ambitions to take back Alaska, which we bought from Russia in 1867.

Should neither of these Asiatic threats materialize, a strong Aleutian defense chain would nevertheless be the logical northern anchor point for the logical seagoing steel fence around our western exposure—a fence swinging from the Aleutians down to Hawaii and around to the Panama Canal.

And with a steel nose shoved all the way out to our westernmost Aleutian possession, we'd be in position to resist any pressure.

Now that we've at last set forth to secure our defenses as far out in the Atlantic as the needs of the air age may dictate, let's also give ample attention to our Pacific defenses. At present the Aleutians look like our Achilles heel in the Pacific—but one which we can repair if we will.

Anticipating the Agony

THE Treasury's plan to issue tax-anticipation notes looks good to us. Taxes next year are sure to be terrific for the block of income-tax payers of whom Congress isn't afraid (the others' turn will come later), and these notes offer one method of getting ready for the agony.

Scheduled to go on sale in various denominations Aug. 1, these documents will draw a little interest, will enable the government to get cash this year which otherwise it couldn't collect until next year, and will help to combat inflation by shifting some purchasing power over from consumers' goods to defense goods.

Here, the government has been smart, we think; and we recommend systematic purchase of these notes by anybody expecting a heavy income-tax wallop next year. By buying now, you should save yourself considerable grief later on.

Nothing ever is 100% satisfactory, however; and at this writing Congress is thinking of another income-tax measure which seems to us unjust, shortsighted and even to some extent immoral.

We refer to the proposal to compel husbands and wives to file joint income-tax returns in all cases—a scheme which it is alleged would raise about $325,000,000 in revenues.

For the last 75 to 100 years we have been engaged in making women the individuals that they are by right—changing them over from the dumbly dependent clinging vines the men of previous ages had forced them to be. This joint-return plan is a plan to force American women financially back to the old status; and when you take away a person's financial independence you make that person virtually a slave.

As we read the proposal, a husband and wife would have to live apart in order to file separate returns legally. Quite a law in a country which claims to regard marriage as an altogether meet and proper institution.

There are other objections, but these ought to be enough to kill this scheme. Let's carry on with the tax-anticipation notes, but let's give the joint-returns plan the heave-ho.

Good Luck, Mr. Lawes

BEST of everything to Lewis E. Lawes, who has retired at 57 to go into other pursuits after serving for 21 years as warden of Sing Sing Prison.

We have always admired Mr. Lawes, chiefly because he was able to dramatize humane prison management so that it looked worthwhile and businesslike to many people. He avoided the aura of sugary sentimentality and phony uplift, with sometimes a trace of lavender, that has hung about all too many prison-reform persons.

Lawes demonstrated that decent prison conditions actually pay, as does the parole system when sensibly administered. It cannot do society any good to run crooks through jailhouses which only turn them into harder-boiled, more antisocial mugs than ever. We're bound to draw dividends from prisons that renovate the points of view of as many of their clients as possible, and inspire them with the desire to amount to something when they get out.

This influence of Lawes' has gone far and wide through the nation's penitentiary system.

How far has it permeated your local jail, if at all? Do you make any effort to give it a boost there from time to time? If your local jail is like most others, it can stand all the instilling of the Lawes spirit that you and your fellow citizens can give it.

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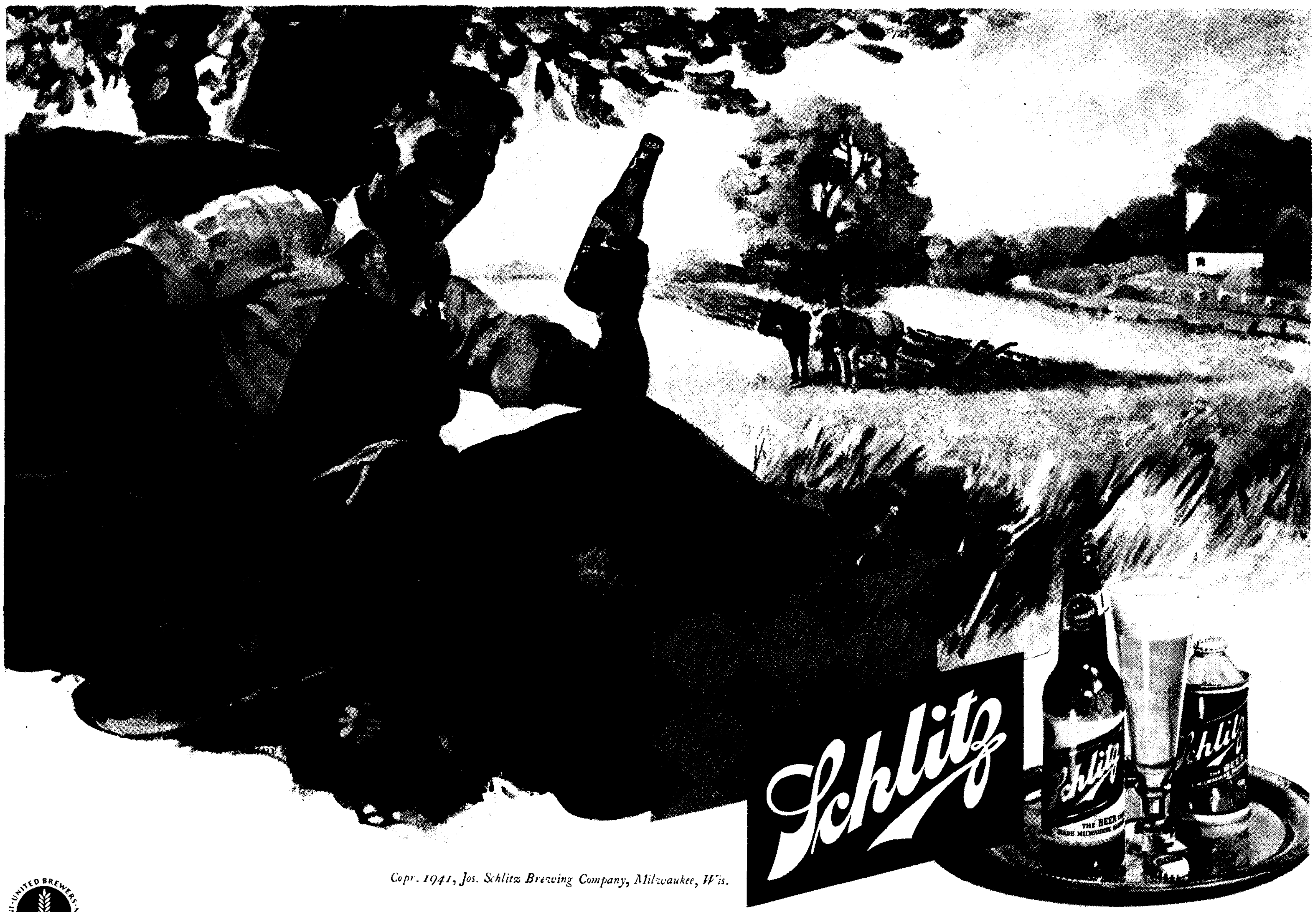

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